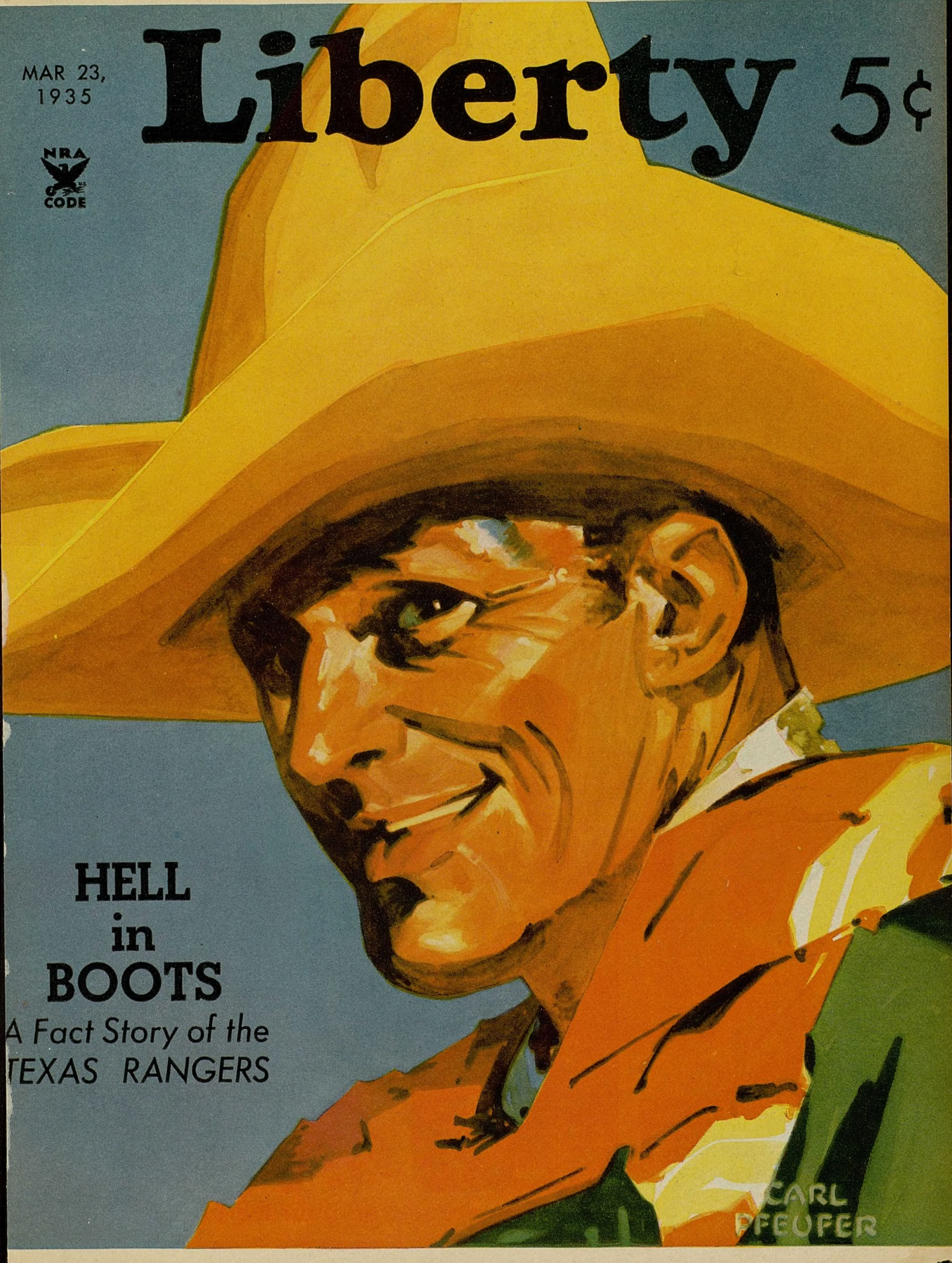
IF AMERICA SHOULD GO COMMUNIST, By LEON TROTSKY

MAR 23,
1935

Liberty

5¢

NRA
CODE



HELL
in
BOOTS

A Fact Story of the
TEXAS RANGERS

They all wind up at the altar!

1. *Anne and I used to call each other our "once in a whiles."*

2. *But the "once in a whiles" became "one and onlys"—just look at us now!*

[And it's the same with SPUDS]

1. *Same way, I used to smoke Spuds on special occasions.*

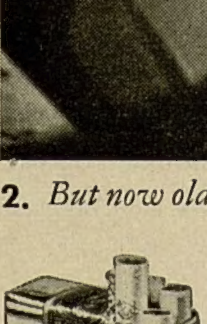
2. *But now old Spud and I are living in marital bliss.*

• Interesting, the way Spud has taken the country. Not like other cigarettes at all. Smoker after smoker tells us he started with Spud as an occasional smoke and wound up *marrying* the brand. For if a fresh, cool mouth is good to have when you're smoking extra heavy—*it's good to have all the time!* Why don't you and Spud say "I do"—for keeps?

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

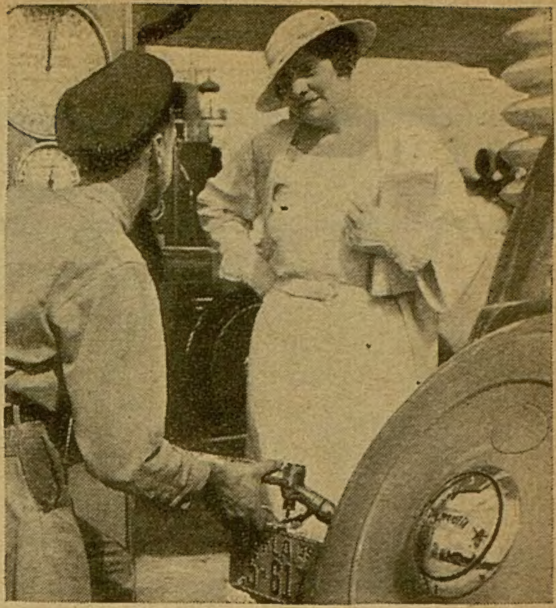
CORK TIP OR PLAIN · 15¢ FOR 20 · (20¢ IN CANADA)



The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

"I'm glad I looked at All Three!"

(*Left*)—MRS. EUGENE C. LOWE, Miami, Fla., in a certified interview, here tells why she is glad she looked at "All Three" leading low-priced cars—and chose Plymouth.



(*Above*)—"ECONOMY'S ONE REASON we chose Plymouths—since becoming Plymouth owners, we have found gas and oil bills surprisingly low."

(*Left*)—"NEVER FEEL FATIGUED, driving my new Plymouth. It handles so easily . . . even after a good long day of golf, it's fun to drive."

THIS MIAMI FAMILY looked at "All Three" of the leading low-priced cars . . . and now they're driving three Plymouths. Mrs. Eugene C. Lowe tells the story:

"Dr. Lowe was the first in our family to pick a Plymouth," says Mrs. Lowe. "It proved to be such a wonderful car that today we have *three* Plymouths.

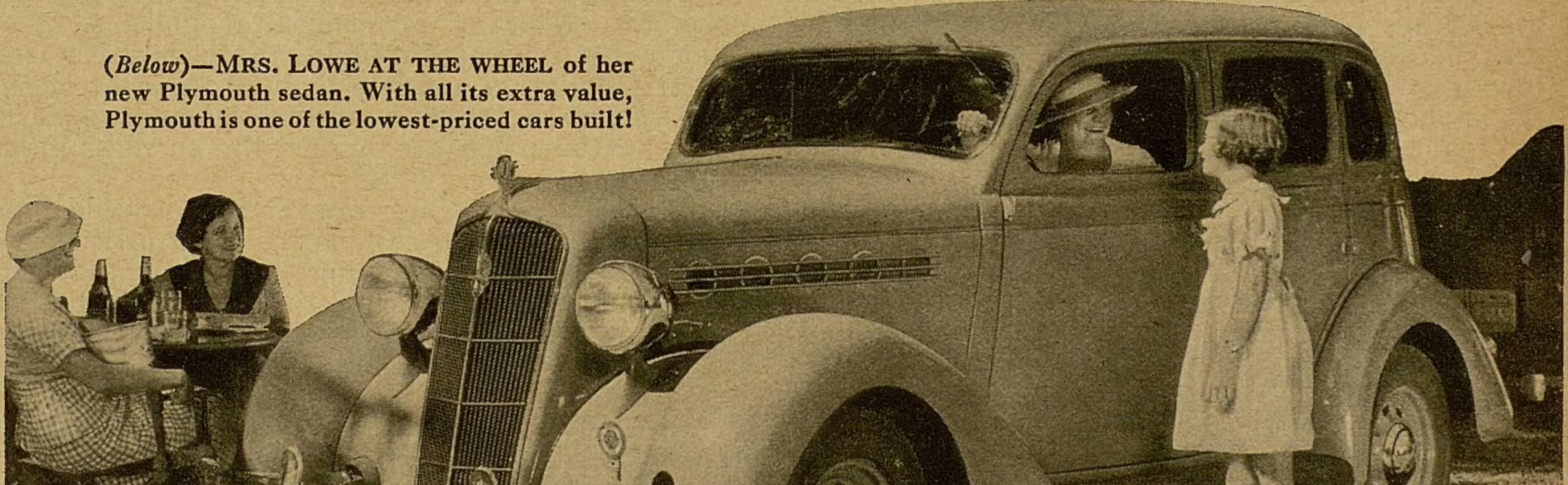
"They cost surprisingly little to run," Mrs. Lowe declares. "And we wouldn't drive cars today without the safety of Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes and Steel Bodies.

"Wherever I go I'm *proud* of my new Plymouth. For every reason I'm truly glad I looked at 'All Three' . . . and chose a Plymouth!"

Just ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer about the Plymouth . . . and the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan of purchase.

Only Plymouth gives you All Four:

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
2. SAFETY-STEEL BODY
3. WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION
4. 12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL



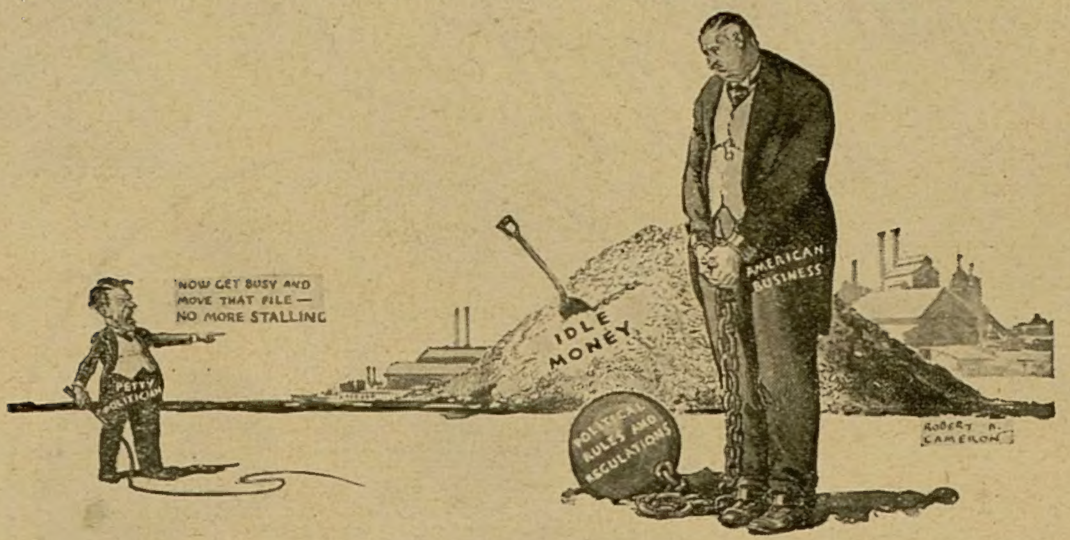
(*Below*)—MRS. LOWE AT THE WHEEL of her new Plymouth sedan. With all its extra value, Plymouth is one of the lowest-priced cars built!

PLYMOUTH NOW ONLY **$510** AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

MARCH 23, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 12

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ENSLAVING BUSINESS—THE AMERICAN COLOSSUS


"NOW GET BUSY AND MOVE THAT PILE — NO MORE STALLING
PETTY POLITICIAN
IDLE MONEY
AMERICAN BUSINESS
POLITICAL RULES AND REGULATIONS
ROBERT A. CAMERON

BUSINESS is a powerful force.

Managers of modern businesses are usually men who have been trained in the school of life.

But this great colossus—American Business—has failed to give appropriate attention to the governing forces of this nation. Politics has been largely ignored by business. Business men have been occupied with their own problems. Politicians have been allowed to run the government, and they have taken full advantage of their opportunities.

Votes are the only ammunition that count in political circles, and business men have been too busy to bother with votes. They have seen labor unions grow in size, and they have been irritated by the professional labor agitators whose one job is to create hate and resentment between employees and employers. But they have not been awakened to the danger that confronts them.

And now this giant—this colossal force which could easily become irresistible; which could sweep everything before it—is likely to be enchained, shackled by rules and regulations that will be enforced by petty politicians in every community in the land.

During the prohibition era the racketeers began their efforts to corral business. They collected a tax for " protection," and this easy graft must have aroused the envy of the politicians.

The NRA seemed innocent in the beginning, and as an emergency measure it doubtless was valuable, but if its rules and regulations are to become permanent, business will then be controlled by politicians.

And whenever the government enters business the control of favoritism and inefficiency can rarely be avoided.

Trained men with a lifetime of experience are necessary in guiding business policies, and huge losses are the usual result of governmental management. Every business managed by the government not only means a loss in taxes which would be paid if it were a private enterprise, but taxpayers have to assume the loss that comes through inefficiency of governmental management.

Business has been sleeping at the switch and the politicians will shackle it, bind it down, and divert some of the profits in addition to the higher taxes which will naturally ensue.

The business men of the country should take over the power and responsibility which legitimately belong to them. The various business associations should join hands in defending the business principles that they can all support. And every employer should try to make his employees understand that in reality they are partners, that they are both working for the same end, and that the success and prosperity of business automatically means more money for employees as well as for employers.

Business has stood aside while labor organizations, with but a small part of their available influence, are dictating governmental policies. One labor union representing but little over 2 per cent of our population and less than 10 per cent of the workers of the country, often demands governmental actions that are against the business interests of the country.

If the various business organizations would combine their forces and assume the right attitude toward their employees, making them realize that they are working for a common aim, we would have a force that would dominate this country so effectively that politicians would not dare to ignore their demands.

Here is the imperative duty of every business executive who wants to protect the interests of employers and employees alike: Join one or more of the business organizations and fight for the continuance of the business principles, the moving force that made this nation one of the world's greatest powers. —BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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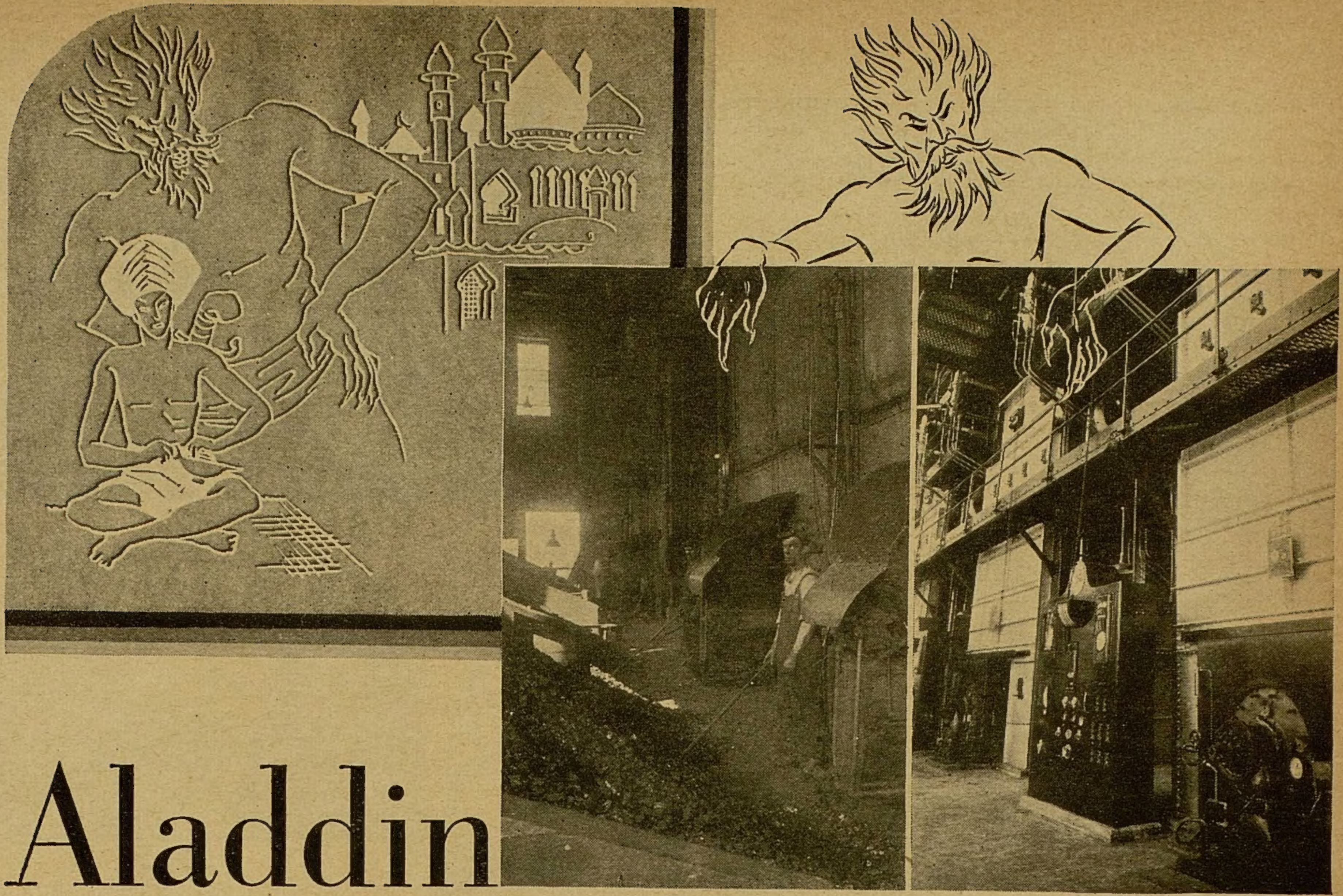


The Old

The New

Aladdin doesn't live here any more . . . .

HE DEPARTED this earth centuries ago. But in his heyday, he was a big shot.

He had but to rub his lamp and his wishes were fulfilled. Jewels, gold, palaces. But what could his gold buy him? And who, today, would live in one of his palaces? No plumbing . . . no refrigerator . . . no heating plant . . . no electricity . . . no cars in his garage . . . no *garage.* When Aladdin traveled, he got a lift on a camel and went bouncing over the landscape at a fast walk.

We have none of Aladdin's sort of magic today, but there is something akin to magic that puts within reach of any average family in America, modern comforts that would have seemed like miraculous treasures to Aladdin and his people.

Time payment financing has literally transformed our pattern of life within the last twenty-five years. It has broadened markets for manufacturers . . . increased production . . . encouraged invention . . . lowered costs and selling prices . . . created work for millions . . . put money in circulation. It has enabled thousands upon thousands of families to enjoy automobiles, radios, automatic refrigerators, gas and oil burning heating plants, and numerous other modern devices for the promotion of health, comfort and happiness.

☆ ☆ ☆

The magic that creates prosperity through millions of retail transactions, can work its wonders for industry also on a mammoth scale and in a vitally important way.

In thousands of mills, factories, mines and power plants, the mechanical equipment for producing materials and goods is worn out or outmoded by new inventions and improvements . . . is idle, or is being operated at a cost that eats up profit. Department of Commerce figures show that billions of dollars worth of industrial equipment is in this deplorable condition.

Many companies lack capital to make needed replacements. Others are reluctant to weaken their current financial position. Yet if all would act this year to modernize their equipment, the mass expenditure would total billions of dollars . . . create work for millions of skilled and unskilled labor . . . and speedily put the country on a sound industrial footing.

Commercial Credit Company is ready to do its part in helping to finance needed purchases of capital goods, and solicits inquiries from every industry interested in this phase of Commercial Credit service.

☆ ☆ ☆

How Commercial Credit Company Serves Buyer and Seller

Commercial Credit Company purchases current open accounts receivable, notes, and instalment lien obligations from responsible Manufacturers, Distributors and Dealers. Financing plans are provided to cover the time payment sale of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, machinery and equipment, air conditioning units, heating plants, store and office fixtures, boats and a score of other such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products. The service is national in scope, yet completely local through one hundred and forty-two offices located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS **Headquarters BALTIMORE**

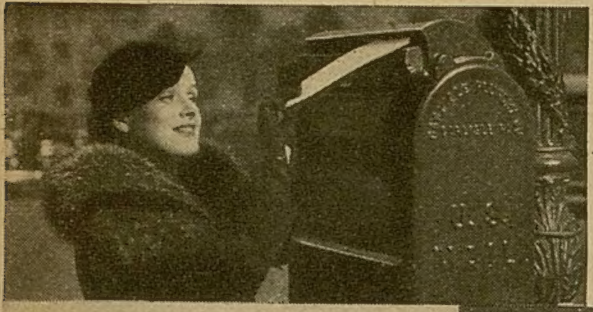
CONSOLIDATED CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $41,000,000

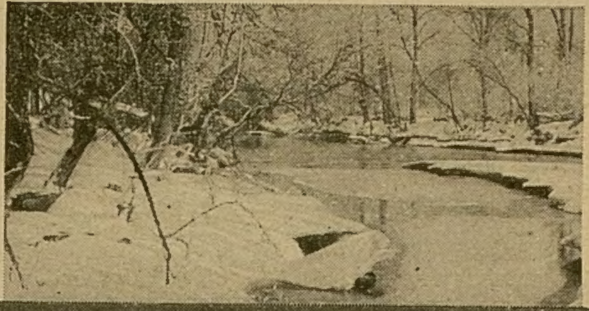
Wherever You Are • Whatever You Make, Sell or Buy • Use Commercial Credit Service

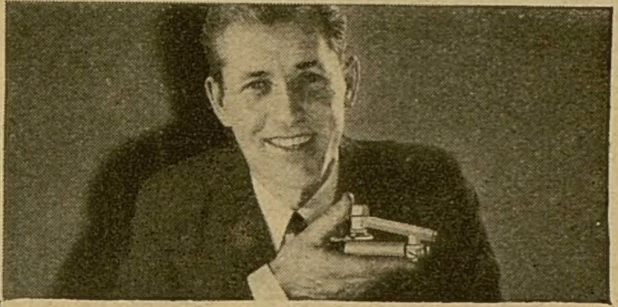
... and the refrigerator my gas company recommended was the best looking of them all !

and not only that . . .

IT RUNS ON STAMP MONEY . . IT FREEZES AS SILENTLY AS NATURE . . A TINY GAS BURNER TAKES THE PLACE OF ALL MOVING PARTS







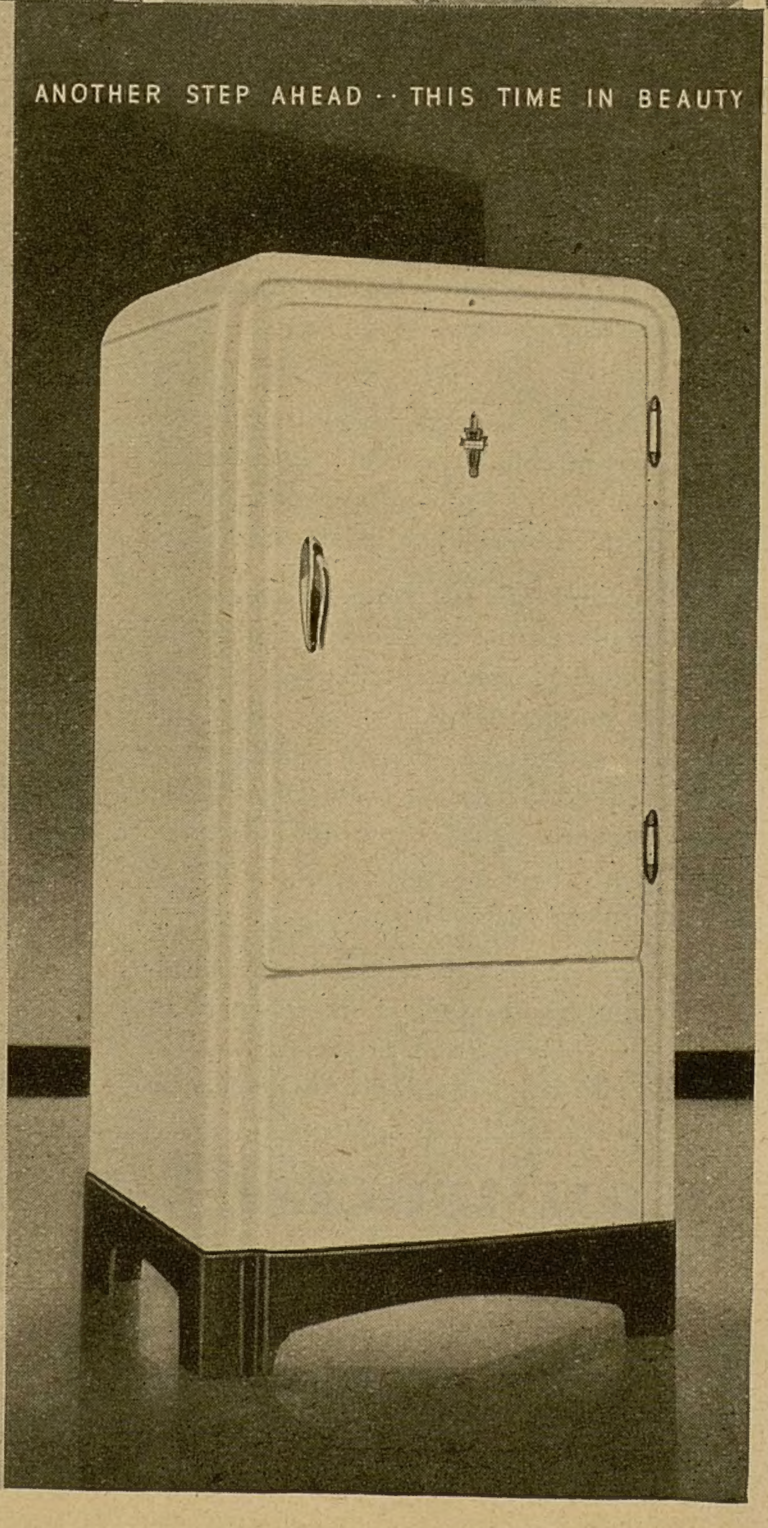
ONLY ELECTROLUX CAN GIVE YOU ALL THESE VITAL ADVANTAGES

- LOW OPERATING COST
- NO MOVING PARTS
- PERMANENT SILENCE
- GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Plus THESE MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES

- TEMPERATURE REGULATOR
- INTERIOR LIGHT
- ICE CUBE RELEASE
- TRIGGER TRAY RELEASE
- VEGETABLE FRESHENER
- SPLIT SHELF
- EGG AND FRUIT RACK
- *. . . and many others*

USES NO WATER



ANOTHER STEP AHEAD · · THIS TIME IN BEAUTY

BEAUTY means a lot . . . and this new 1935 Electrolux has a lot of it to offer. But you can *see* that. Here are some very important things about Electrolux that you *can't* see.

It's the most efficient of all refrigerators, because it operates upon a simpler principle. It has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame does all the work, circulating the refrigerant which is cooled by ordinary air.

This efficiency means more than a remarkably low operating cost. It means that Electrolux is free of any depreciation due to moving parts . . . that it gives fullest food protection at all times . . . and that it's permanently silent.

Electrolux will enable you to make real savings . . . over a period of years it will actually pay for itself. See the beautiful new 1935 models at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms! Your Gas Company recommends Electrolux to you and gladly stands back of every one it sells.

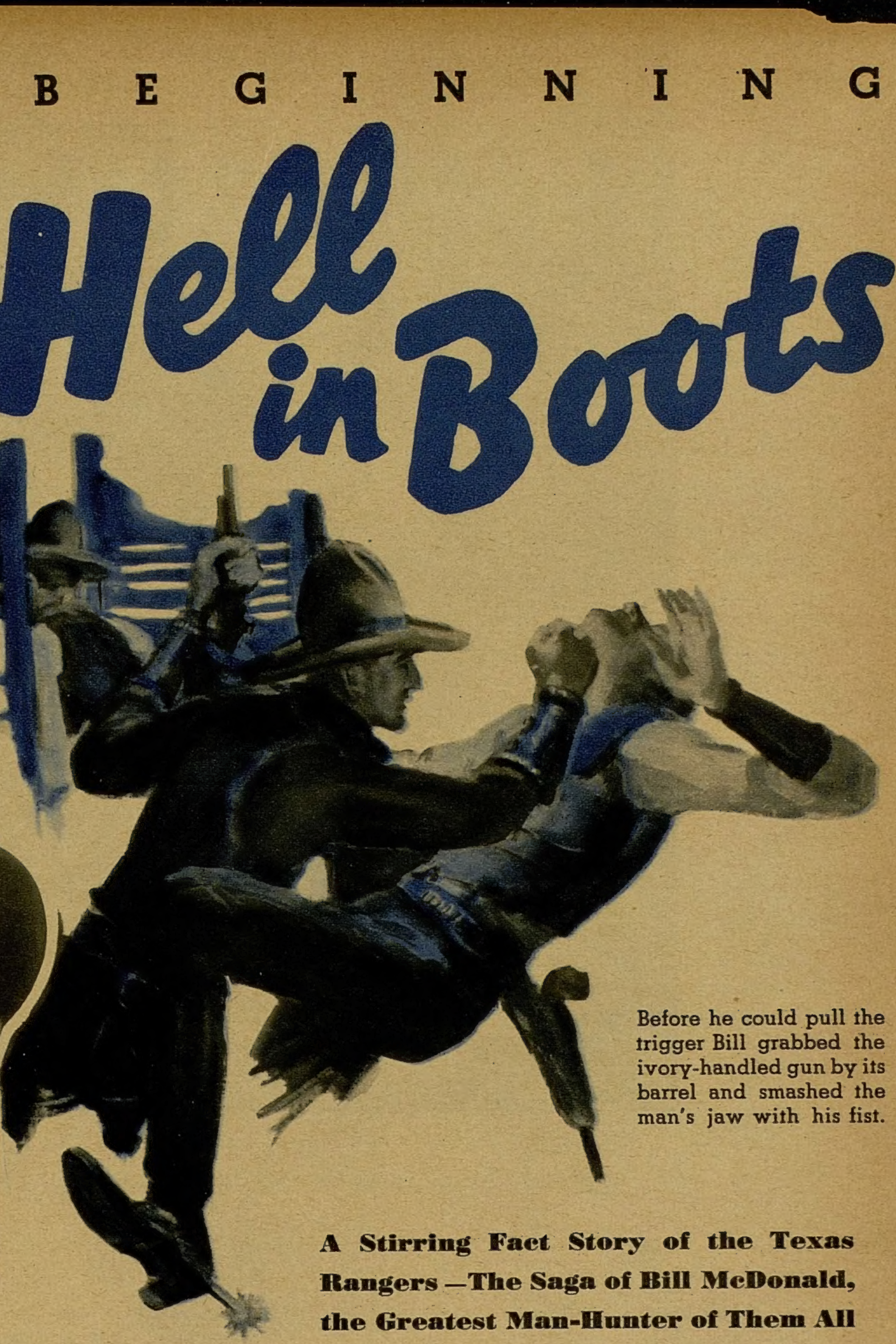
FOR FARMS AND CAMPS

The kerosene-operated Electrolux offers all the advantages of city refrigeration. Inexpensive to operate. Write to Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, a division of Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

BEGINNING

Hell in Boots



Before he could pull the trigger Bill grabbed the ivory-handled gun by its barrel and smashed the man's jaw with his fist.

Captain Bill McDonald

A Stirring Fact Story of the Texas Rangers—The Saga of Bill McDonald, the Greatest Man-Hunter of Them All

by TYLER MASON

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series is based on adventures in the life of a famous Texas Ranger, a friend of President Theodore Roosevelt, President Woodrow Wilson, and Colonel Edward M. House. In some instances names of places and subsidiary characters have been fictionized, but throughout the length and breadth of the Southwest one can hear around campfires today stories of this remarkable man.

PART ONE—A BULLET, A PROMOTION, AND THE TERROR AT VULTURE'S POND

THE tall lean man tethered his horse to a hitching post, patted him, and turned into the emporium.

The proprietor came forward, blinking.

"A ranger, I'd say, wantin' a new hat mebbe."

He looked at the wide-brimmed stetson the man was wearing. It was dust-covered, rain-streaked, warped out of shape, and there were bullet holes in brim and crown.

"You sure don't fancy this one, I can see," the ranger said, laying it on the counter.

His eyes glinted with humor. Queer eyes they were, now gray, now blue. His seamy face lighted up.

The proprietor stared at him, dropping the hat.

"Reckon you're Bill McDonald," he said.

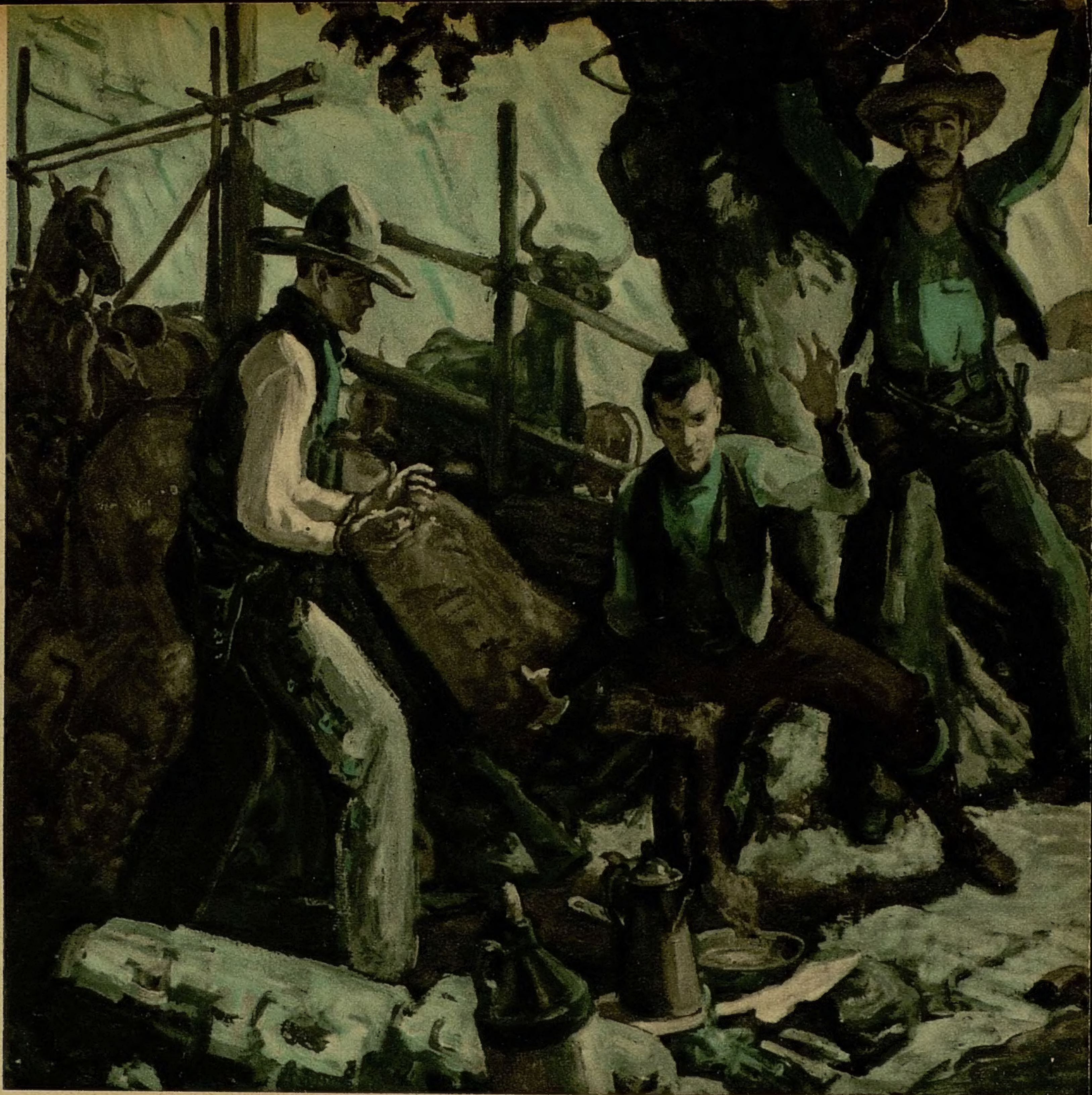
McDonald nodded his head.

"Goin' up to see the governor?" the storekeeper went on. "Heard about you."

He eyed the brace of guns in their holsters at the ranger's waist, a .45 and an automatic.

Bill tried on a hat. It fitted. He paid for it and walked out. What had the man heard? What did the governor want? Probably everybody in Austin knew but himself.

He walked with easy grace to the hitching post, untied



HANDCUFFS GLEAMED ON A CATTLE THIEF'S WRISTS. BILL HAD A GUN IN EACH HAN

his horse—a bay mustang with silky ears—and vaulted into the saddle.

Slowly he moved toward the Capitol, his keen eyes alert, seeing every one before him. His ears seemed to catch the slightest sounds; they certainly caught the faint derisive laughter that came from behind the swinging doors of a saloon. His nostrils dilated at times, as though they smelled danger.

There was something plumb funny afoot.

Was the governor going to disgrace him?

As a special ranger, Bill was at the orders of the governor, who could break him if he wanted to.

Bill liked the governor. And he believed the governor liked him. But no one could tell what a man would do when he was elected governor.

They had been friends for years when the governor had been first made public prosecutor. And the first thing he had done was to have Bill arrested on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Everybody in Texas packed a gun in those days. But it was against the law, and the governor had sworn to enforce that law.

He and Bill shook hands, but their friendship waned again later. However, both had grown up since those days. They'd shaken hands again for the second time. And they'd been good friends ever since, though not such friends as they once had been.

A crowd of men stood outside Joe Green's as Bill approached. They greeted him with jeers—but ran inside. He could hear them laughing uproariously.

"Wait till he sees the gov!" he heard one man roar.

He went on, his back straight, his eyes looking ahead. He had recognized one of those men.

He knocked on the door of the governor's office with a firm hand.

"Come in," the governor called.

Bill went in, sweeping off his new hat. The governor looked up and beamed.

"Well, well, Bill Jess, how are you?" he cried. He got up and thrust his hand into Bill's. Bill almost crushed it.

"Dad slap it!" he exclaimed. "I don't know what to call you, now you're governor. But I'm sure powerful glad to see you."

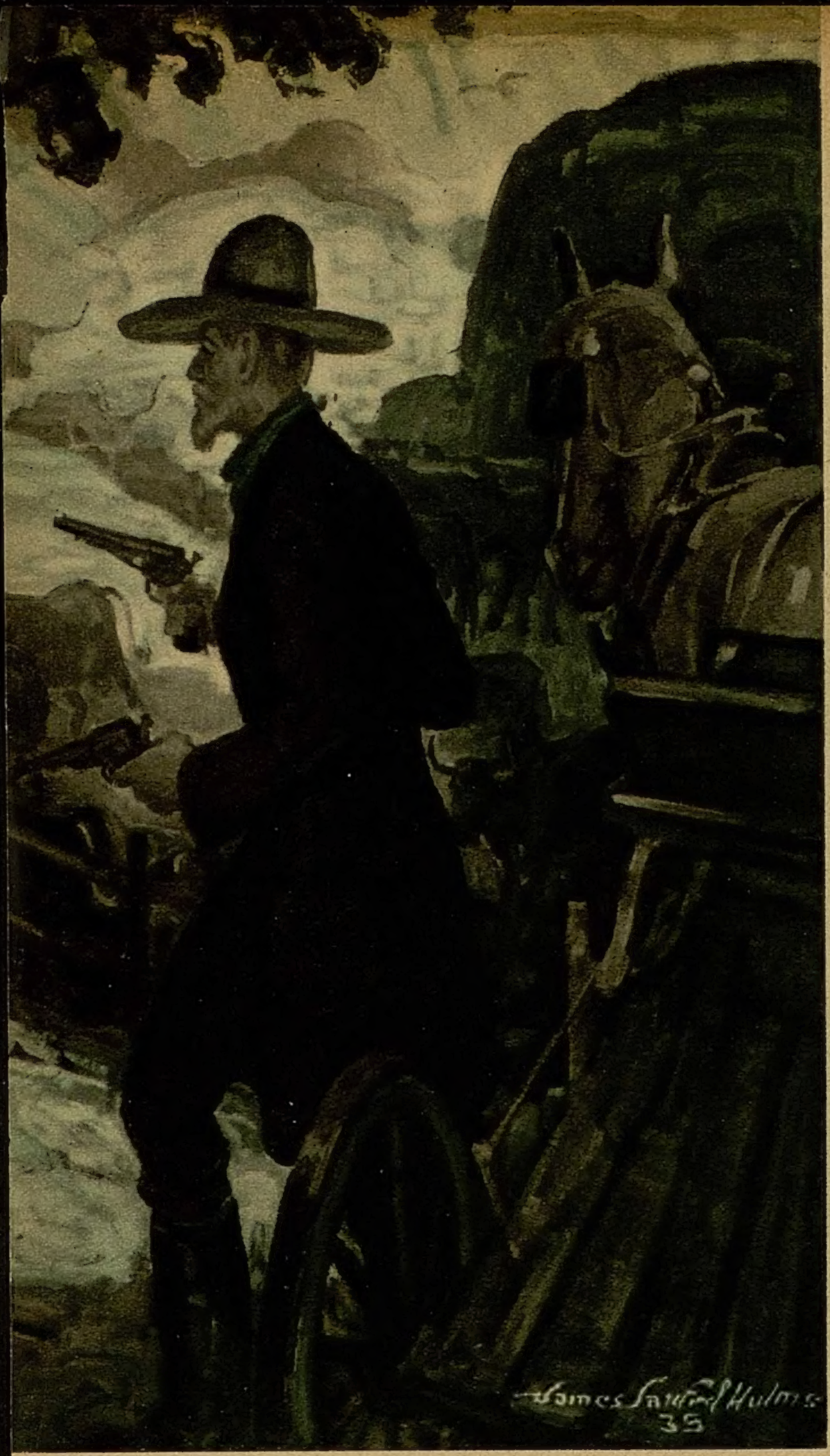
"Dad slap it!" The strongest oath the governor had ever heard from this gentle, grim, strange man.

"Dad slap it, yourself," he said, appraising the ranger with open admiration—his height, his hard leanness, the suppleness and grace of his movements, the tanned fine face. "Sit down, Bill. I been hearing things about you."

An ominous phrase.

"Tell us all about it," he went on. "I mean about the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. S. HULME



AND WAS COVERING THE TWO HE HADN'T IRONED.

Panhandle. Heard some tall tales about you there, Bill. Have a cigar?"

The ranger shook his head.

"Not me, thanks. Sometimes I got to be just a quarter of a second faster than the other fellow, getting out my gun. Cigars might inconvenience me."

The governor laughed.

"And you generally do shoot first when there's shooting to be done. How's that Rhoda gal of yours?"

BILL'S face grew tender at the mention of his wife. He remembered the governor had introduced him to her.

"She's very well, thank you," he said. "She's down on the ranch at Quanah. I have to be away most of the time, handin' out invites to the jails."

"I'll bet you do," the governor replied. "And you've invited some of the worst men in the U. S. A."

He pitched his cigar into the brass cuspidor—making a bull's-eye—and leaned forward in his chair.

"Bill," he said, "we're going to make a new state out of Texas. And I got to have men to help me, men built for the job, born man hunters."

Abruptly he reached down, opened a desk drawer, and lifted out a bundle of letters.

He shook them at McDonald as though to menace him.

"But I got a number of complaints against you, Bill Jess," he said.

There was a loud crash of glass.

The two men sat stunned for an instant. Then Bill McDonald, his .45 in his right hand, went streaking toward the window.

"What—what happened?" the governor cried.

"Bullet. Whizzed past my ear and hit your desk."

With a quick birdlike thrusting of head right and left, he scouted the street below. He drew back.

"Dad slap it!" he said. "I thought so. Just a bad man who sure doesn't fancy my style."

He snatched up his hat and prepared to go.

"Wait—I'll send a posse with you!"

"Don't want one," he said. "Ain't got time."

Straight to Joe Green's he walked. He blamed himself for going by that saloon so peacefully before. He should have gone in, taken the fellow's gun away from him, and thrown him in the calaboose. As it was, he had almost got the governor killed. Sheer carelessness.

THERE was no crowd outside Green's now. But there was a mob inside. Bill could hear them a block away.

He walked in and straight to the man he wanted, standing at the bar. The man saw Bill's reflection in the mirror. He turned and drew his ivory-handled six-shooter.

But before he could pull the trigger Bill had grabbed it by its barrel and had smashed the man's jaw with his fist. The man fell. The gun remained in Bill's hand.

Bill stood over his prisoner. "Get up," he said.

The man got up with a lunge. Bill rapped him on the head with the butt of his gun and knocked him through the glass of the door.

He picked him up and marched him to the lockup.

"Give me five dollars," he said then.

The man's eyes flashed suspicion and hate.

"You got to pay for that glass you busted when you fell through the door," Bill explained mildly.

The man handed over the money. But when Bill was halfway out of the jail, he cried out, "I'll kill you yet, Bill McDonald!"

Bill grinned. He always expected to hear that.

He stopped in at Green's, put the five-dollar bill on the bar, explained what it was for, and looked around at the crowd. No man there could meet his eyes. He went out, turning his back on them.

The governor's desk was strewn with letters when Bill returned.

"You got him?" he exclaimed. "Well, I never!"

Bill shrugged as though offering an apology.

"Any one could have got that feller, him being in liquor. Not but what he's pretty ornery when he's sober!"

His eyes grew stern. "There ain't a ranch in Texas, hardly, that fellow hasn't rustled from. I caught him red-handed once, branding iron in hand. But he has a way with the authorities, an' I never did get him to the calaboose to stay—not till last spring. Since then he's been promisin' to turn out my lights on sight. An' now—about those complaints, governor—"

"Oh." The governor went back to his letters.

"I been getting these for some little time," he said, "and I been saving them up."

McDonald's blue-gray eyes were patient.

"I thought of making you a ranger captain, Bill. You'd be the man for the job. A born man hunter, you are."

He read part of a letter and put it down. "Some recommendations here, too—to make you captain of Company B of the Frontier Battalion."

"Why, I haven't asked anybody to recommend me."

"I believe you," the governor's dry voice assured him. "These letters are unsolicited. Listen to this:

"'We, the undersigned, herein protest against the high-handed methods of Ranger McDonald. He is a menace to the community and should be removed.'"

He looked with a sorry countenance at his old friend.

"It appears you put some of these undersigned fellows in a boxcar, and they didn't like it."

"The jail was full. I had to shut them up somewhere."

The governor picked up another missive.

"'At the whim of a madman, decent citizens are subjected to gross indignities.' Tut, tut, tut! Why, Bill! These citizens allege you invaded their homes and despoiled them of their rightful possessions."

"I sure didn't give 'em time to trump up a lot of political pull. And as to those possessions, you know I got a weakness for puttin' things back where they belong—like cattle, for instance."

The governor chose another communication.

"'In the name of humanity, we demand the discharge of Special Ranger William Jesse McDonald. He is a bloodthirsty villain.'"

McDonald laughed softly.

"Sometimes when they're runnin' away," he said, "I have to sort of slow 'em down, as I told you a while back."

The governor read on, letter after letter.

"Never in my lifetime have I seen such a collection of complaints against one man," he said.

"Look-a-here," Bill said. "I don't want you to get me wrong. I never killed a man yet if I could handle him any other way."

"I know, Bill. And I know the sort of men who have written these letters. That's what I meant about recommendations. Every one of these complaints is the finest recommendation a ranger could have. That's why I'm appointing you captain of Company B."

McDonald's pleasure wrinkled his face. He stood up, and again he crushed the governor's paw in his.

"Thanks," he said. "I won't disappoint you."

"When will you take command?"

"Immediately I get there. But after that I'm going up Indian Territory way. I been trailing rustlers."

The governor was puzzled.

"But that's outside the state, Bill."

"Oh, I'm not aiming to take Company B with me. I'm going in alone after them."

"Alone? Good grief, man!"

"An' I'm comin' back with the rustlers. Good-by, governor. Powerful glad to've seen you again."

EVERY marshal and sheriff and deputy who had gone into Indian Territory after bad men had stayed there. Not one had ever come out. The Territory was the refuge of fugitives, thieves, cattle rustlers, absconders, and killers. Captain Bill knew how bad it was. But that didn't deter him. He had a hunch that when he died it would be in Texas.

He pushed his bay mustang along a trail. As he topped a rise bristling with sagebrush, he drew in and dropped to the ground. Like a jungle beast he crept through the thick growth until he could see plainly the landscape below and beyond.

A pale haze rising out of a narrow canyon to the west attracted him. A far, faint sound came to his listening ears—the deep-throated protest of a frightened cow. Then, so faint as to have escaped a normal hearing, the sound of a man's voice.

His eyes glinted and his mouth locked tight. He'd found the Double Bar Y steers he was trailing.

He crept back to his horse, then continued along the trail, loping easily, until he saw the rustlers driving the steers into a roughly improvised corral.

The sun was setting now. Captain Bill sat and waited until the afterglow was only a faint glimmer. Then he turned his horse and started back. In that little time he had studied the trail down to the rustlers' corral so well he could have walked it blindfolded.

When he had crossed the hill, he put spurs to the bay. It was late when he made out the T-shaped outline of the ranch for which he had been heading.

HIS long "Hellooooooooo!" brought a sleepy cowman to the door. The man rubbed his eyes and stared.

"Cap'n Bill, or I'm a coyote's grandma!" he said. "'Light and come in, and I'll rustle you up some grub."

"Can't eat," McDonald said. "I've spotted some rustlers over in the Territory. What I need is a buckboard."

"You mean to fetch you out with, after them outlaws get through filling you plumb full o' holes?"

"Lend me that buckboard and I'll do the fetchin'."

"If you do, you'll be the fust man what has," the rancher argued. "An' remember," he said presently, as the ranger drove out, "that there outfit is plumb new, and I'd hate like all get-out to lose it."

"You won't," Bill called over his shoulder.

"I wouldn't put a white chip on it," the cowman shouted back—but Bill was gone.

It was early morning when he came back into Indian Territory. He looked like a nice old man who might have a parcel of children waitin' for him somewheres.

He took the lower trail that led to the bottoms, left the buckboard when he came to a favorable spot, scrambled up a steep bank, walked cautiously along a canyon rim, then lay down in the sage.

Far below him he saw the corral and the cattle. There was a fire near the corral, and three men about it.

Breakfast! That reminded Bill. He tightened his belt a notch and sniffed the air. The faint aroma of coffee soaring on the wind made him sigh. He scuttled back through the sage, got into the buckboard, and drove on.

As he drew up near the outlaws it seemed to take all his strength to rein in the horse.

"Howdy!" he called to the men about the fire. "I'm plumb lost. Mebbe you fellers can steer me right."

The rustlers welcomed him with friendly grins.

"You're in Injun Territory, uncle."

"Injun Territory?" Bill was patently surprised and plumb disgusted with himself. "Well, I don't wonder. Them trails twists so, a feller couldn't ever unsnarl 'em. Injun Territory! Now I call that shore ridic'l'us."

His long beak of a nose sniffed wistfully. "Ain't never smelled coffee like that since I was a boy."

A feeble old fool of a man he looked.

"'Light and fill your cup, uncle."

"Thanks," he said. He clambered down rheumatically and came forward, his eyes picking out the rustler he had trailed into the Territory. He sat himself next to this man carelessly, and nodded in the direction of the bubbling coffee can.

"I'm a-hankerin' for that beverage," he drawled.

The rustler bent over obligingly and brought up a steaming mug. He held it out. There was a quick click-click. The coffee did a back flip to the ground, and a pair of handcuffs gleamed on a cattle thief's wrists.

It all happened so quickly the rustlers couldn't believe it. Bill had a gun in each hand, and he was covering the two he hadn't ironed.

The manacled outlaw couldn't understand even then.

"Hell's blazes! What kind of a game is this?"

"I reckon it's catch-as-catch-can," Bill said cheerfully. "You all are my prisoners."

"Where's your evidence?" the men chorused.

Bill laughed. "Dad slap it," he said, "my eyesight may be poor, but it's good enough to spot a Double Bar Y, no matter how far off the range you haze it."

Suddenly one of the unfettered men turned on the other.

"I'll learn you to hand out invites to our coffee," he said, and with a vicious blow he knocked his friend to the ground—within reach of three rifles.

But Bill realized the knockdown was a ruse.

"Up with your hands, you devils," he said. "Higher!"

All three put up their hands. The man on the ground got up. He didn't reach for a rifle.

"Turn around."

Bill handcuffed the two who needed it.

"March, you rascals," he said brusquely. "Get a-goin'."

He loaded them into the buckboard, trussed their arms to the slats, and headed the horse out of the gulch and toward the ranch he had visited.

It was noon when he got there.

"By all the rattles in a snake's tail!" the rancher whooped. "It's Captain Bill hisself, safe an' sound! But where's them rustlers you was trailin'?"

Bill pointed them out. "I'm looking for a judge to introduce them to. Know any judges hereabouts?"

"Well, they's a courthouse. But they ain't no judge there. We have got a justice of the peace, more or less. If yore luck's still stickin', you might mebbe horn into him over on them flats. He's out there brandin'."

Bill drove off over the flats. A short wiry man was directing the work at a branding fire.

"You're the justice of the peace?"

The man guffawed.

"Why, yes, I reckon I be. Thanks for remindin' me."

He thrust a hot iron against the flesh of a calf.

"Judge, I got a load of cattle thieves for you here."

The judge protested. He was a whole lot too busy.

"I'd like for you to take 'em down to the courthouse and commit them until they can be tried."

"Say, who are you?" the judge demanded, annoyed.

"Captain McDonald of Company B, Texas Rangers."

The judge threw down his branding iron and sighed.

"A bear with lice ain't no busier than me—but bein' yo're Bill McDonald, I'll fog along with you."

The courthouse was but a flimsy one-storied affair.

"Reckon I ought to doll up for the occasion," the judge said, and took a rusty Prince Albert from a hook. "This here's an occasion, captain. May I be et by red ants if it ain't. These are the fust prisoners I've seed since I was made judge."

He blew the dust off a volume of Texas statutes, and a worried look came into his green eyes. The law was to him an unbroken bronco, and he was at a loss how to ride it.

Captain Bill waited while he thumbed the leaves. At length he found a passage that meant something to him, and he cleared his throat, leaned over the desk, and scowled ferociously at the prisoners.

"What's the charge, captain?"

"Stealing thirty head of Double Bar Y steers."

"Do you men confess to havin' stole them steers?"

The outlaws nodded gloomily.

"Then, as justice of the peace, I sentence you to ten years in the calaboose—I mean the penitentiary."

Captain Bill swallowed.

"I'm afraid that's not exactly legal, Your Honor."

"Why not? It's the law! It says right here"—leaning over the book—"'whoever shall steal any cattle or hog shall be con-confined'—locked up—'in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than four years.'"

He breathed deeply and closed the book.

"This wasn't hogs was stole. This was steers, which is a powerful lot bigger. Thirty head o' steers ought to be worth ten years, I reckon."

"Yes, judge," McDonald agreed, "but don't you think it would be a better idea to bind them over under a big bond until the Grand Jury meets, and then try them regular? You see, if you make it a nice fat bond they won't be able to raise it, and you can keep them in your jail till the jury gets together. That way everything will be regular as your mare's teeth."

His Honor looked hurt. "I was only tryin' to save time," he said. "I'll hold these coyotes for the Grand Jury under a bond of—" He thought intently for an instant. "I'll make it a wallopin' big one for you, captain," he said confidentially. "I'll make it three hundred dollars! *That* ought to hold 'em!"

"Like a leaky bucket holds water," Bill replied.

The outlaws were grinning.

"Just pick our pockets, judge," one of them said, "or maybe the captain will remove these here bracelets."

Captain Bill unlocked the handcuffs and the prisoners began counting out the money.

The judge's eyes bulged. "May I be kicked to death by tarantulas!" he said. "I never seed so much money. 'Pears like I should of made that doggone bond bigger."

"You whirled too small a loop," Bill said. He turned abruptly and went out. The outlaws would lose no time in jumping the bond but Texas would be well rid of them. They certainly wouldn't risk meeting him again.

And now, he thought, he had time to eat and drink, and maybe catch up on some lost sleep.

Within an hour he was awakened by one of his men.

"Hell's to pay, captain! We sure need you bad."

"What for?"

In the lamplight Bill could see that his man had ridden a long way. He was covered with dust.

"Murder, captain. Ambushes and killings."

"Tell me about it," Bill said, pulling on his pants.

"It's a band of murderers, captain, down near Vulture's Pond. They pretend they're some sort of religious society. Never kill a man without they say a prayer first."

"How many they killed?"

"Five or six so far. They kill a man and take his prop'ty—his cows, his hosses, his hull ranch. Nobody knows who the killers is. They scare away them as won't jine—or kill 'em. That way they got control. They elect pretty much who they please—and them as run agin 'em gets shot off their hosses from ambush."

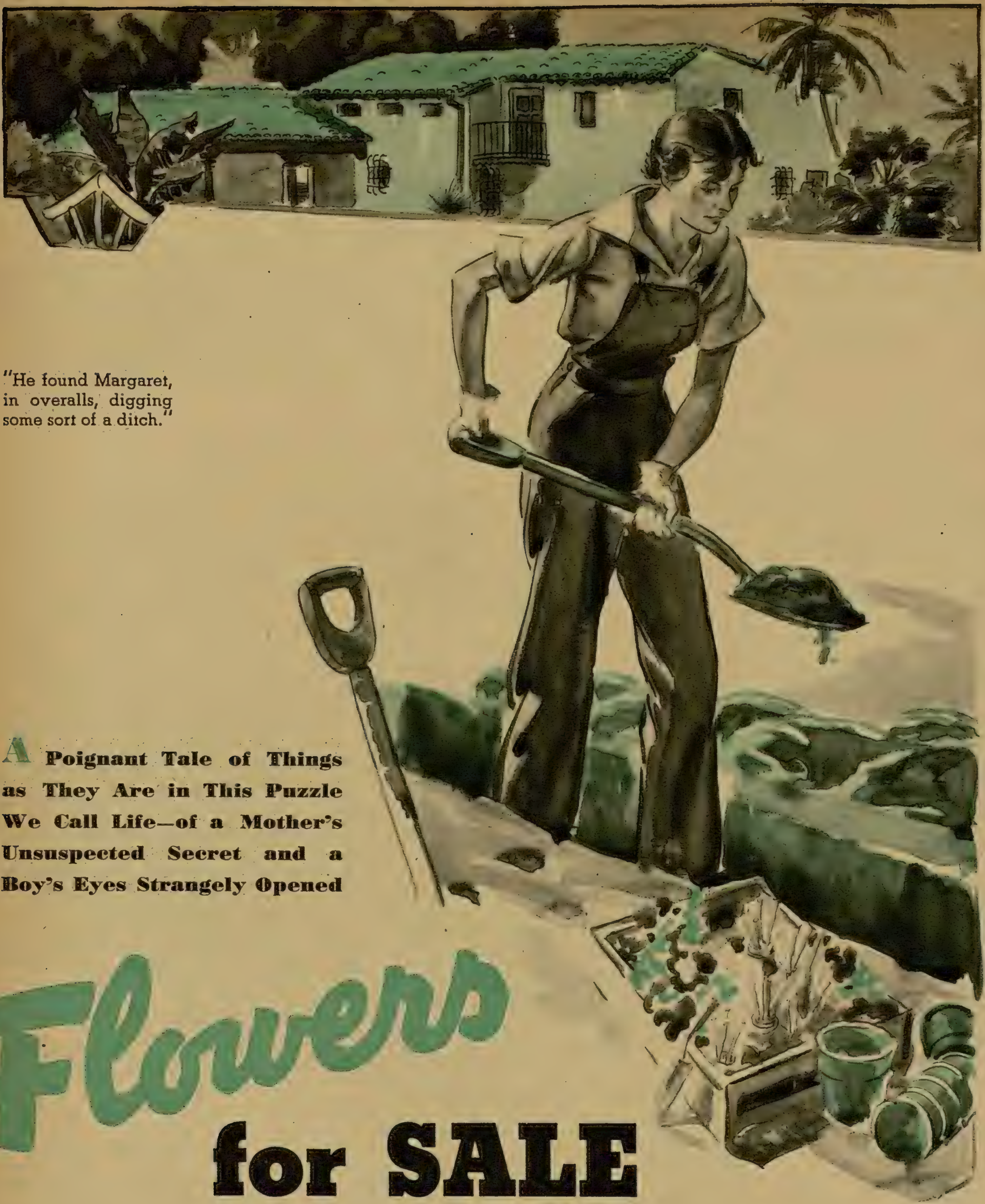
"By damn!" Bill said.

The ranger leaped at the sound of that word. The fatigue left his face. He looked exultant. Nobody else had ever heard the captain say so blasphemous a word. To hear him say damn was a tremendous experience.

"If we don't jail every one of the murderin' cowards," Bill continued, "I'll hang my head in shame. Come on."

The rangers camped near Vulture's Pond within the next few days; and Bill went out to scout. The terror was so great that no man dared to talk. Nobody knew who would be the next to die. Nobody knew when the assassins would strike. Women and children who had lost their husbands and fathers huddled in fear.

Listen in on a blood-freezing secret meeting of these assassins in next week's installment of Hell in Boots. Watch them strike at Captain Bill—and watch him round them up! Follow him on another daring man hunt in the Territory—and then into the gun fight of his life!



"He found Margaret, in overalls, digging some sort of a ditch."

A Poignant Tale of Things as They Are in This Puzzle We Call Life—of a Mother's Unsuspected Secret and a Boy's Eyes Strangely Opened

Flowers for SALE

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

HIS mother, in a scarecrow hat and disreputable smock, her arms brightly full of zinnias, was seemingly engrossed with her flower customer, whose limousine stood richly in the middle of the yard. It was a neat time to make an unnoticed getaway. But she heard them trying to start the darned old engine. She came into the garage, a little breathless, avoiding Bob's hard young eyes.

"We're in for it now," said his father, amiably discomfited. His mother spoke to his father in a low but unsteady voice:

"Robert, did you take my money out of the clock?"

"Why—why, yes, I did. You won't be needing it today, will you?"

"Give it to me, please."

"Now don't get excited, Marg. Of course I'll give it to you. There."

"Give me the rest. There were five bills. I wish you found money elsewhere as successfully as you find my flower money."

Bob flushed, marveling affectionately at his father's unfailing good nature. Deep from his pocket his father

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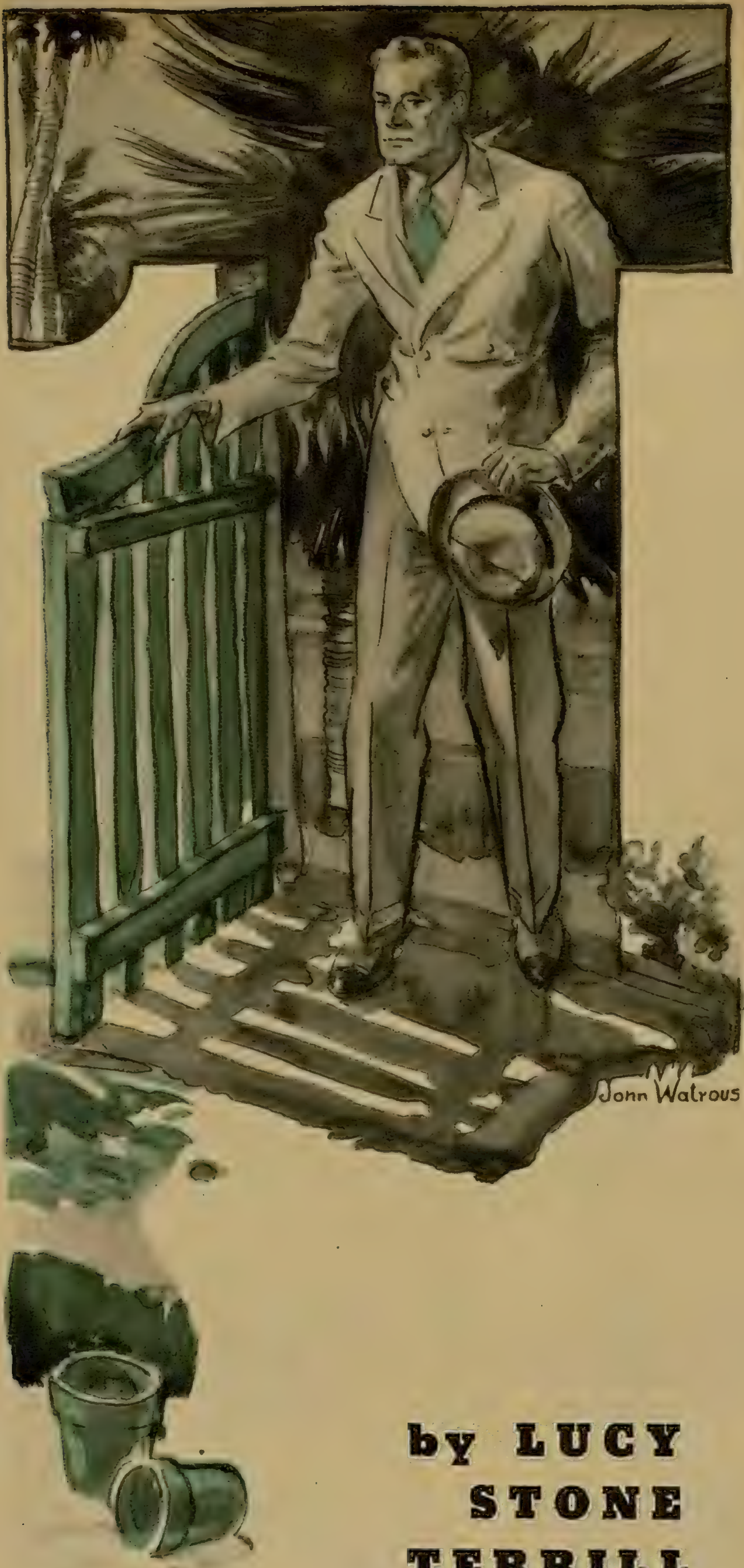
JOHN WATROUS



by LUCY
STONE
TERRILL

produced two more bills. "Well, you'll admit I keep on hunting money anyhow, won't you, Marg? That's why I'm going to Tampa; just to scare up some cash."

His wife's lips tightened. "You're going to Tampa to see Mrs. Potter. You don't need Bob for that. I do need him here to work in the grove."

Bob answered angrily for himself: "But I happen to want to go, mother. Heck, after nine months of school, doesn't a fellow rate a little fun?"

"Unless some work is done on this grove by some one, there may not be any more school in Virginia for you."

"But for Pete's sake, mother! Must I start in the very first week of vacation? Anyhow, what's the sense slaving in the darned old grove when all the trees'll be grubbed out as soon as it's sold for truck farms?"

She did not look at him; she looked steadily and angrily at his father, as if what he had said had come from his father's lips. "Robert, I've heard all I can bear about selling this grove for truck farms. If Mrs. Potter couldn't sell it during the boom, how on earth can she do it now in these desperate times? It makes me sick to see you let that woman make such a fool of you. I've reached the limit of my endurance, Robert! Of course I can't keep you from going to Tampa—but I want Bob to stay here."

Bob warmed with admiration for his father's pleasant undisturbed voice:

"Suppose we let him settle it himself, Marg. He's not a baby any more, you know."

"No! She doesn't know," Bob flung out. "That's just what she thinks I am—her baby. And let me tell you something, mother. If you hadn't hung out so long against turning the place into a subdivision, dad might have made plenty before the boom broke. Everybody says so. And—"

"Easy there." His father cautioned him with a warning elbow.

HIS mother looked at him now, a certain heavy forbearance replacing the anger in her dark eyes. "Go on, Bob. I prefer you to say just what you think."

"Well, I—I think I'm fed up with your always being a wet blanket about everything. And look how you look! How do you suppose it makes a fellow feel to have his mother always looking like a scarecrow? I'd like to invite some of the fellows from school down for tarpon-fishing, but, heck! I'm ashamed to—ashamed! (Quit punching me, dad; mother asked for this, didn't she?) If you had a little pride about how you look, you wouldn't need to worry about snappy dames like Mrs. Potter."

His mother gave a short queer laugh. His father said slowly, in a voice oddly combined of satisfaction and disapproval: "That won't do, Bob. Apologize to your mother."

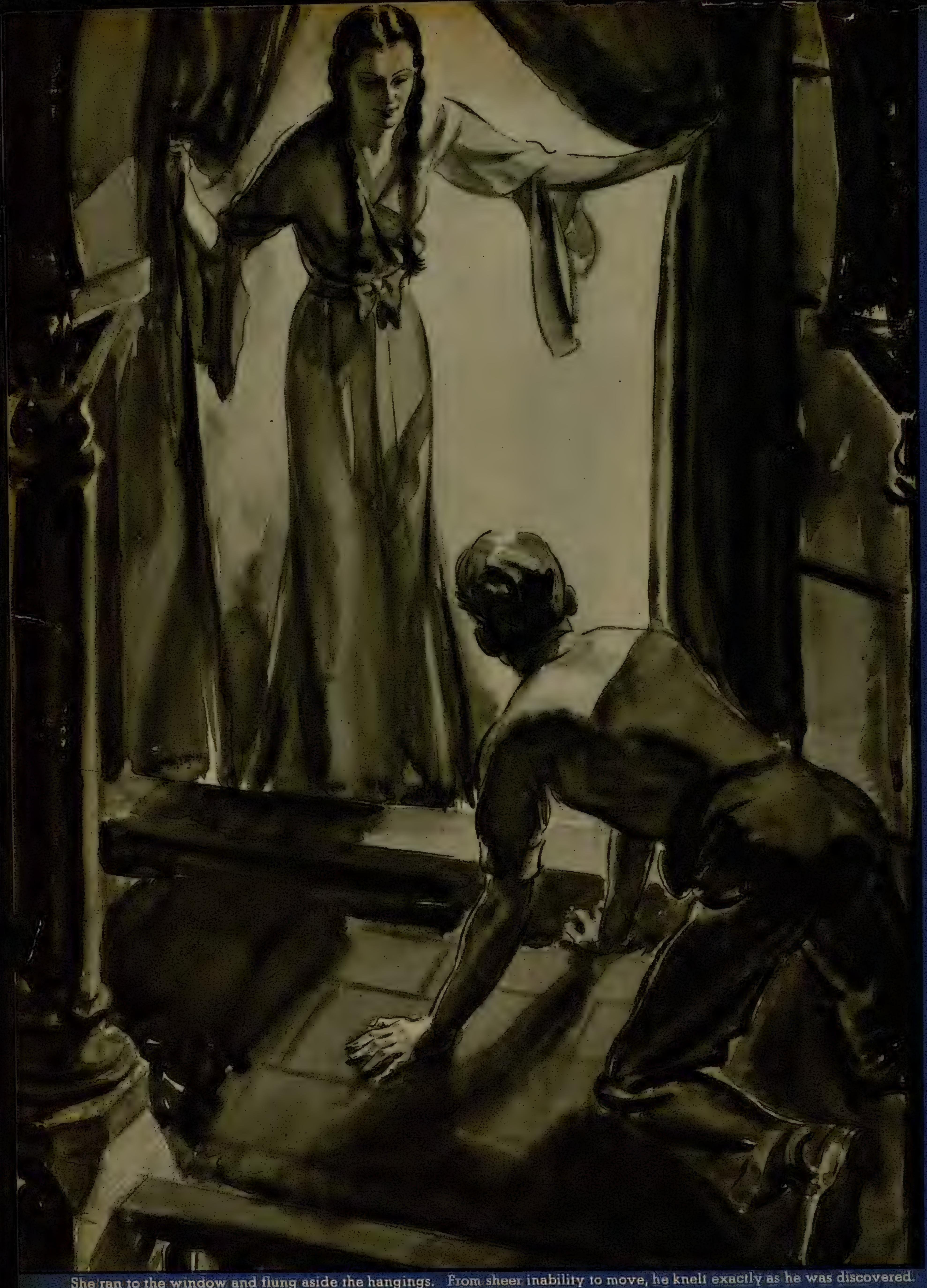
"No!" said his mother in a sharp tight voice. "Why should he apologize? He wouldn't mean it. I often wonder if he was ever my baby. Surely he's all your son now—so much so, he even admires your affairs with—with 'snappy dames.' You've won, perhaps fairly. I give up. Good-by." She walked quickly out of the garage toward Mrs. Worthington's limousine.

It was the first time the matter of his father's affairs with women had broken into words between the three of them.

"That was a bad break about her flower money," said his father, with a rueful chuckle. "I didn't think she'd miss it before I could get it put back. Pearl's getting me a little loan today on the south grove."

They were driving through the pink-stucco gateposts, bright commemorators of the dead boom. A small white board tied to one of them said Flowers for Sale.

Bob regarded it with disfavor. "If mother must sell flowers, dad, why can't she send them into Anytown to



She ran to the window and flung aside the hangings. From sheer inability to move, he knelt exactly as he was discovered.

some store, instead of having all the rich snobs driving in here?"

Anytown was their adjacent village.

"She'd have to hire some one to sell them, besides renting a counter or something," his father answered slowly. "You mustn't get the wrong slant on your mother, Bob. There's not a finer woman living. I feel bad about your speaking to her the way you did. Don't forget her flower money helped keep you in school."

"Oh, I don't, dad. And I appreciate it. I told her so. But there's no sense in the way she slaves. I know mother's fine and—and everything. But she's not the wife type. I understand better than you think, dad. And—and—well, whatever arrangements you have with Mrs. Potter, they're O. K. by me."

"Your mother doesn't understand business, that's all. She doesn't realize that to swing big deals you've got to meet capitalists, go to dinners, put up a good front generally. Now take these Cleveland men Pearl's got lined up to buy our grove. They have to be entertained. Pearl and I are going to take them to lunch. You're old enough now to see the necessity of such contacts. That's why I held out against your mother and brought you along."

THE Cleveland capitalists, however, had gone tarpon-fishing. Nevertheless the Tampa trip was highly justified, because Mrs. Potter had miraculously coaxed a five-hundred-dollar option out of one of them. She gave Bob's father a check for half of it.

They went to Mrs. Potter's apartment for an intimate little luncheon. Her attitude toward Bob was delightful and disarming.

"I'm so glad you're home again, Bob. I've been worried about Bertie." She confided, "He needs some one around who understands him—some one to have a laugh with—some one to praise him. You know."

Bob knew. He glowed with her appreciation of his handsome merry-mouthed Irish-eyed father. He thought it was swell of her not to mention his mother.

They went to a movie in the afternoon and back to her apartment for a jolly pickup supper. After supper it was easy to decide to stay in Tampa all night and have a conference with the Cleveland men in the morning.

"I'll take the car to a garage," his father said, "while you go down and register for a room. Telephone your mother."

Bob felt pleasantly adult, registering like a seasoned traveler. He explained the absence of luggage. "Oh, your father's an old friend," the clerk said. "Robert Henning," Bob wrote, and under it "Robert Henning, Jr." A young woman of at least twenty-four regarded him with obvious approval. Bob's heart sang. No one would ever suspect he wasn't yet seventeen! "Give me something on the east corner," he ordered casually.

While the call was going through, he thought of Mrs. Potter's brunette vivacity; it touched him with a vicarious excitement. He thought of the money in his father's pocket; of his new comradeliness with his father. There was a flame in his face and throat when Central's cool voice said, "Hello, Mrs. Henning. . . . Tampa calling. . . . Go ahead."

"Hello," said his mother's voice. For an instant, so far away from her had been his thoughts, Bob's brain went blank. And in that instant a man's voice, low, cautious, and urgent, said:

"*—ever it is, don't weaken, Margaret.*"

"Hello," said his mother again, quietly.

"Mother! Is—is that you, mother?"

"Yes, Bob."

"But what—where are you?"

"Why, here at home. Is something wrong?"

"No. No, I'll say there isn't! Those men paid down five hundred dollars. We're going to see them in the morning. So we've got to stay all night."

"Very well. Are you staying at the Fountain Hotel?" He knew she was thinking of Mrs. Potter.

"Y-es. Yes, we are. But— I mean I've got us a room up on the top floor. Dad's out now putting up the car. Can we get anything for you in the morning?"

"I don't need anything. Have a nice time. Good night, dear."

"But wait! Mother! I—I heard some one. Who was talking to you?"

There was a definite pause. "Perhaps some one else was on the line. Good night."

She had hung up. The line hummed and cracked. "Lost your party?" said Central. Bob banged the receiver into place. A smothering lump was expanding in his chest. Some man, right now, was in their house. Even more than the urgent quality of the man's voice was the excitement of that unfamiliar name, "Margaret." He had never heard his father say anything but "Marg."

"Margaret." Bob whispered the three-syllabled name to himself; in some strange way it imbued his mother with startling mystery. He sprang to his feet. It was time his father was back. The garage was only a half block away. He snatched the phone and asked for Mrs. Potter's apartment. After long ringing the girl said, "Mrs. Potter doesn't answer." "Keep ringing," said Bob savagely; "she's there."

When Mrs. Potter finally answered, he didn't wait for diplomatic explanations:

"Hello, Mrs. Potter. Sorry to butt in like this. But tell dad to beat it up here. Quick!" His voice must have carried conviction.

His father lost no time, and the aptness of his hurried question was astonishing: "What's wrong, kid? Something happened to your mother?"

"No, she's O. K. I got her all right. But—well, I sort of got a hunch she's walking out on us."

The apprehension on his father's pleasant face froze to unmistakable fright. "*Wh-at?* What did she say?"

"She—she just asked where we were and said have a nice time and—and good-by. But when I first got her, some man said, 'Whatever it is, don't weaken, Margaret'—just like that, heavy and hot. I asked her who was talking to her and she said somebody else must be on the line, and hung up on me."

"'Margaret'?" His father stood still, staring at him. "Get her again—quick!" But before Bob could get off the bed his father had the telephone himself. When Central would no longer ring, he strode for the door, his face pale.

"Stop at Pearl's and get my coat and hat. Tell her your mother's sick. I'll get the car. God, I wish we'd stayed home!"

IN ten minutes they were on the Tamiami Highway.

"Why didn't your mother answer when I phoned?"

"She was probably out shutting up the chickens or—or something. We're crazy! Whom do you suspect?"

"What d'you mean—suspect?"

"For mother's boy friend. She's not exactly a siren, with lovers waiting to carry her off at a minute's notice."

His father slowed down a little; but his voice was discomfited and troubled. "I've worried about her all day. She was mighty hurt at what you said this morning. It never does any good, Bob, to say a lot of hard things."

"We can't all have your disposition, dad. Maybe she's a little hurt over Mrs. Potter, too. Your Pearl—with a price."

"Yes," said his father unexpectedly. "I've been a fool. There's no woman on earth worth your mother's little finger. But I guess we all have to be the way we're made. I'm just—weak, like she says."

"Oh, gee, dad, you're swell! I'm not blaming you for anything. I told you this morning I understand about—things. With mother always crabbing about work, work, work, and never dressing up to go places—it gets pretty deadly. Don't you worry—I'll fix things about Mrs. Potter. Gee, dad, it's funny what little things turn a man's whole life, isn't it? Just because mother visited a schoolmate in Georgia twenty years ago—here we are. You might have married some Southern girl, full of fun and mighty pretty."

"Your mother was a fine-looking girl, Bob. I don't like your attitude toward her. God knows, the last thing I wanted was you to turn against her. Haven't I always told you how much she does for you?"

"I'll say you have. But I can't help it, dad, if I'm strong for you. I don't think you've ever said a mean thing to me in my life."

When their headlights lighted the pink-stucco gateposts his father stopped with a scream of brakes.

The little sign, Flowers for Sale, was not there.

"Look. It's gone. Her sign's gone. Oh, my God!"

"It's only fallen down, dad. I'll get out and see."

But his father was in gear; he sped down the oleander driveway. Bob felt goose flesh growing on him. They said nothing. The darkness was dissolving under a round late-rising moon. The square white house stood silent and unlighted; whippoorwills called.

The old car stopped, with a vibrating chug, in the very center of the yard.

"*Marg!*" shouted Robert Henning.

It was the cry of a lost and frightened man. It bewildered Bob almost as much as it alarmed him. He had never thought of love between his father and mother. She was so old, so work-worn, so empty of laughter. But his father's voice cried out for the woman he loved. Bob felt himself shaking violently as he ran after his father toward the kitchen. On the back porch they bumped each other, reaching for the light. Bob heard his father whispering, "She's gone—she's gone!"

They stood together in the kitchen doorway, both staring at the table where a sheet of paper was weighted down by a jelly glass. Together they took four long steps and leaned, shoulders touching, to read the unbelievable note:

> Dear Robert:
>
> I didn't leave you thirteen years ago because I felt I'd no right to take your son from you. Now that reason is gone.
>
> I hope my going now will be what you want, and will clear the future for you; but however you may feel, I cannot listen again to the same old promises and self-accusations from you.
>
> I don't want to discuss things nor have you try to see me. That's why I'm not telling you where I am going. You can say I've gone to Cousin Calvert's. I haven't; but after a while I will let him know where I am. So if you sell the place and I have to sign any papers you can send them to him. I've been the wrong wife for you, Robert, though I have tried very hard. I feel sure you will be happier and better without me.
>
> When we are divorced I hope Bob will want to spend some of his vacations with me. I think you know how dearly I love him. Tell him as much of the past as you think best. God bless you both.
>
> MARGARET.

Bob felt hollow, bereft of any feeling except smothering embarrassment for his father, who muttered, "Oh my God—oh my God!" and sank heavily into a chair, burying his face in his arms on the table.

Bob put an arm round his shoulders. "Oh, gee, dad! Don't—"

"Leave me alone a minute, kid. Go look through the house. See if—if she took a trunk."

BOB went gladly. Upstairs, in his mother's room, the wastebasket was piled high with gay scraps of silk; his mother hoarded them for weaving into pretty little rugs. She kept them in the unused suitcase on the closet shelf. Bob flung open the closet door. The suitcase was gone. But in the attic cubbyhole the old trunk sat dusty and undisturbed. The bureau drawers were partially empty, as if garments had been selectively chosen.

Beside his mother's mirror two unfaded spots on the wall marked the absence of two pictures—his pictures. They brought him his first sense of sharing his father's fear. But he called from the head of the stairs in a casual voice: "Trunk's here, dad. She hasn't gone far. Come on up. Let's go to bed."

There was no reply. Finally slow steps went from the kitchen to the moonlit front porch. Bob joined his father there, putting out the lights on the way. His father sat stiffly on a straight chair near the edge of the porch, pressing his forehead against the screen wire. All Bob's love and loyalty went out hotly to the disconsolate figure.

His father said in a thick choked voice, "I deserve this, I guess; but I—I don't see how I'm going to stand it!"

"Of course you don't deserve it, dad; nobody deserves a lousy trick like this. Her note sounded as if she's been threatening to walk out on you for thirteen years. Well—she needn't expect any loving visits from me."

"No boy ever had a better mother and no man ever had a finer wife. For God's sake, Bob, try and realize it. This never would have happened if you hadn't said what you did this morning. I'm not blaming you. That's my fault, too."

"It's not your fault at all. You're always taking the blame for everything. I can't help it if I—I think more of you than mother, can I? But I'm sorry for what I said, and I'll tell her so! But she's probably no more notion of really leaving you than she had thirteen years ago."

"You were all that held her then. Oh, what a fool I've been! I—I— You see, when you were a little shaver, I got to drinking too much. Once I came home pretty badly lit. I brought some girl with me. There were some people here. I must have made a fool of myself generally. You saw that Mrs. Worthington here buying flowers this morning. Well, she was here that day. She never spoke to me again. When I finally sobered up, your mother was all packed to leave. But I promised her I'd never get tight again, if she'd give me another chance. And I hardly ever have, either."

FROM Bob's bewildered brain one thought fastened like a crab's claw to the name "Mrs. Worthington." He had never thought of his parents knowing the Worthingtons, who had a winter home on the Gulf at the outlet of their stream. Except by distance, the Worthingtons lived in another world. They had cars, planes, yachts. They were swells. Bob said:

"Why, I thought we had plenty of money when you first came to Florida. Did mother sell flowers even then?"

"No. She knew Mrs. Worthington when they were girls."

"You mean they—were *friends?*"

"Why not? There's a lot you don't know about your mother, Bob. Of course they were friends—until the day I told you about. Lately she's been coming here for flowers. I didn't say anything to your mother about it. But I think that's where your mother is right now."

Bob sat down in the creaking porch swing, his legs suddenly too weak to hold him. His mother—and the Worthingtons!

"Perhaps it was Worthington calling," said his father in a dazed brooding voice, "but I think it was Mrs. Worthington's brother—that fellow who writes books. Last week's paper said he was going to spend a few days here before the Worthingtons closed their house. That's why they've stayed South so long. I guess maybe old Aunt Cinder was right."

Bob laughed—a shrill excited sound of amazed disbelief. "You mean Harrison Dunbar, the novelist? Why, dad, you're going nutty. You really are!"

His father slowly turned from staring outside, his forehead marked in little squares from the screen. "Bob, you're the only hope I have to get your mother back. Will you shut up and listen to me? Or don't you want to help me?" Something in his heavy unangered desperation brought hot tears to Bob's eyes.

"You bet I want to help you, dad! I didn't mean to laugh. It just didn't seem sense, that's all. Mother eloping with a world-renowned boy friend! Who the heck's Aunt Cinder?"

"An old colored nurse your mother had for you. She'd go along whenever your mother went out in their boats. They used to come up the creek in motorboats. I was away a lot then—getting rid of my property in Georgia. Aunt Cinder hinted once (she just about worshiped your mother) that I'd better stay home more; she thought the Dunbar chap was sweet on your mother. But after her big flare-up your mother never saw them any more. And I never gave it another thought. But somehow—tonight—when you told me about phoning your mother—it all swept over me. This time—they've got her."

"Oh, dad, if you weren't so—so shot to pieces—you'd know how it's ridiculous to even think of such a thing. If it'll ease your mind I'll telephone the Worthingtons and say mother isn't here and we wondered if she'd been there to deliver flowers or—or something. What's that thing?"

His father extended a small gold vanity case. He said nothing. Bob held it closer into the moonlight. It had initials: "S. W."

"Sally Worthington," said his father. "It was here on the ledge. I never had any use for that Worthington woman. She's hard as rock. If she takes your mother North I'll never see her again. Oh, my God, what a fool I've been—what a fool!"

"Don't, dad—don't! Everybody makes mistakes—everybody. You said I could get her back for you. How do you mean?"

His father, when sobs again shook his voice, had gone hastily into the living room, where he strode back and forth. After an instant he said:

"You know how I mean, Bob. You can do anything with your mother. If you could just see her and talk to her—tell her our trip today was *all* business; how we got the money; that I'll never even see Pearl again if she doesn't want me to; that you're sorry and ashamed for what you said; make her know you do love her, that we can't get along without her—and don't let her think I put you up to it—make her think you're talking just for yourself—"

His father's voice began breaking again. Bob said: "All right, dad, I will. I will. Pull yourself together. Shall I take the car and go now?"

"No, not the car. They won't let you see her if they can help it. And they'd hear the car. But they won't be expecting us to know where she is. I'm sure they won't. I don't think I ever even mentioned Dunbar's name to your mother; she's no idea old Aunt Cinder ever said anything to me. I want you to take the boat and go down the creek. Turn off the kicker the last half mile and use the oars. You can come right up under that balcony where we always see lights. Get to the door and demand to see your mother."

Bob put his hands tightly to his father's shoulders. "O. K., dad. I'm your man. Go make yourself some coffee. And give me that gold doodad. If mother shouldn't be there, I'll say I thought she might be, because of that thing. Maybe I'd better put on a clean shirt."

"No. The worse you look, the better." He reached up and took his son's hands from his shoulders, grasping them tightly. "Bob, I want you to understand this means everything to me. Maybe even—life or death. Hear?"

"Oh, gee, dad! If you're going to talk that way, either you go with me or I stay here."

"No, no. You go, soon as you can. Forget I said that. I don't want any coffee." He flung himself, face down, on the porch swing. "I'll stay right here till I hear you coming back. But don't come alone."

"I—I won't, dad." He ran out quickly, sobs choking him. Before he got started, for the engine was stubborn, his father called from the porch, "If she won't go, take the car. You could park it beside the road and walk in, maybe."

"No. I'd hate to be caught sneaking round the grounds. This way I can get a good look first. Now, take it easy, dad."

IN the house, his father's tense conviction had convinced him. Out here, bailing out the boat and struggling with the engine, it all seemed absurd again. But once out on the dark quiet stream, his confusion and bewilderment gave way to a strained thinking about his mother: what she had said in her note. "Thirteen years ago—" He had been little more than a baby—what an unthinkable time! And she had been friends with people like the Worthingtons. Aunt Cinder—Aunt Cinder—the name was provocative; it stirred deep in his brain. He kept whispering it to himself while the boat chugged through the still moon-mirrored water. Definitely, as if it were happening now, he felt himself lifted over the side of the boat, felt his hand trailing in the water, heard laughter. It was a faint elusive memory, but Bob dug at it fiercely. There had been other people. But this same water, this same movement—trees, sunshine, laughter. *Margaret*—his mother's unfamiliar name—suddenly broke into his brain, startling as a shot. It frightened him. It tied to the words, "—whatever it is, don't weaken, Margaret."

Long ago, somewhere, he had heard that same voice call his mother "Margaret." He thought of his father's face when he had stood in the hotel doorway whispering the name slowly, with a certain fear. "Poor dad!" he thought. "Keeping his chin up in all these hard times, always cheerful, never did a mean thing in his life—and this dirty deal is what he gets!" His thoughts grew bitter and angry against his mother, but they broke sharply. "I'll never get her back, saying these things to her. I'll have to pretend I'm on her side. Lord, what an act I've got to put over!"

Excitement grew in him. Rounding the last curve where the stream widened and shallowed, he saw the lights of the Worthington place. He turned off the motor and took his oars, hugging into the shadows nearer the bank.

He had passed the Worthington house hundreds of times with never a thought of entering. It was a rambling Spanish structure of many wings and balconies, built on the edge of the water where Heron Creek emptied lazily into the Gulf. The boathouse, with its wide platform, was dark. His shoes were noisy. He changed them for an old pair of wet sneakers in the boat. The night was beautiful with moonlight and fragrant with wild-palm blossoms.

BOB stole toward the house, following the shadows of shrubs and oleanders. A woman in a long youthful green organdy dress, smoking, was nervously pacing the screened terrace. She had bobbed shining red hair. It was Mrs. Worthington. Bob got the sharp feeling that she was restless, waiting for some one—perhaps his mother. He sneaked in close against the stucco wall, sheltered by a drooping Brazilian pepper tree. He was none too quick. Lights flashed piercingly from a curving driveway and a car swung under the porte-cochere on the other side of the terrace. Mrs. Worthington ran down the steps. There were greetings. A chauffeur set two bags inside. A tall dark slightly bald man came in with his arm about his wife's shoulders.

"Paul! What do you think? Margaret's here. She's left him. Harry and I drove over and got her. Can you believe it?"

"No. I knew you were excited about something. Where's the baby?"

"Grown into a man. He's with his father in Tampa, visiting his father's current diversion. I was there when they left this morning. Margaret tried to keep the boy at home. He must have talked hatefully to her. She came back to my car pale as milk."

"*You* were there? So she finally weakened and sent for you?"

"Not Margaret. See that sign there?" Bob's gaze followed her gesture to a wicker table, where his mother's Flowers for Sale sign was propped under a reading lamp. There it was, the little humiliating sign standing proudly under the bright light. "The very day Harry got here he noticed her sign on that absurd subdivision gate. He's going to preserve it for a talisman. He hadn't any idea that new south gate went into Margaret's place. He thought he'd bring me some flowers. So he told Peter to drive in. He found Margaret, in overalls, digging some sort of a ditch—a ditch! I think she must have weakened a little; but she told him not to come again—that she must go on now to the end. So *I* went over. When my little brother spends twelve years looking over all the women in the world, and still recognizes his truelove even if she's in overalls digging ditches, *I'm* going to see that he gets her."

"Too bad you didn't take matters in hand thirteen years ago," the tall man said. "She might have had another son with better sense. What's her boy like?"

"I only saw him from across the yard. He's tall; I thought he looked like Margaret. She wanted me to see him. But he drove off with his father. She says very little, but it's been heartbreaking for her to see him turn against her, all the time she's been slaving her life out trying to save enough for his education. But I'm grateful to the young imbecile. Of course his father's never disciplined him—given him his way in everything. It just shows you what little chance a sterling character has against a weak amiable disposition. Oh, I’m so scared something’ll happen before we get started North in the morning that I’m jittering!”

“Perhaps you’re unduly apprehensive, Sally. It may be Henning’s as fed up with nobility of character as Margaret is with jocund irresponsibility.”

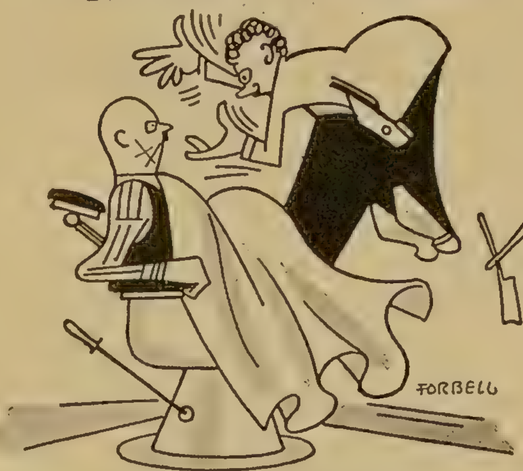
“Oh, no, he isn’t. I wish he were. If he didn’t love Margaret I could forgive the merry monster. But he does. Whenever she’s reached the limit of endurance (and she’s decided to leave him half a dozen times) he begs and weeps and pleads and promises—and she weakens. Then in a few months it’s the same old story—another woman—no money to run the place. No, I simply shan’t draw a comfortable breath until I have her in the lawyer’s office in New York.”

“But I see no cause for alarm, Sally. You can be well started before Henning even gets home from Tampa. He knows nothing about Harry and Margaret, does he? As I remember it, he was too engrossed with his Titian diversion that winter to realize what was going on at all.”

“That dreadful red-headed girl! I can still hear him saying, ‘Marg, here’s a li’l’ girl I’m crazy about.’ *Ugh.* But Harry said Henning saw him in Anytown the other day, and Harry got an idea something was in his mind. And tonight, while we were at Margaret’s, the boy telephoned to say they were staying all night. He overheard Harry speak to her, heard him call her ‘Margaret.’ Of course he was excited and curious. She told him he must have heard some one else on the line. But just as we drove away the phone started ringing furiously again. Here comes Harry.”

What Do You Say?

by Charles H. Forbell



Patron: Ouch! You clumsy ox! You’ll pay for this.

Barber: I’- v - - - s - - - -, s - -! M - r - - - - s - - - - - - -.

Patron: Slipped nothing! It was plain carelessness.

Barber: N -, s - -. I- w - - r - - - - - absent-mindedness. Y - - s - -, I u - - - t - b - a b - - - - - -.

The answer will be found on page 59

Outside, Bob strained forward recklessly for the first glimpse of Harrison Dunbar. He was too lost in amazement to feel any emotion. It was incredible that his mother should be loved by a man who was famous, whose pictures were in magazines, whose novels were popular—a rich man, a swell. Dunbar was shorter than his brother-in-law; broader-shouldered, with dark-red hair like his sister’s. He wore crumpled linens and a loosely knotted long black tie. “Hello there, Paul. Hurry up and open your oldest stuff. Sally pretends you’ve got it locked up.” His voice had a rich charming quality—assurance without complacency. The two men shook hands warmly and slapped each other’s arms.

“Well, where is your belated fugitive?” Mr. Worthington asked.

“I sent her to bed. She’s done in. Anyhow, I didn’t want you to see her tonight. You’re too analytical.”

“That’s selfish of you. I’d like to see Margaret. Does she still look like a Greek goddess?”

“We-ell, I doubt if the Greek girls who modeled for the goddess statues had hoed citrus groves and wielded shovels for twelve or thirteen years. But she looks like the sun and stars and trees and flowers and dawns and sunsets to a man who’s been blind for a dozen years. Greek goddesses can’t hold a candle to her, old man.”

“Well, God knows I’m glad about this, Harry.”

“Aren’t we all!” said Sally Worthington. “Let’s go have a highball and all get to bed early. I’m going to drag Margaret out of bed at daylight for an early start.”

HARRISON DUNBAR picked up the sign, Flowers for Sale, and held it aloft as they went inside. “And do I believe in signs?” he said.

The lights on the porch snapped out. The moonlit grounds took on a serene visibility. The quiet waters sparkled. For a long time Bob stayed motionless, crouched back against the stucco wall. Then he felt his way cautiously to the corner of the house. Upstairs windows were lighted. In one of those rooms, sheltered and welcome, was his mother. There was a narrow stairway with an iron grating. He crept up stealthily. Halfway across the balcony he stopped short and crouched low. A shadow fell on the drawn curtain. It was the shadow of a tall woman stooping for something. And as she stooped two long braids of hair fell forward over her shoulders. Sometimes, long ago, when he had wakened in the quiet nights, afraid, his mother had come to him and leaned over his bed. And her hair had always fallen forward like that. Bob felt tears on his cheeks. He crawled across the tiled balcony floor on his knees until he was so near the open window he could peer under the curtain. His mother stood before her dressing table. She wore a strange trailing silken robe. She had a framed picture in her hand. She looked at it intently for a time. Then she lifted it to her face and held it against her cheek. It was one of his pictures she had taken from her bedroom wall. Here, in this new glamorous world where rich important people loved and wanted her, it was his own faded little picture that was precious to her.

WITH an emotion that went deeper than boyhood, he knew that if he called her she would come.

“Mother!” The low cry burst from his throat without his willing. It startled him even more than it did his mother, who brought his picture close to her breast with both hands and gave a soft frightened cry. She ran to the window and flung aside the hangings. From sheer inability to move, he knelt exactly as he was discovered. She too dropped to her knees, and they stared silently into each other’s eyes above the low window sill. And he saw, for the first time and with a man’s eyes, that his mother was beautiful.

“Bob! Are—are you alone?”

He nodded mutely.

“How *did* you know I was here—how did you?”

“Dad th-thought you would be,” he gasped. “Tonight he remembered what some old nurse told him about Mr. Dunbar—l-lov-loving you.”

“Oh! Bob, Mr. Dunbar and I have loved each other many years. You won’t understand—you can’t. But you must tell your father I can’t go back—ever. I know how dearly you love him, Bob. And you must, always. But don’t ask me to go back, dear. Don’t!”

She was afraid; she knew he could take her back. A strange pride of power surged over him. But something stronger smothered it. It shook him suddenly with sobs, and she put her arms quickly round him and hid his face against her shoulder, but not before he had seen a radiance of joy in her dark tired eyes.

“Oh, mother, I do understand! I want you to go—I want you to! I heard them talking, and I understand a—a lot of things. I’ll—I’ll stick with dad. Don’t you worry; I’ll tell him I got right up to the balcony where they were talking and—and that you weren’t there. And, mother, after while I’ll try to make up to you for—for—”

“Margaret,” called Sally Worthington’s sweet light voice, “I’m bringing you some warm milk, and you’re to hop straight into bed. Where are you?”

Bob jerked himself from his mother’s arms and kissed her on the lips.

“Beat it, mother. I’ll be seeing you. Happy landings!”

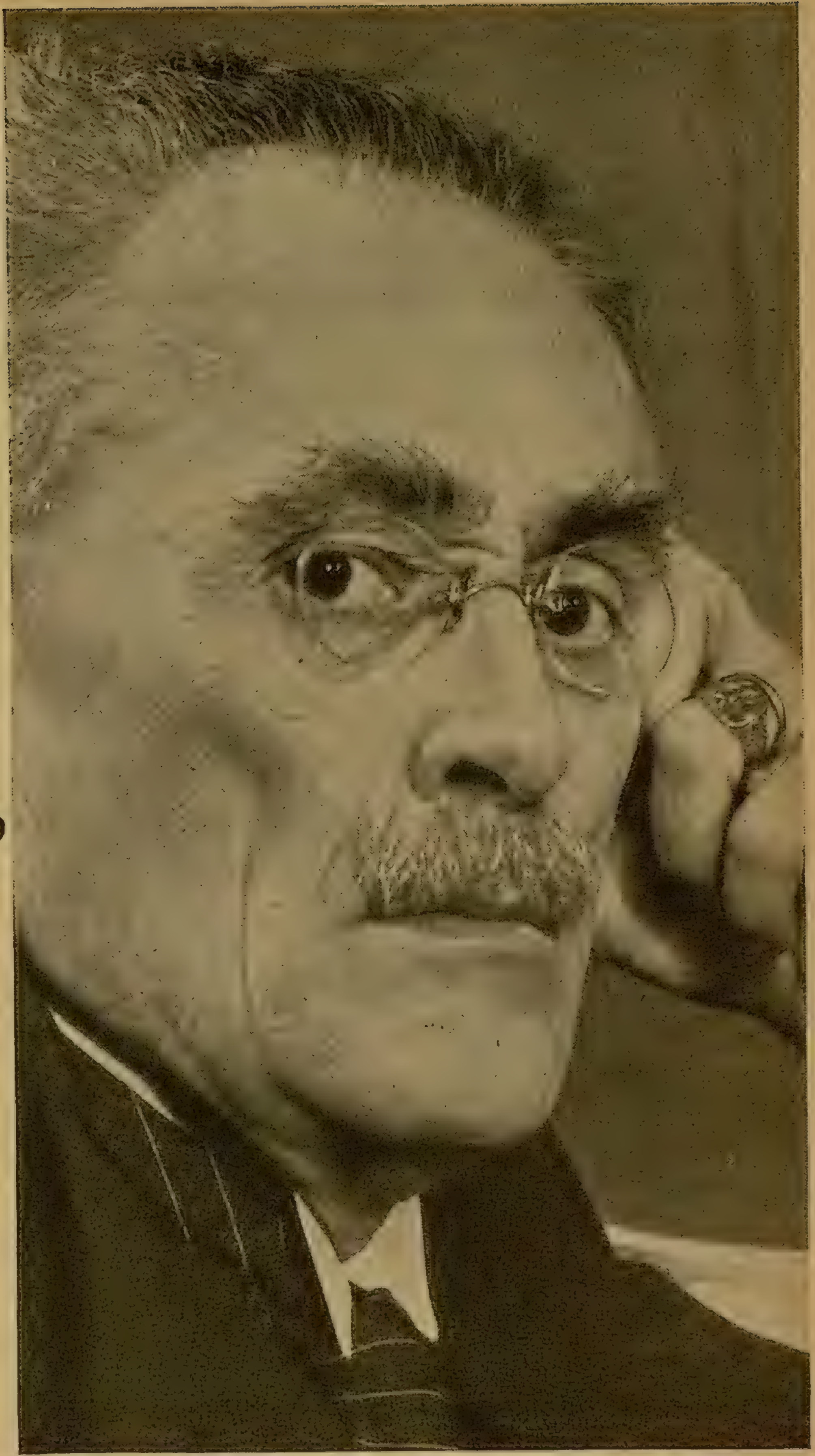
Five minutes later, from his boat in the moonlit stream, he saw her standing in the window. He rowed midstream and waved to her, and she stood there watching until he was out of sight.

THE END

"—it is a foremost new method of treating indigestion!"

CLAIM GREAT DOCTORS

This new fresh yeast has an amazing effect on the entire digestive tract . . . correcting constipation and related digestive troubles and lack of energy far more effectively . . .



ASTOUNDED . . . Such noted doctors as Dr. Alexandre Mazeran (above), founder of a clinic for treatment of internal disorders, find this yeast of great importance. "Cases I treated with it showed marked improvement," Dr. Mazeran states. "It really *corrects* the underlying trouble . . . effectively."

INDIGESTION IS SERIOUS. Severe cases should have medical attention. But if *you* suffer from the more common type caused by a sluggish digestive system, here is wonderful news for you!

A great American scientist has discovered a new, more thorough-acting kind of yeast which greatly helps this common trouble . . . and the loss of energy, constipation and skin troubles that go with it . . . by speeding up the digestive juices and muscles *all through* your system!

Thus, your food is digested better . . . is kept softer . . . is better assimilated . . . and the residue is passed out of your system far more easily.

Won't you eat this new fresh yeast and see what a difference it can make in *your* digestion, appearance, health?

Eat 3 cakes of this Fleischmann's XR Yeast daily—plain or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water . . . preferably half an hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Eat it *regularly!*

Soon you should relish your food more, and be able to forget about indigestion. See how much more pep you have . . . how much better your skin looks . . . and how much more regular your elimination is!

If you're now taking laxatives, discontinue their use gradually (not all at once) as this new yeast "normalizes" your digestion and elimination.

Start now! Get some Fleischmann's Yeast today!

FLEISCHMANN'S XR YEAST

(As good as ever for baking, too)

DECIDE *NOW* TO STOP NEGLECTING YOURSELF . . . The longer you let your troubles go, the harder they are to overcome! Start eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's XR Yeast daily. You should begin to feel better in a few days, but don't be led to think your condition is really *corrected.* Keep on eating the yeast *regularly* until your system is truly "normalized." (Rich in Vitamins A, B, D and G.)

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If America Should

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SHOULD America go Communist as a result of the difficulties and problems which your capitalist social order is unable to solve, it will discover that Communism, far from being an intolerable bureaucratic tyranny and individual regimentation, will be the means of greater individual liberty and shared abundance.

At present most Americans regard Communism solely in the light of the experience of the Soviet Union. They fear lest Sovietism in America would produce the same material results as it has brought for the culturally backward peoples of the Soviet Union.

They fear lest Communism should try to fit them to a bed of Procrustes, and point to the bulwark of Anglo-Saxon conservatism as an insuperable obstacle even to possibly desirable reforms. They argue that Great Britain and Japan would undertake military intervention against the American Soviets. They shudder lest Americans be regimented in their habits of dress and diet; be compelled to subsist on famine rations; read stereotyped official propaganda in the newspapers; serve as rubber stamps for decisions arrived at without their active participation; keep their thoughts to themselves and loudly praise their Soviet leaders in public, through fear of imprisonment and exile.

"Don't believe a word of this," says James J. Davis, Former Secretary of Labor, whose answer will appear in Liberty next week.

They fear monetary inflation, bureaucratic tyranny, and intolerable red tape in obtaining the necessities of life. They fear soulless standardization in the arts and sciences, as well as in the daily necessities of life. They fear that all political spontaneity and the presumed freedom of the press will be destroyed by the dictatorship of a monstrous bureaucracy. And they shudder at the thought of being forced into an uncomprehended glibness in Marxian dialectic and disciplined social philosophies. They fear, in a word, that Soviet America will become the counterpart of what they have been told Soviet Russia looks like.

In fact American Soviets will be as different from the Russian Soviets as the United States of President Roosevelt differs from the Russian Empire of Czar Nicholas II. Yet Communism can come in America only through revolution, just as independence and democracy came in America. The American temperament is energetic and violent, and it will insist on breaking a good many dishes and upsetting a good many apple carts before Communism is firmly established. Americans are enthusiasts and sportsmen before they are specialists and statesmen, and it would be contrary to the American tradition to make a major change without choosing sides and cracking heads.

However, the American Communistic Revolution will be insignificant compared to the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, in terms of your national wealth and population, no matter how great its comparative cost. That is because civil war of a revolutionary nature isn't fought by the handful of men at the top—the 5 or 10 per cent who own nine tenths of American wealth: this handful could recruit its counterrevolutionary armies only from among the lower middle classes. Even so, the revolution could easily attract them to its banner by showing that support of the Soviets alone offers them the prospect of salvation.

Everybody below this group is already economically prepared for Communism. The depression has ravaged your working classes and has dealt a crushing blow to the farmers, who had already been injured by the long agricultural decline of the postwar decade. There is no reason why these groups should oppose determined resistance to the revolution; they have nothing to lose, providing, of course, that the revolutionary leaders adopt a farsighted and moderate policy toward them.

Who else will fight against Communism? Your corporal's guard of billionaires and multimillionaires? Your Mellons, Morgans, Fords, and Rockefellers? They will cease struggling as soon as they fail to find other people to fight for them.

The American Soviet Government will take firm possession of the commanding heights of your business system: the banks, the key industries, and the transportation and communication systems. It will then give the farmers, the small tradespeople and business men a good long time to think things over and see how well the nationalized section of industry is working.

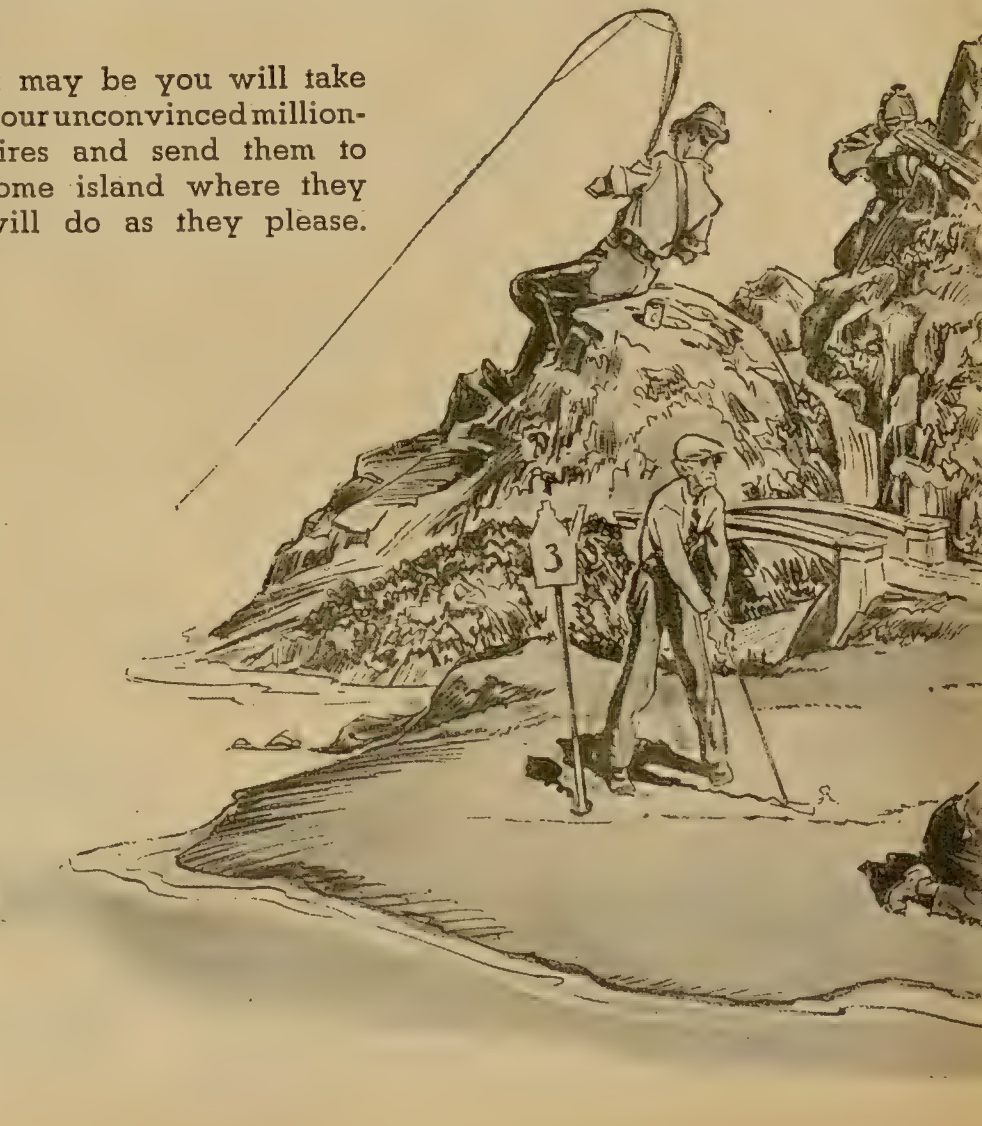
Here is where the American Soviets can produce real miracles. "Technocracy" can come true only under Communism, when the dead hands of private property rights and private profits are lifted from your industrial system. The most daring proposals of the Hoover commission on standardization and rationalization will seem childish compared to the new possibilities let loose by American Communism.

National industry will be organized along the line of the conveyer belt in your modern continuous-production automotive factories. Scientific planning can be lifted out of the individual factory and applied to your entire economic system. The results will be stupendous.

Costs of production will be cut to 20 per cent, or less, of their present figure. This in turn would rapidly increase your farmers' purchasing power.

To be sure, the American Soviets would establish their own gigantic farm enterprises, as schools of voluntary collectivization. Your farmers could easily calculate whether it was to their individual advantage to remain as isolated links or to join the public chain.

The same method would be used to draw small businesses and industries into the national organization of industry. By Soviet control of raw materials, credits, and quotas of



It may be you will take your unconvinced millionaires and send them to some island where they will do as they please.

Go COMMUNIST

A Famous World Revolutionist, Looking into the Future, Paints for Liberty a Graphic Word Picture of a "Soviet Yankee" Paradise

by LEON TROTSKY

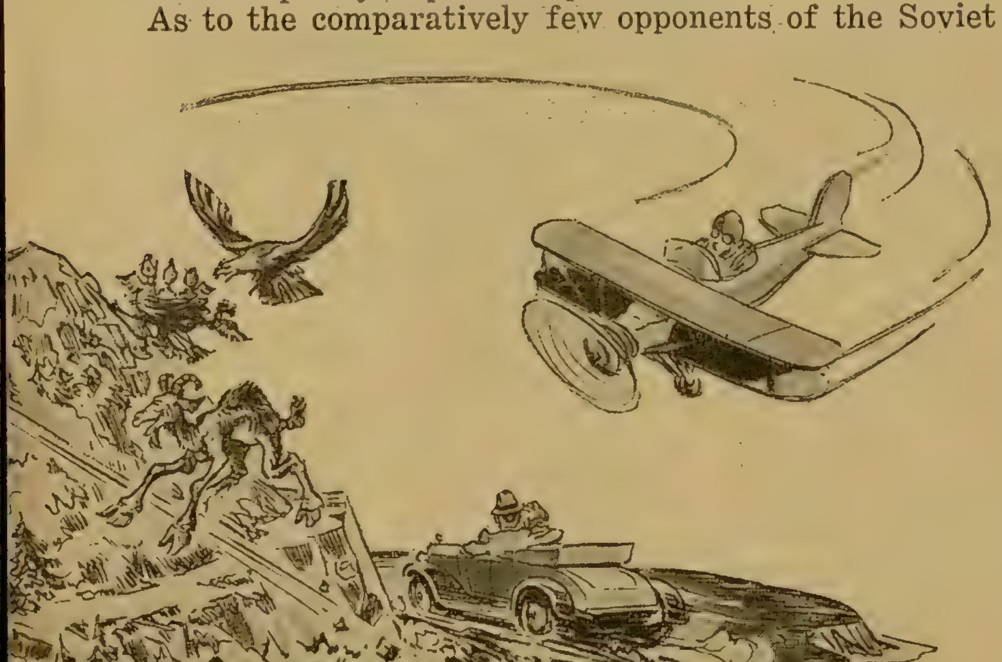
Leon Trotsky, who built up Red Russia's army and was Lenin's right-hand man and commander in chief. He is now in exile.

orders, these secondary industries could be kept solvent until they were gradually and without compulsion sucked into the socialized business system.

Without compulsion! The American Soviets would not need to resort to the drastic measures which circumstances have often imposed upon the Russians. In the United States, through the science of publicity and advertising, you have means for winning the support of your middle class which were beyond the reach of the Soviets of backward Russia with its vast majority of pauperized and illiterate peasants. This, in addition to your technical equipment and your wealth, is the greatest asset of your coming Communist Revolution. Your revolution will be smoother in character than ours; you will not waste your energies and resources in costly social conflicts after the main issues have been decided; and you will move ahead so much the more rapidly in consequence.

Even the intensity and devotion of religious sentiment in America will not prove an obstacle to the revolution. If one assumes the perspective of Soviets in America, none of the psychological brakes will prove firm enough to retard the pressure of the social crisis. This has been demonstrated more than once in history. Besides, it should not be forgotten that the Gospels themselves contain some pretty explosive aphorisms.

As to the comparatively few opponents of the Soviet Revolution, one can trust to American inventive genius. It may well be that you will take your unconvinced millionaires and send them to some picturesque island, rent-free for life, where they can do as they please.



You can do this safely, for you will not need to fear foreign interventions. Japan, Great Britain, and the other capitalistic countries which intervened in Russia couldn't do anything but take American Communism lying down. As a matter of fact the victory of Communism in America—the stronghold of capitalism—will cause Communism to spread to other countries. Japan will probably have joined the Communistic ranks even before the establishment of the American Soviets. The same is true of Great Britain.

IN any case, it would be a crazy idea to send His Britannic Majesty's fleet against Soviet America, even as a raid against the southern and more conservative half of your continent. It would be hopeless and would never get any farther than a second-rate military escapade.

Within a few weeks or months of the establishment of the American Soviets, Pan-Americanism would be a political reality.

The governments of Central and South America would be pulled into your federation like iron filings to a magnet. So would Canada. The popular movements in these countries would be so strong that they would force this great unifying process within a short period and at insignificant costs. I am ready to bet that the first anniversary of the American Soviets would find the Western Hemisphere transformed into the Soviet United States of North, Central, and South America, with its capital at Panama. Thus for the first time the Monroe Doctrine would have a complete and positive meaning in world affairs, although not the one foreseen by its author.

In spite of the complaints of some of your archconservatives, Roosevelt is not preparing for a Soviet transformation of the United States.

The NRA aims not to destroy but to strengthen the foundations of American capitalism, by overcoming your business difficulties. Not the Blue Eagle but the diffi-

Dentists say...
MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

COLGATE'S keeps breath sweet while it makes teeth cleaner, brighter!

The same thing that causes much tooth decay causes bad breath, dentists say. That's why the sure way to combat bad breath is regular use of Colgate's Dental Cream.

Colgate's penetrating, cleansing foam works into all crevices of the mouth. Wherever they hide—on teeth, tongue, or gums—deposits that *cause* bad breath are emulsified, washed away. Every surface of every tooth is cleaned—and your whole mouth is fresher—your breath sweeter.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free polishing ingredient gently burnishes the enamel. Teeth gleam as natural lustre is restored.

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less than any other leading toothpaste. Get a tube —for a purer breath and brighter teeth.

PREFER POWDER? *Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices.*

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

culties which the Blue Eagle is powerless to overcome will bring about Communism in America. The "radical" professors of your Brain Trust are not revolutionists: they are only frightened conservatives. Your President abhors "systems" and "generalities." But a Soviet government is the greatest of all possible systems, a gigantic generality in action.

The average man doesn't like systems or generalities, either. It is the task of your Communist statesmen to make the system deliver the concrete goods which the average man desires: his food, cigars, amusements, his freedom to choose his own neckties, his own house, and his own automobile. It will be easy to give him these comforts in Soviet America.

Most Americans have been misled by the fact that in Soviet Russia we had to build whole new basic industries from the ground up. Such a thing could not happen in America, where you are already compelled to cut down on your farm area and to reduce your industrial production. As a matter of fact your tremendous technological equipment has been paralyzed by the crisis and already clamors to be put to use. You will be able to make a rapid step-up of consumption by your people the starting point of your economic revival.

You are prepared to do this as is no other country. Nowhere else has the study of the internal market reached such intensity as in the United States. It has been done by your banks, trusts, individual business men, merchants, traveling salesmen, and farmers as part of their stock in trade. Your Soviet Government will simply abolish all trade secrets, will combine all the findings of these researches for individual profit, and will transform them into a scientific system of economic planning. In this your government will be helped by the existence of a large class of cultured and critical consumers. By combining the nationalized key industries, your private businesses, and democratic consumer co-operation, you will quickly develop a highly flexible system for serving the needs of your population.

This system will be made to work, not by bureaucracy and not by policemen, but by hard cold cash.

YOUR almighty dollar will play a principal part in making your new Soviet system work. It is a great mistake to try to mix a "planned economy" with a "managed currency." Your money must act as regulator with which to measure the success or failure of your planning.

Your "radical" professors are dead wrong in their devotion to "managed money." It is an academic idea which could easily wreck your entire system of distribution and production. That is the great lesson to be derived from the Soviet Union, where bitter necessity has been converted into official virtue in the monetary realm.

There the lack of a stable gold ruble is one of the main causes of our many economic troubles and catastrophes. It is impossible to regulate wages, prices, and quality of goods without a firm monetary system. An unstable ruble in a Soviet system is like having variable molds in a conveyor-belt factory. It won't work.

Only when Socialism succeeds in substituting administrative control for money will it be possible to abandon a stable gold currency. Then money will become ordinary paper slips, like trolley or theater tickets. As Socialism advances these slips will also disappear, and control over individual consumption—whether by money or administration—will no longer be necessary when there is more than enough of everything for everybody!

SUCH a time has not yet come, though America will certainly reach it before any other country. Until then, the only way to reach such a state of development is to retain an effective regulator and measure for the working of your system. As a matter of fact, during the first few years a planned economy needs sound money even more than did old-fashioned capitalism. The professor who regulates the monetary unit with the aim of regulating the whole business system is like the man who tried to lift both his feet off the ground at the same time.

Soviet America will possess supplies of gold big enough to stabilize the dollar—a priceless asset. In Russia we have been expanding our plant by 20 and 30 per cent a year; but—due to a weak ruble—we have not been able to distribute this increase effectively. This is partly because we have allowed our bureaucracy to subject our monetary system to administrative one-sidedness. You will be spared this evil. As a result you will greatly surpass us both in increased production and distribution, leading to a rapid advance in the comfort and welfare of your population.

In all this you will not need to imitate our standardized production for our pitiable mass consumers. We have taken over from Czarist Russia a pauper's heritage, a culturally undeveloped peasantry with a low standard of living. We had to build our factories and dams at the expense of our consumers. We have had continual monetary inflation and a monstrous bureaucracy.

Soviet America will not have to imitate our bureaucratic methods. Among us the lack of the bare necessities has caused an intense scramble for an extra loaf of bread, an extra yard of cloth by every one. In this struggle our bureaucracy steps forward as a conciliator, as an all-powerful court of arbitration. You, on the other hand, are much wealthier and would have little difficulty in supplying all of your people with all of the necessities of life. Moreover, your needs, tastes, and habits would never permit your bureaucracy to divide the national income. Instead, when you organize your society to produce for human needs rather than private profits, your entire population will group itself around new trends and groups, which will struggle with one another and prevent an overweening bureaucracy from imposing itself upon them.

You can thus avoid growth of bureaucratism by the practice of soviet—that is to say, democracy: the most flexible form of government yet developed. Soviet organization cannot achieve miracles but must simply reflect the will of the people. With us the Soviets have been bureaucratized as a result of the political monopoly of a single party, which has itself become a bureaucracy. This situation resulted from the exceptional difficulties of Socialist pioneering in a poor and backward country.

The American Soviets will be full-blooded and vigorous, without need or opportunity for such measures as circumstances imposed upon Russia. Your unregenerate capitalists will, of course, find no place for themselves in the new setup. It is hard to imagine Henry Ford as the head of the Detroit Soviet.

Yet a wide struggle between interests, groups, and ideas is not only conceivable—it is inevitable. One-year, five-year, ten-year plans of business development; schemes for national education; construction of new basic lines of transportation; the transformation of the farms; the program for improving the technological and cultural equipment of Latin America; a program for stratosphere communication; eugenics—all of these will arouse controversy, vigorous electoral struggles, and passionate debate in the newspapers and at public meetings.

FOR Soviet America will not imitate the monopoly of the press by the heads of Soviet Russia's bureaucracy. While Soviet America would nationalize all printing plants, paper mills, and means of distribution, this would be a purely negative measure. It would simply mean that private capital will no longer be allowed to decide what publications should be established, whether they should be progressive or reactionary, "wet" or "dry," puritanical or pornographic. Soviet America will have to find a new solution for the question of how the power of the press is to function in a Socialist regime. It might be done on the basis of proportional representation for the votes in each Soviet election.

Thus the right of each group of citizens to use the power of the press would depend on their numerical strength—the same principle being applied to the use of meeting halls, allotment of time on the air, and so forth.

Thus the management and policy of publications would be decided not by individual checkbooks but by group ideas. This may take little account of numerically small but important groups, but it simply means that each new idea will be compelled, as throughout history, to prove its right to existence.

Rich Soviet America can set aside vast funds for research and invention, discoveries and experiments in every field. You won't neglect your bold architects and sculptors, your unconventional poets and audacious philosophers.

In fact, the Soviet Yankees of the future will give a lead to Europe in those very fields where Europe has hitherto been your master. Europeans have little conception of the power of technology to influence human destiny and have adopted an attitude of sneering superiority toward "Americanism," particularly since the crisis. Yet Americanism marks the true dividing line between the Middle Ages and the modern world.

HITHERTO America's conquest of nature has been so violent and passionate that you have had no time to modernize your philosophies or to develop your own artistic forms. Hence you have been hostile to the doctrines of Hegel, Marx, and Darwin. The burning of Darwin's works by the Baptists of Tennessee is only a clumsy reflection of the American dislike for the doctrines of evolution. This attitude is not confined to your pulpits. It is still part of your general mental make-up.

Your atheists as well as your Quakers are determined rationalists. And your rationalism itself is weakened by empiricism and moralism. It has none of the merciless vitality of the great European rationalists. So your philosophic method is even more antiquated than your economic system and your political institutions.

Today, quite unprepared, you are being forced to face those social contradictions which grow up unsuspected in every society. You have conquered nature by means of the tools which your inventive genius has created, only to find that your tools have all but destroyed you. Contrary to all your hopes and desires, your unheard-of wealth has produced unheard-of misfortunes. You have discovered that social development does not follow a simple formula. Hence you have been thrust into the school of the dialectic—to stay.

There is no turning back from it to the mode of thinking and acting prevalent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

While the romantic numskulls of Nazi Germany are dreaming of restoring the old race of Europe's Dark Forest to its original purity, or rather its original filth, you Americans, after taking a firm grip on your economic machinery and your culture, will apply genuine scientific methods to the problem of eugenics. Within a century, out of your melting pot of races there will come a new breed of men—the first worthy of the name of Man.

One final prophecy: In the third year of Soviet rule in America you will no longer chew gum!

THE END

THEY TOLD ME BY OLIVER

HERE'S WHAT WILLIAM SCHULTS, TRAINER OF ANTON LEKANG, U.S. PROFESSIONAL SKI CHAMPION TOLD ME: "OLIVE OIL BEATS THEM ALL FOR SOOTHING IRRITATED SKIN!"
OLIVER

NO AFTER-SHAVE STING OR BURN

. . . with Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

SKIING in wind and cold—that's mighty tough on a man's face! But shaving every day gives your skin plenty of punishment, too!

That's why we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of olive oil—to prevent that after-shave irritation . . . and to keep your face feeling fresh and fit, in perfect shape always.

It is also this same unique formula, including olive oil, that accounts for Palmolive's richer, heavier lather. Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had.

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES

FOR 25¢

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

Resting Easily

Happy was days ahead of time on that first weak-legged stroll.

READING TIME
36 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OFTEN enough Happy Harkness had asked his luck please to change, and so it did.

On a rainy afternoon in spring he ran into a man who owed him three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and this man after three or four light years now was having a heavy one, and he was delighted to see Happy and to give him six fifty-dollar bills, some tens, and a five.

Quite out of practice at handling money, Happy counted it four times in the hall outside the man's office, and then he put the fifties in a notebook in an inner coat pocket; the rest he shoved into a trouser pocket, and he went out on the sidewalk wading in rosy clouds up to his hips.

Across the street he sighted an old pal, a brother pilot whose landings, like those of young Mr. Harkness, had not always been happy ones; and with a joyful yelp, and the desire to hale his pal into a congenial place where both could surge on the bell rope and peal the merry bells of repeal, he sprang into traffic.

A taxicab hit him, and before he could fall he was rolled like a cigarette between that cab and one going in the opposite direction. People screamed, horns blew, and a crowd gathered. A woman ran out of a store blowing a police whistle, and three different men remarked, " Gees, where's a cop? Ever know it to fail? You can never find a cop when you want one! "

A magnificent lady put her head from the window of a private car. She cried, " You can't leave the poor man there in the rain! Take him to a hospital. There's one in this block."

So—but not before his coat pocket had been picked—the unaware Mr. Harkness was carried into a very private and expensive midtown hospital.

When he opened his eyes he saw a lot of white ghosts floating above him—only all of them couldn't have been ghosts, because one of them had a finger in his mouth.

He mumbled, " Please take the fingy from the mouth."

The eyes of this ghost, a tall operating-room nurse, twinkled in the frame of her white head wrappings. " Just wanted to remove your false teeth before you go under."

" You can't do that. I got more good teeth of my own than I have steaks."

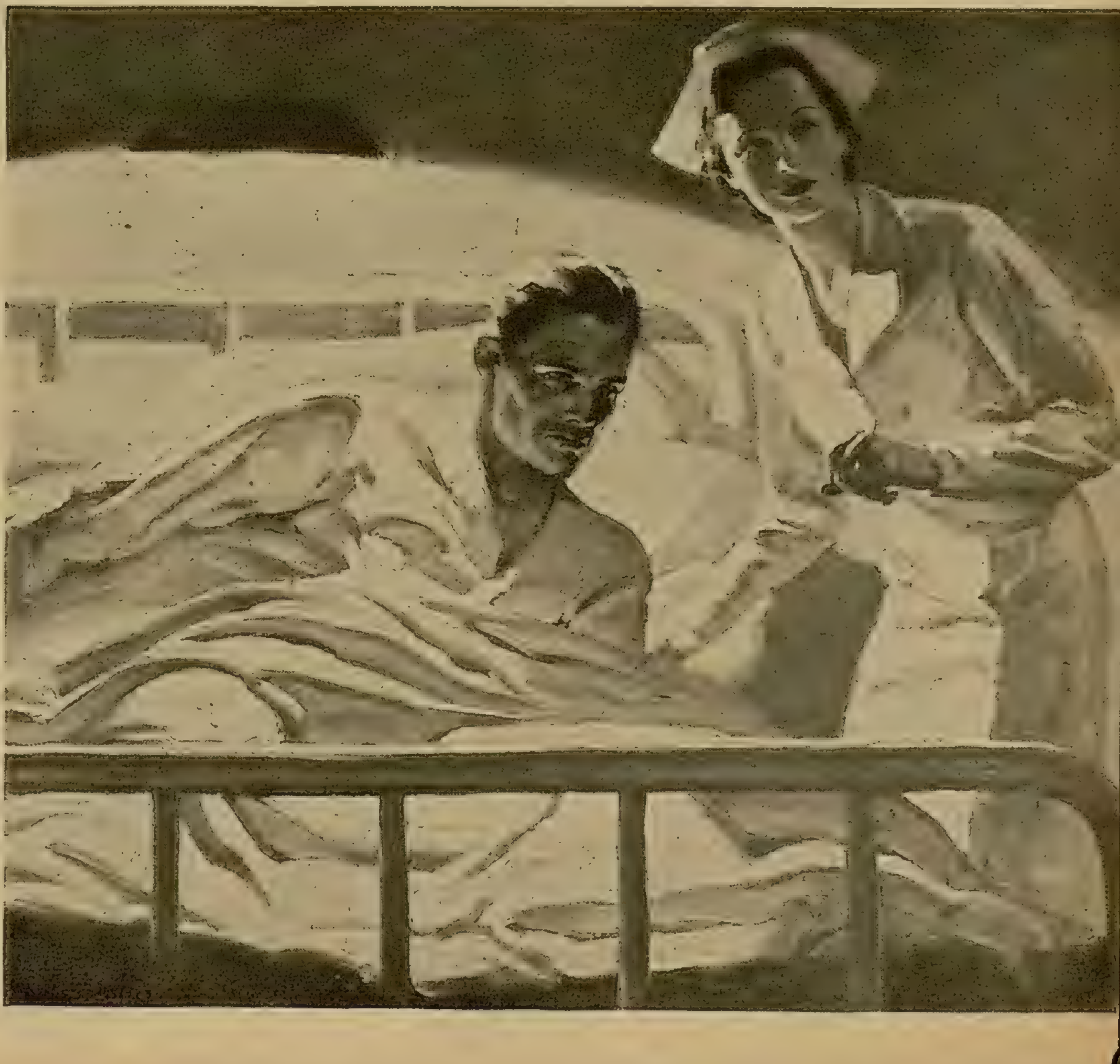
" Good boy. Is it awful bad? " said the nurse as the surgeon approached, gloved hands in the air.

Happy grinned. " All right—except I feel full of loose glass—like a broken vacuum bottle."

" You've got spirit. We'll fix you up. Just breathe deep, now—through your mouth—"

The next afternoon he opened his eyes for keeps and voiced a problem that had been troubling his last dreams: " Where's my pants? No—it's my coat I want."

There was no answer. He was alone in a room furnished with two beds, two dressers, three chairs, and a hat rack. There was no one in the other bed, he



learned, as he moved his head, familiarizing himself the while with several pains of which he was the sole owner.

Trying himself out, he found he had no legs and no left arm, and in a panic he heaved himself up on his good right arm. Then he sank back, relieved, but moist with the perspiration of alarm. He had legs, and no doubt they were as heavily bandaged and splinted as his left arm. When he pulled the cord at the head of his bed, a light lighted in the hall over his door, and in her own good time a nurse came.

She was a pretty young nurse—as pretty as all nurses should be; and as casually as though doing something in the kitchen, she put a thermometer between his lips and took his wrist between her fingers.

He was delighted with her. He boiled over with talk as she read the thermometer. "Guess I never did get across the street—so Monk Tabor'll never know how near I came to buying him an afternoonful of drinks. Say, where's my pants? Where's my coat? Where am I—and what's your name?"

The girl giggled. "You silly! You can't have your clothes! Why, you can't dress for ever so long. You're in awful shape."

He pretended astonishment. "No! Really? Now listen, sweetheart. I don't want to dress. I just want to see something in the pockets."

The girl recited, "All articles were removed and carefully checked and placed in a sealed envelope in our vault for safekeeping."

"Hooray! Just wanted to make sure I could pay my freight here. You didn't tell me your name."

"Miss Redfern."

"Hah. Sweet name. Goes with your hair. My name is Ed Harkness. Commonly called Happy, because I'm a fool for falls and other branches of hard luck."

"You're talking too much. You must rest."

In came a girl wearing—instead of hospital white—a red-and-black dress, glasses, and some beads. She had mousy brown hair and a nearsighted look. Miss Redfern went away, and this new one, who carried cards, a big envelope, and a fountain pen, pulled up a chair.

She examined the pen, saying, "Tssk—tssk!" She shook the pen, tried it, and said, "Your name?"

He told her, and watched her write laboriously.

An Aviator, an Accident, a Hospital, a Gangster Plot, and a Girl—Mix and Shake Well Before Taking, and You Have an Adventure Like This!

by FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

"Address?"—holding the pen poised in readiness.

He grinned. "I have just given up the—er—chambers where I last resided. My luggage is at Grand Central, and before I could secure new lodgings I was brought here."

"I'll have to leave that line blank, then; but it's very irregular. What's your occupation, Mr.—Mr.—" She looked at the card on which she had just written his name, "Mr. Harkness?"

"Take your pick. I am a licensed navigator, pilot, and radio operator. I have had—er—military experience, and I have sold books. I have served with scientific expeditions in Africa and in South America. I have managed flying fields, and I have—"

"I'll just put down aviator, huh?"

"Yeah. Grounded at present into a dozen pieces."

"Telephone number? No—no; you have no phone. Now, who is to be responsible for your hospitalization?"

"Huh? Why, me, of course; I—old Ed Harkness. If you'll only give me my— Wait a minute; maybe you have my stuff in that envelope."

The girl passed the large envelope to him, saying drearily, "All payment is in advance, of course."

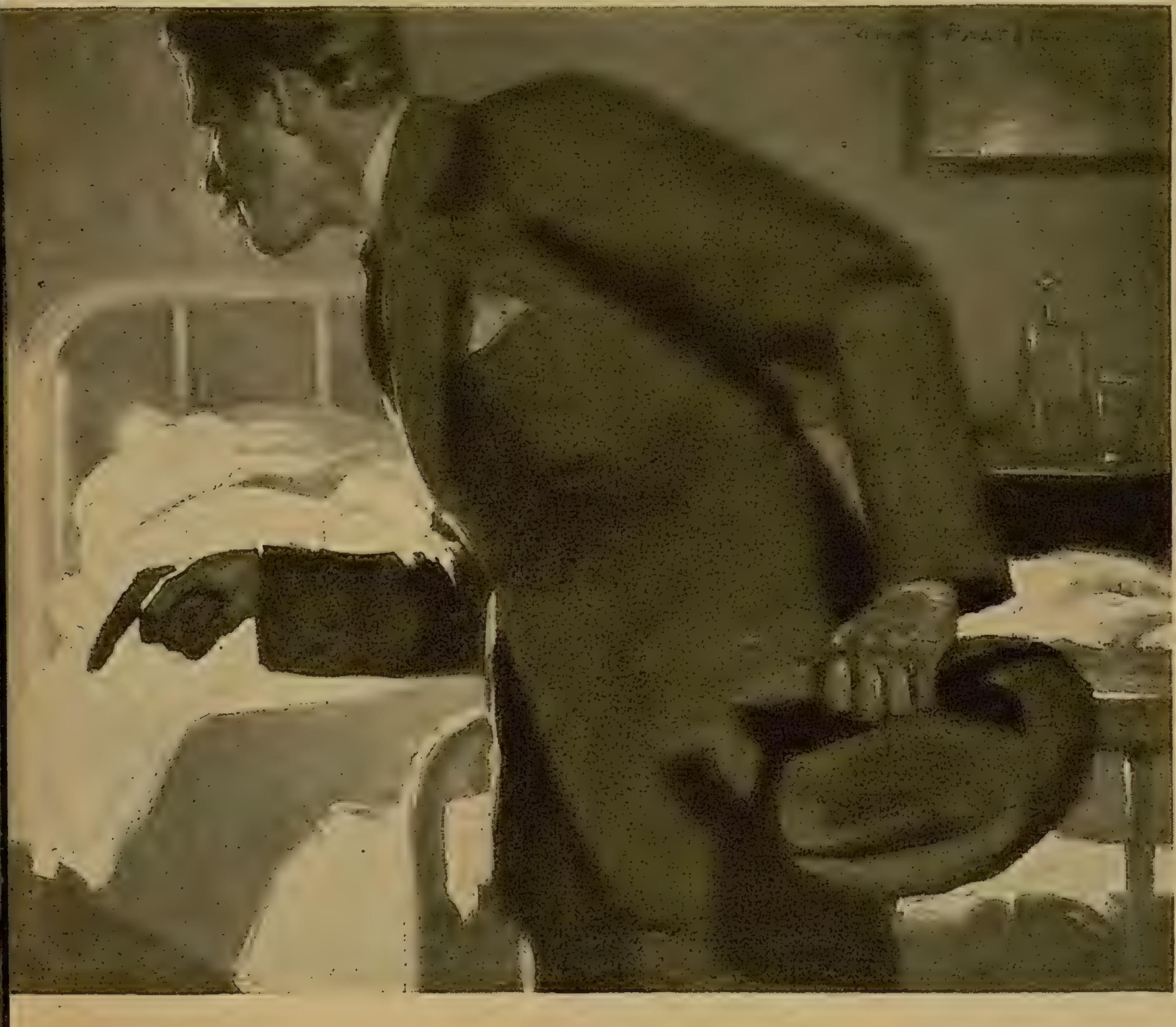
Happy dumped out the envelope's contents—keys, watch, cardcase, and eighty dollars and sixty cents in cash. As he pawed around the bedding, looking for the rest of his funds, the girl, consulting a slip, said, "When you entered you had the sum of eighty dollars and sixty cents. Do you wish to give me that now as a deposit?"

"Where's my notebook? I had three hundred in a notebook in my coat pocket."

The girl poked at her hair. Then Happy groaned. "I must have been frisked for my three hundred when kind hands were pulling me from under the cabs. Nothing here but the seventy-five and what I had myself."

"Shall I enter this as a deposit?"

Happy tried not to be irritated and failed. "Yes, yes, if it would make you any hap-



Monk Tabor came in—loudly: "Hello, ya big bum! Demobilized acrobat, eh?" His voice was like a fresh breeze.

pier. Just bear in mind, sister, that I didn't ask to be brought here and—Oh, let it pass."

A nurse had come in and was standing behind the girl. A tall nice-looking nurse with dark hair and marvelous eyes—eyes that to Happy were somehow familiar.

She tapped the girl's shoulder and motioned. The girl gathered pen, cards, and the envelope with Happy's effects, and departed. The tall nurse put cool fingers on Happy's wrist. Her eyes on her watch, she said quietly, pleasantly, "I don't know why they ever permit that witless wonder to see patients."

She finished taking his pulse, and putting a strong arm behind his head, she raised him, freshened his pillows, and eased him back. She was darned attractive, but, more important, she had—in her eyes and about her brow and mouth—something calm, reassuring. Happy thought of the word "human."

"You are going to have the best of care, and if you don't get it, send for Miss Townsend."

"Haven't I seen you before somewhere, Miss Townsend?"

SHE laughed. "Do you remember asking me to take my finger from your mouth?"

"Hah! So you're the one who'd rob a pore feller of his false teeth if he had 'em!"

She nodded, her eyes crinkling. She said, "Now you must be quiet. The doctor's coming to see you at four."

Cigar in hand, the doctor came at four. He told Happy, in words of many syllables, the several things that were the matter with his body, and in short words translated those terms into time and into dollars. Having done this and having complimented Happy on his powerful constitution, which had withstood a battering that would have finished four ordinary men, he chuckled amiably and went out.

At five, Happy had a visitor.

This chap, like the doctor, was very good-natured. This chap's specialty was minimizing things.

He represented an insurance company that protected both taxi companies, and since the sum he mentioned was precisely the amount the doctor had computed, Happy grabbed for the fountain pen. So sure was the minimizing gentleman that he had reduced Happy's injuries to their proper cash value, he even had a made-out check in his pocket.

When the man left, Happy pulled the light for Miss Redfern. "Hooray, Red! I'm pay load around here. I've endorsed this check and you can give it to your lady treasurer so she won't think there's a stowaway aboard. And, Red, hurry back, will you? I would hold converse with thee."

Miss Townsend came in before he finished. Her expression was of exasperation.

"So—that adjuster got in here!"

"Oh, sure. He was a nice guy and he settled—when he really didn't have to."

"Yes—he settled! Have you any idea—"

Mr. Harkness was irritated. "Miss Townsend, there's a couple of things I don't believe in exploiting—life and love. I hate guys who capitalize an injury, and I hate breach-of-promise women."

Her eyes crinkled again. Once more she hooked an arm behind his head and batted his pillows to freshness.

"It's none of my business," she said finally, "but if I had seen that adjuster first I'd have kicked him down all fifteen flights from here to the street. You are in no shape for visitors of any description."

"Say not so. I want you for a visitor, and I want Miss Redfern. Say—isn't she darling?"

Miss Townsend shaded the lamp so it didn't shine in his eyes. She said, "Reporters are outside. I told them they couldn't see you. Your—your doctor is talking to them."

"Oh, Lord—reporters! But look, Miss Townsend, isn't—"

"Yes," Miss Townsend said dryly, "Miss Redfern is just darling," and she went away.

"WHAT else does it say, Vee?" asked Happy. It was morning, and by this time Miss Violet Redfern had become "Vee" and "Red," and Mr. Harkness had become news.

She read: "'The jinx load still was heavy upon Happy Harkness. While Commander Brown received the applause and the gifts of a world frenzied by the Cape-to-Cape flight, Harkness, whose navigation and whose radio expertness had made the flight possible, received only the handshakes of the boys in the hangars. Before taking off Happy had signed, at Brown's insistence, an agreement not to profit from the financial and publicity rewards of the flight. But in the hearts of flying men the world over—'"

"Aw, nuts," said Happy. "Skip it. Read me the funnies."

"I will not! '—of flying men the world over Happy Harkness is bound to no such agreements. Airmen will never forget how Harkness saved the De Long expedition, lost in Africa. They will not forget that tragic night at Curtiss Field when, oblivious to the fate of the plane in which he had fifty thousand dollars of his savings invested, he saved, at risk of his life and at a cost of months in hospitals, the lives of—'"

Happy threw a heavy tumbler so it tore the newspaper from her outstretched hands.

"But, Happ-ee! It goes on to say how you are resting easily at the fashionable Mid-City Sanitarium—"

Happy hefted a tray. "Red, much as I love you—you read me another line and I'll crown you! Come on over here. You are darling, Vee. Anybody ever tell you that before?

"You're right, son..."

"You don't find this Age and Quality in many low-priced straight whiskies!"

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Pick up a bottle of Windsor next time you're looking for a *good* low-priced straight whiskey. Read the back label—and note Windsor's *age.* Try one drink—and compare Windsor for *taste.* Then you'll understand why this fast-selling brand has gained such enormous popularity.

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I mean—with so much feeling?"

She came nearer. She said, "Why, Happ-ee! I had no i-dea you were so fa-mous!"

"How the devil am I going to make money enough to marry you?" thought Happy as he beamed at her and groped for her hands. . . .

Late one night, when Happy had been there three or four weeks, his door was opened and in came a cloud of ether, followed by a rolling table and an escort of nurses and internes, with a rear guard in the form of a swarthy man with a short black mustache, a man who was crushing his felt hat first in one hand and then the other.

The patient on the table was placed in the other bed and became a mummy in blankets. Happy, propped and reading, looked on interestedly, especially when the semiconscious man began talking incoherently, thickly, and stuttered as he talked.

Nurses and doctors left, and only the two patients, Miss Townsend, and the swarthy man were in the room.

"You'll have to go now," she said to the man in her kindly voice. "Your friend came through his operation nicely, and by tomorrow afternoon you may see him."

"I not go! I stay here!" The man was defiant.

Happy raised himself. "You heard what the lady said?"

"You shut the face. I not talk to you. I not talk to anybody. I sit down. Nobody put me out till I talk to my friend!"

He sat down in a dark corner.

The man's manner was more insulting than his words. Happy grabbed his covers with fingers at the end of a stiffly bound left arm and freed his sturdy right.

Miss Townsend was at him instantly and re-covered him. "It's all right, Happy. The man will go."

A HUGE policeman came into the room, strangely out of place here in his brass buttons and uniform blue, beaded by a spring shower. He glared at Happy. "Hah—so you thought you'd shoot it out!"

"Quiet, officer, please." Miss Townsend was cool, efficient. "The patient with the gunshot wounds is in the other bed. He hasn't come out of the ether. But his friend— Why, he's gone!"

The officer gave Happy a hard look. "Nah, you ain't Static. Where's Schongut? I'm looking for Static Schongut!"

He looked over at the unconscious man wrapped to his chin. He started vigorously toward him, but Miss Townsend blocked his path. She told him the patient was in bad shape and must not be disturbed. "And if you don't mind, please remove your cap. You're dripping rain on the beds of my patients."

The cop grinned, took off his cap. Tuning his heavy voice to her lowered one, he said, "Sorry, miss, but I must have a good look at this man."

She pulled the blankets from the man's chin and switched on a light. The cop looked, then motioned with both hands for her to turn off the light. "That's the guy! That's Static—and he's headed for the last roundup."

"Is he a criminal?" asked Miss Townsend.

"Is he a crook! Why, listen. That guy is the worst in the world. Stops at nothing. Grand larceny, killings, dope racket! But he's washed up now. He's supposed to be the boss of the mob that looted that big Fifth Avenue jewelry store last winter and killed two clerks. Tonight he shot it out with one of his pals, and his pal—well, he died."

INTO the room bounced the chuckling doctor, one of the heads of the hospital; but he wasn't chuckling now.

"This won't do! Who brought him here? Who sanctioned the operation? Why wasn't he taken to Bellevue? This hospital has a reputation to maintain. We can't have every accident and gunshot case in the neighborhood brought here!"

The cop paid no attention. He said to Miss Townsend, "Did you say this guy was brought here by a friend? Where's the friend?"

The doctor raged on: "Furthermore, we must not have uniformed policemen in our rooms and corridors. Think of the shock to our patients who might have their doors open!"

The cop tapped the doctor's chest with a thick forefinger. "You're going to have cops here, and like it. You are going to have plenty of them. This man is a desperate criminal. He'd stop at nothing to escape. There'll be a day and night guard here until we can move him—and we ain't moving him while it would hurt him, because we want him well and strong. Where's the phone? I'm putting in a call—then the phone must be removed. Can't take a chance on Static using the phone behind our backs."

Ignoring the fuming doctor, the cop took the telephone, called headquarters, and while waiting said to Miss Townsend, "Give me the best description you can of this bird who brought Schongut here." . . .

Mr. Static Schongut was a very sick fellow. He groaned and he talked deliriously until morning. Happy woke once from a dream of tapping out radio calls while high over a South American jungle, and of tuning feverishly for an answer, and heard Schongut talking unintelligibly, and at times, as he talked, stuttering.

A big handsome fellow in plain clothes was leaning over Schongut's bed. A detective, Happy reasoned. This man, seeing Happy open his eyes, put a finger to his lips, nodded at Schongut, grinned, and whispered, "Guy stutters. That's why we call him Static. Funny one—he even stutters when he talks in his sleep. Ain't that funny, Ned?"

Happy turned his head. At the foot of Static's bed stood another plain-

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Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You *look* better and *feel* better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat.

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YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

clothes man. He was taking down in shorthand, or trying to, everything the delirious Schongut said. Happy fell asleep thinking what fun it was to be bedded down with a known criminal.

By the end of the week he didn't think it was so funny. Mr. Static Schongut, recovering his senses, proved a surly, disagreeable customer. An orderly had been assigned as his nurse; but once, when Miss Townsend was checking his temperature, Static infuriated Happy by knocking the thermometer from her hand. And he defied the bristling detectives to maul him.

Already he had spurned Happy's friendly conversational overtures. "Yah-yah-yah-you k-k-keep your t-t-t-trap-shut and I'll dah-dah-dah-do like-w-w-w-wise!"

The handsome detective, a smooth blond heavy-set fellow who had the assurance of a master of ceremonies, was on guard duty every day for several hours, and he made excellent headway with the impressionable Miss Redfern.

He brought her candy. He brought her—and Happy could have ground his teeth with rage—a corsage of violets one day when she said she was going to a party, her evening off.

The day of the violets was the day Happy had his first visitor from the outside world. Monk Tabor came in —loudly: "Hello, ya big bum! Demobilized acrobat, eh? Laying up in feathers while men work and women weep!" His healthy out-of-doorsy voice was like a fresh breeze after the lowered tones of the hospital.

MONK shook hands so it made Happy's bed vibrate and gave him twinges, but delighted him. He moved his legs and invited Monk to sit on the bed. Monk glanced about the room, at the dozing plain-clothes man in the corner, at the silent man in the next bed, and then he beamed at Happy.

"Saw in the papers you were in. Phoned three or four times, and so did the rest of the gang. Gal said you were resting easily. Hah! Resting easily! Bet if I gave this bed a kick you'd jump through the roof!"

"Don't try it. I might! You deep-sea rat, I was trying to get across the street to you when this thing happened. I was filthy with specie. Wanted to buy for you. Say—why the big manly bosom all of a sudden? You gone operatic?"

"No, you crumbly cripple, I brung you a drink." Monk pulled a bottle of brandy from his unbuttoned vest. "How'sit for a corkscrew?" He twisted toward the detective. "Front with one of those curly things—you know"—Monk gestured with a rapidly circling forefinger—"and I'll buy."

FRANK LEON SMITH

Once managed a taxi company, has worked on newspapers, magazines, and in motion pictures, and claims to be the one man who ever hit a live shark on the head with a water tumbler. He makes his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The detective, handsome rascal, got up. He pulled out a Boy Scout knife with a corkscrew, and the cork was drawn. The detective took Static Schongut's glass, rinsed it, threw the contents out the window, rinsed it again, and brought it with two others. Monk poured. Happy tasted his in response to Monk's toast, "Hard luck to you, you sky tramp!" Then Monk jerked his head at Static. "How'sit, chum? Join us?"

Mr. Schongut deliberately pursed his lips and rendered the Bronx birdie.

"So!" Monk was furious, but Happy quelled him. "Guy's sick, Monk—and go easy with that flagon around here, will you? Nurse'll be here in a minute, and she's a nice girl."

"You said it!" the detective remarked.

Monk poured another for himself and for the cop, who retired to his corner with his glass, and he was really shocked when he saw Happy didn't intend to finish his first one. Presently Monk said, "Who's the gal with the low ceiling and practically no visibility who keeps telling me you're resting easily? Hah! Looking you over, you're a write-off. Chinese landing if I ever saw one!"

Happy identified her as the near-sighted secretary who doubled at the switchboard. By the time Monk personally had lowered the brandy to the bottom of the label, he came to the point:

"Sweetest spot you ever heard of. Long Island—on the Sound. I can get us a nice hangar and shops, concession for straightening propellers, agency for a good prop, and complete equipment for wing work and making pontoons. You and me, we'll just sit around in swivel chairs and boss the work. You said you were filthy —so let's go!"

HAPPY had to explain he couldn't go. He was out of funds. Monk was saddened. He put an inch between the label's bottom and that of the bottle. "Anyhow, you're in, and me, I'm going out and promote us the money." The brandy had given him credit in all the world's great banks. "You leave everything to me. I now declare the firm of Tabor &—what did you say your name was? Harkness? Oh, yeah; I've seen you around. Well, Harkness & Tabor are hereby incorporated to repair other guys' ships, and a crash a day will keep the wolf away from the old hangar door!"

He was singing this last as he teetered on his heels, while the cop watched and Schongut sneered. He had shaken hands with Happy five times. He now shook hands with him again, and Miss Violet Redfern came in. Very solemnly he said, "Good evening, miss. You'll pardon me, I'm sure"; and he pointed his finger at the door and followed it out.

Happy was just clearing his throat to say something nice to Miss Redfern when the cop, not bothering to get up, called, "Oh, Vi, I forgot to tell you—" and Miss Vi, with a sweet smile for Happy and a quick glance of apprehension, of distaste, at Schongut, went to the cop with an expression on her face that was exclusively for that member of the uninformed police force.

Then Miss Townsend came. Her glance swept the room. She saw the brandy bottle, empty, which the candid Mr. Tabor had posed on the dresser. She came to Happy, leaned over him:

"You been bad?"

He shook his head. He had a hurt look, but not one that belonged to any of his bodily hurts. He invited her closer with a vast wink. "I'm slipping, Connie. The handsome cop is giving me his air wash. What'm I going to do? Gosh, ain't a pore patient got a right to fall in love with his nurse any more?"

She glanced at Miss Redfern, who was being very diligent, putting used glasses on a tray and the bottle in the wastebasket, the while not missing anything the detective was whispering. "Why not take things in their natural order?" Connie Town-

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM

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Lots of it

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. . . AIDS DIGESTION

send murmured. "First you must get well and strong. Then—"

"Sure, Connie, but I'm gone. I'm nuts about that girl, and I've got nobody to talk to but you. Come back later—after tray time—will you? There's a pal. I need your advice."

"You may need it, but you may not want it, Happy. Mostly people don't. But—I'll come back."

She went over to Mr. Schongut, who had knocked the thermometer from her hand, and she made his bed more comfortable for him. . . .

About seven that night the relief guard came in. He talked for a moment with Happy's handsome rival, who then took his hat and came over to Happy's bed. "Well, pal, put in a good night's sleep for me. I'm going to have hurty feet in the morning. Miss Redfern got me a bid to her dance. So long!" And putting on his hat at a jaunty angle, he stepped blithely from the room.

Happy groaned inwardly and sent some silent curses after him. Then he reflected, What right did he, a busted-down flyer, have to fall in love with anybody? And there was the element of his hard luck to add to his misery. Why did he have to get cracked up just when it might have been possible for him and Monk Tabor to establish themselves in a good business? He wished Connie would come back. He wanted so much to talk to her.

The door opened. He turned eagerly, but lay back, disappointed. The newcomer was an interne. Happy didn't recall having seen him before, and his first reaction was that he seemed a bit old to be a doctor in training. Yet interne he must be, for he was in hospital whites and he had the conventional stethoscope dangling from one pocket.

The interne glanced at the night guard poring over a newspaper in the corner, and went briskly to Static Schongut. He adjusted the stethoscope to his ears, applied the diaphragm to Static's chest, and became intent on his examination. Static began stumblingly to complain about the treatment he had been receiving. Happy turned away to give them the relative privacy they were entitled to.

THEN electricity shot through him. Static was talking to the new interne in very simple sentences, and of course was stuttering. But such stuttering!

"D-d-d-der—" and a similar cadence no matter what letter his affliction emphasized. Affliction, hell! thought Happy, his back turned to them, his gaze on the indifferent guard. That guy is stuttering in Morse—Continental—no, it's the Phillips code, by golly! And how he can abbreviate!

Happy had the feeling of skimming roofs and steeples, no gas and no landing field. He fought back the instinct to hail the cop turning the pages of his newspaper boredly. The deuce with cops! The cop in charge of this case had stolen his girl, was going to dance the night away with her. Why should he help cops?

"Ber-ber-buh-ber-ber-ber." Happy thought, That guy is good. Does he really stutter or can he turn on when he wants? But listen, Mr. Harkness—"Hermits' and Misers' Trust and Savings"! Why that must be the—

The pseudo-interne drew the covers back to Static's chin. "If you want hot milk, just send for it. I report your complaints. I examine you again, maybe. Good night."

Happy, lying on his side, pretended to be dozing when the interne passed him—went out. Again he got a charge of electricity. The interne wore neat eyeglasses now, and he had no mustache—but he was the same blue-chinned swarthy man who had brought Schongut to the hospital the night he was shot!

Crook or not, Happy had to admire his audacity. The man had got hold of the outfit of white and the stethoscope somewhere; probably he had parked his overcoat and hat on another floor in the building; and he had come right into this room, not knowing if he would encounter officers who would identify him instantly. Those birds sure know the value of the bold approach, he thought, and he wondered what he should do.

HE lay, with his knowledge, his suspicions, his guesses, and when his heart had thumped out an interval of two minutes in triple beats, he rolled over, sighed, moistened his lips, and glanced from lowered lids at Schongut, who was darting looks at him and at the cop.

At Happy's sigh Schongut relaxed. Flat on his back, he began whistling very softly. Finally Miss Townsend came in. The cop in the corner got up politely, said, "Good evening, Connie. Sort of afraid this was your night off, and I'd miss you. I wanted to—"

"It is my night off, but I'm frightfully busy." Her smile and her tone softened the man's disappointment. He sat down, and Happy could have kicked him for the fatuous smile on his face. Doggone it, this was rubbing it in! The detective in charge had stolen his girl, and now his partner wanted to ingratiate himself with Happy's confidante. Happy was furious.

Connie went first to Schongut, took his pulse and temperature, the while looking to see if Happy's eyes were open. When she came to Happy's bed, he let himself seem to come out of a doze.

He said, "Look, Miss Townsend. No argument, but the doc said I should take a short walk tonight. He said the turnbuckles on those loose ligaments were all tight now, and I should use my pins. Just a short walk down the corridor and back, and it'll tire me enough so I can sleep."

He gave her a ferocious wink with his shielded right eye, forestalling her protests. He swept the covers from him and with her help sat up in

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KNOT OF PAIN

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ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

bed. And then he put his legs over the edge, and cringed as pins and needles shot crosswise through them.

If he were not so excited he would have been embarrassed in his short hospital nightgown, which only reached his knees. Miss Townsend darted out and came back with a dressing gown and some slippers. Schongut watched, first with suspicion, then with contempt, and resumed staring at the ceiling and whistling softly.

Happy was days ahead of time on that first weak-legged stroll, but he was buoyed by the thrill of what he had learned. In the hall he took a quick look, then motioned in the direction of a dead end, closed by a door marked Operating Room. With Connie's help he shuffled slowly to it.

"Look, Connie—Schongut is faking. He may or may not be a real stutterer, but he can stutter in dots and dashes when he wants to and put them in a sentence so you think he's really trying to talk. I'm a darn' good radioman and I know. Schongut is worried because that fellow he shot has passed out and he faces a murder charge.

"A fake interne—that same dark man who brought him, but now he wears glasses and no mustache, and probably he's some crook Static was in jail with or worked with—just was in, and Schongut said: 'This looks like the works. I've got to have the best law in the city. Go get me Max Lippman. Give him twenty Cs retainer and tell him there's more where that came from. The stuff is in my box at the Hermits' and Misers' Trust and Savings Bank. The safety-deposit keys are at Joe's in my name. Code word at the vaults is Static!'"

"Mercy!" said Connie, her arm tightening about him. "Happy—I'll put you in another room and I'll warn the police. You'll kill yourself, coming out this way. You have no right to be on your feet!"

He wasn't really on his feet, for she had one arm around his waist and the other held his elbow. He said in a fierce whisper, "Nothing of the kind! I'm going to handle this myself. I've always taken a back seat, but from now on I'm driving. The safety-deposit vaults won't open until morning. They can't turn a wheel until then. Now, here's what I figured out."

A FEW minutes later she led him back to his bed. "How'd the trial trip go?" asked the cop, and Happy knew the question was addressed to Connie, for the cop in his strength had no time for the weak. Happy answered, "A bit wobbly, but I just met the doc outside and he gave me my clearance papers. I'm shoving off tonight." . . .

At ten, Happy, feeling odd with street clothes over his bandaged limbs, went into the elevator with Connie Townsend, who seemed a new person in coat and furs, but one even more charming. A few moments later they were in a taxi, for which she paid. They went directly to Center Street, to police headquarters.

The commissioner was sent for, and Happy told his story. Parts of it he told again, when detectives and high police officials came, and he told it once more to a man of distinguished appearance, who came in evening clothes from a dinner party. Of all of them, this man, the head of the jewelry store that had been plundered, was the most excited.

"Schongut has already been identified as one of the murderers of my two loyal associates, but Schongut will be indicted and tried for the murder of a gangster. If you can point out to us this other—this man you call the fake interne—and we can identify him as one of the assassins, you will be doing the community and my organization and me a tremendous service. Will you be available in the morning?"

Happy said, "How'sit if I stay right here on this leather couch—if the commissioner is willing?—then I'll be ready for an early take-off."

So, covered with blankets, while Connie Townsend, who refused to leave her patient, dozed beside him in a chair, Happy spent the remainder of the night under a police roof.

WHEN the safety-deposit vaults of that famous bank nicknamed the Hermits' and Misers' opened in the morning, Happy and Connie and the distinguished jeweler were waiting down the block in a big sedan. Happy and Connie were doing their waiting hand in hand; for, after all, Happy was a patient and she a nurse, and both were nervous.

They waited twenty-five minutes. Then came enough policemen to make a force for a small city, and in their midst was—

"That's the fake interne!" said Happy.

"That's the man who brought Schongut to the hospital!" cried Connie.

"That's the man who committed two murders in my store," said the jeweler, glaring at the sullen defiant handcuffed prisoner.

An enthusiastic detective came to the car with two suitcases. "If you'll come to headquarters," he said to the jeweler, "you can identify your property. I've got a wheelbarrowload of loot here!"

The jeweler got out of the car. "I'll go along in a police car," he said. And then, to his driver, "Take these friends of mine anywhere they wish to go." He smiled at Connie and took off his hat, and he motioned Happy closer.

"You've done me a whale of a service, and I'm grateful. You'll hear more from me. I looked you up and I've found the fates haven't always been kind to you. Come and see me when you are well and strong. If I can help you to get re-established in any way, you can count on me to the

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limit. Meanwhile, you'll want breakfast. Permit me."

He shoved something into Happy's hand, bowed again to Connie, and went away with the police.

"My God, Connie, look!" said Happy. He nearly fainted when he saw the number of bills in his hand.

"You're going straight back to the hospital," Connie declared. "This wildness will give you a relapse."

"Hospital? Hospital?" he repeated. "That's funny. I haven't even thought of the hospital since I left, and I haven't even thought of—" He blushed. He put his arm around her. He said, "Connie, I know I'm a nut, but I want to talk to you. I want to ask—"

"Yes," said Connie Townsend softly, "she's darling, Happy."

"Huh—haven't even thought of her; and anyway she's in love with the cop. But, Connie, I sort of had to go through with it and fall in love with my nurse, and so I did—with the right one."

She smiled at him, that marvelous reassuring smile, and now with something more wondrous shining frankly. "Will I bring you luck, Happy?"

"You have!" He kissed her. He said happily, "Now we'll go wake up Monk Tabor and tell him to get busy on our new scheme. But first he's going to be a best man!" He rapped on the window and told the driver to head north.

A few blocks up the street, Happy had a sudden idea. "Give me a nickel, will you, Mrs. Harkness? You can be thinking where we'll buy a ring while I'm doing some telephoning."

They pulled up to the curb and he went into a phone booth. He came back grinning, and when he had his arm properly about her again, he said, "I just couldn't resist. I called up the hospital, and I recognized that goofy girl's voice right away. I said, 'How is Mr. Harkness this morning?' And she said, 'Mr. Harkness? Oh, yes. Why, he's resting easily!' Ain't that rich? Resting easily? Hell's fire, I'm sitting pretty!" And oblivious to the gaze of the morning crowd, he kissed her.

THE END

Lammot du Pont to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast March 14

Lammot du Pont, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., will be the guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast over the Columbia network Thursday, March 14, at 8.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

The eighth member of his family to head the company, Mr. du Pont has been associated with it since early manhood, and has seen it grow from a strictly powder-manufacturing concern to its present proportions as the largest diversified chemical-manufacturing organization in the United States. He is also Chairman of the Board of General Motors Corporation, in which the du Pont Company is importantly interested.

Edwin C. Hill, the noted commentator, will introduce Mr. du Pont, following the delivery of a dramatic narrative which will be illustrated by music from Edward Nell, baritone, and the orchestra directed by Arnold Johnson.

The following stations will broadcast the program:

Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX, Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Gnomonics is what?
2—What is the legal interpretation of collusion?
3—Who wrote "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law"?
4—How much wood pulp was produced in Canada in 1933?
5—What is the difference between liberty and license?
6—What caused the death of Shakespeare?
7—How many men of all ranks comprise the police force of New York City?
8—Where and when was the first Legislative Assembly convened in Canada?
9—What was the original name of the District of Columbia?
10—What language is spoken in Switzerland?
11—What country recently celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the establishment of its parliament?
12—Who was Fanny Crosby, and for what was she noted?
13—Who, besides William Jennings Bryan, was an unsuccessful Presidential candidate three times?
14—Where is St. Lawrence Island?
15—Who was Grace Darling?
16—When and where was the G. A. R. organized?
17—What state has only three counties?
18—What great actress was born in the Speaker's Residence in the Canadian Parliament Buildings at Ottawa?
19—What United States city has *three* navigable rivers within its boundaries?
20—Uncial means what?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

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The PRIVATE LIFE of the 5

Continuing the Story of America's Most Glamorous Playgirl—A Penetrating Revelation of Things Behind Her Crowded and Colorful Career

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Prince Alexis Mdivani and his original bride, Louise Astor Van Alen, starting off on their wedding trip in 1931.
Keystone View photo

BARBARA HUTTON isn't the poor little rich girl. She is the millionaire playgirl," Miss St. Johns affirmed, beginning this series in Liberty last week. Barbara's grandfather, Frank W. Woolworth, started in life as an upstate New York farm boy—and "conceived the idea of the five-and-ten-cent store and expanded it into the idea of the chain store." In consequence, his granddaughter is the second richest girl in America. Her fortune was recently estimated at more than $42,000,000, and she was abundantly able to give her bridegroom, "if report is correct, a dowry of $50,000." Her bridegroom, of course, was Prince Alexis Mdivani, youngest of the "marrying Mdivanis" and former husband of Louise Astor Van Alen.

Frank Woolworth had three daughters. In 1907 Edna, who was his favorite, married a rising young broker, Franklyn Laws Hutton. In 1912 Barbara was born to them. Her mother died when she was five and the child was brought up in San Francisco by her father's sister, Mrs. Frank Middleton. At twelve she inherited $26,000,000. At eighteen, in 1930, she made her debut in New York—and "naturally was the most popular debutante of the season. There were to be many flirtations, a number of romances, and a divorce before Barbara and Alexis Mdivani were made man and wife."

PART TWO—A GAY MILLIONAIRE AND A GEORGIAN PRINCE

THE first year of the depression, the year when the news columns were crowded with suicides and pawnbrokers couldn't keep up with the diamonds and ermines, and you could buy a Rolls-Royce on Park Avenue for a few cash dollars, and the bread line grew longer than ever before in history, Barbara Hutton made her official social debut.

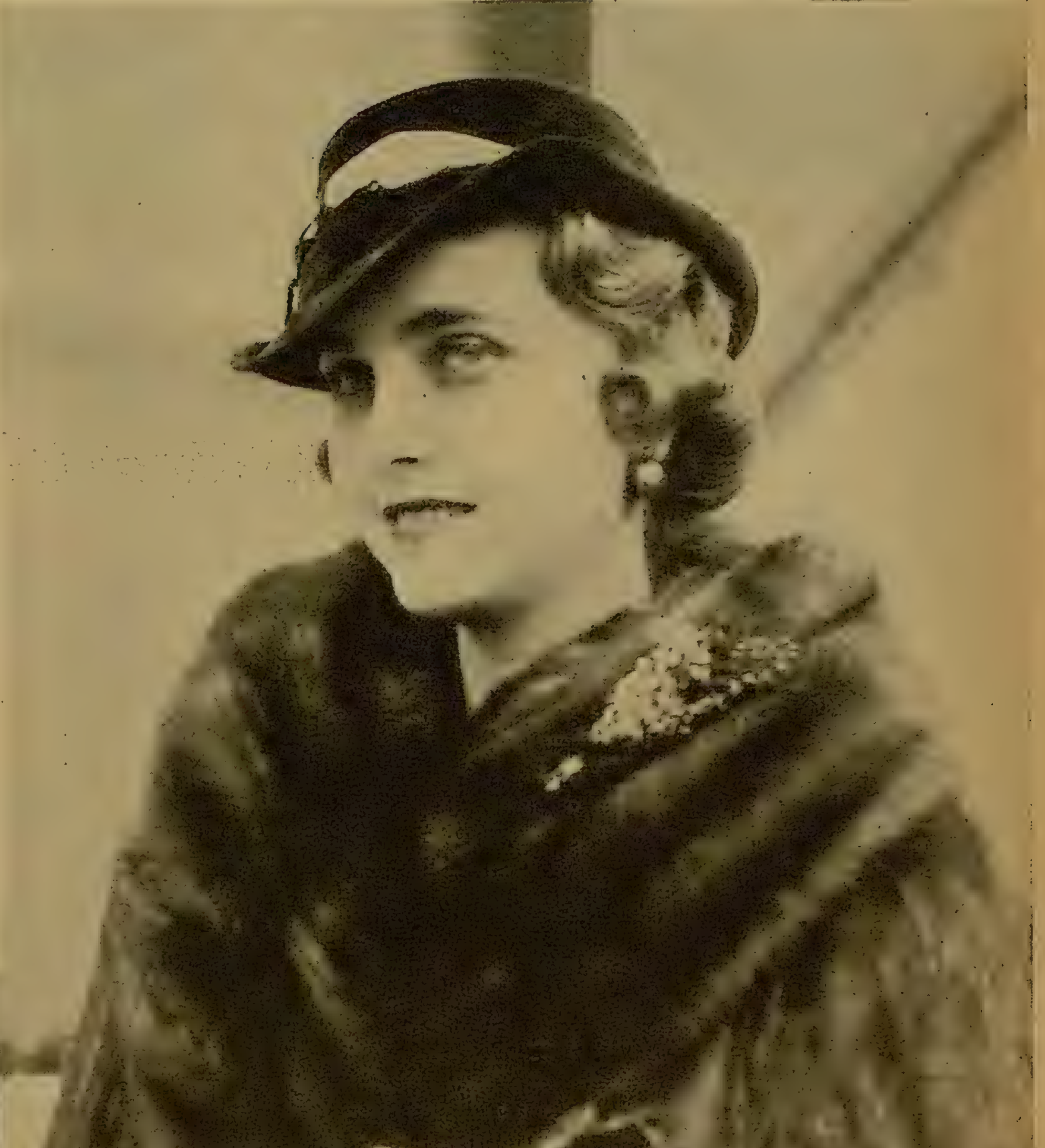
The bills came to some $60,000, but the party was a great success, and hotel owners, florists, and dressmakers blessed the name of Woolworth.

Barbara's favorite rendezvous was the Central Park Casino, and there the curious could glimpse the multimillionairess almost any day, blonde and plump and pretty, gorgeously but never very smartly gowned, lunching or teaing or dancing with Jimmy Blakeley or Georgie Ehret and Tony Biddle or her cousin Jimmy Donahue.

nd 10 PRINCESS

It is an odd but recognized fact that Barbara Hutton has never learned how to wear clothes. Her gowns and furs and hats are expensive and always the final word. At a recent party given at the Waldorf in New York by the amazing Elsa Maxwell, society's favorite entertainer, Princess Alexis Mdivani—whose husband was playing polo in India at the time—wore a gorgeous collection of emeralds. Her black gown was the last word in Parisian elegance and, slimmer by thirty pounds owing to a long fast during which she ate nothing and only drank coffee, she looked very pretty. But she didn't look well dressed. The Woolworth heiress has never been able to buy style. However, she loves her beautiful clothes and her jewels, so everything is all right.

It is doubtful whether she ever really knew about the depression. Steered by the able and conservative



Acme photo

The Prince's still more recent bride, Barbara Hutton Mdivani. "Her gowns, hats, and furs are expensive and always the final word." Left: The Prince (right of center) all smiles at the party he gave for her in Paris on her twenty-second birthday.

Easiest Way To Become Popular

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

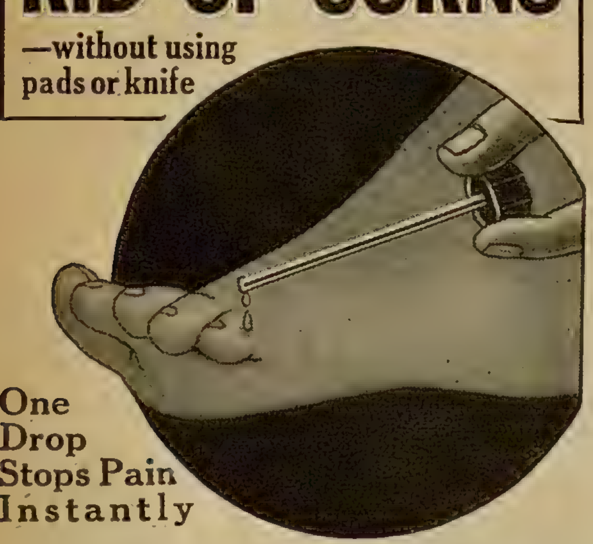
Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the intestines, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Your Advertising Dollar reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS —without using pads or knife



One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

Charles S. Woolworth and that group of elderly gentlemen trained by Frank Woolworth, the five-and-ten-cent-store ship sailed through the dark days without discommoding Barbara in any way. In fact, when Woolworth shares went down shrewd Papa Hutton sold a good many shares short for Barbara and cleaned up a couple of million for her.

Her hands were open. No one can deny her that. She gave liberally and huge checks signed with her big open signature reached the needy and the unemployed. But there is no record that she did any constructive work or took any personal part in the relief programs instituted by some of the able rich women of the nation. She paid—and let it go at that.

After all, she was only eighteen.

It was in 1930 that her father asked the court to allow him to spend $120,000 for a private car for Miss Hutton, so that she might get back and forth between Florida, New York, and Newport with less inconvenience. A very palatial affair, the Curley Hut, later to serve as a honeymoon palace on wheels. And Barbara agreed not to spend more than $36,000 a year on its upkeep. Probably the railroads, which weren't doing so well during this period, joined the hotelkeepers and restaurateurs and dressmakers and florists and jewelers in blessing the millionaire playgirl.

Men buzzed about her—the honeypot. Half a dozen of them asked her to marry them, and every few days some newspaper printed a rumor of her engagement to some eligible bachelor. Winston Guest, polo star and social light, was the favorite in the betting for quite a long time. Tony Drexel of Philadelphia, member of one of America's best families, was a strong runner-up.

But Barbara never seemed really interested in any of them. Plainly she was amused and flattered and she liked being popular, with a sort of honest and open vanity. The popularity was just as pleasant whether it came in response to her millions or her own personal charms. Who cared, really? It was great fun.

PHIL PLANT, divorced in 1929 from Constance Bennett, heir to Admiral Morton Plant's twenty millions of dollars, handsome, dissipated, and a modern Casanova, was the first man who ever interested her, who ever seriously appealed to her emotions. So seriously, in fact, that her father and stepmother packed her off to Europe in a great hurry, and packed her back in a still greater one when she carried on a violent flirtation with a penniless Italian prince.

Now that Barbara was of marriageable age, the elders of the family were in a constant turmoil of excitement. It must have been something of a task, and something of a nervous strain, watching the amorous progress of the pretty and slightly giddy girl who would so soon be sole and undisputed mistress of $50,000,000.

Acme photo

Phil Plant, the millionaire playboy whom "Babs" tried to reform and was supposed to be determined to marry.

And Papa Hutton didn't want Barbara and her fortune to marry a foreigner.

Naturally he didn't want her to marry Phil Plant, either. Delightful as Phil is, very few papas would really choose him for a son-in-law. But it looked for a while as though he were going to get him, because Barbara was "quite madly in love with him," so she said, and moreover she was soon engaged in the most exciting game any young girl can play—the game of reforming a fascinating rake.

After four years of marriage, Constance Bennett had divorced Phil Plant in Nice in 1929. And Broadway's millionaire playboy was once more officially back in circulation, though he hadn't been exactly a hermit during his matrimonial adventure with the dazzling Connie. He had pleaded passionately with Connie not to divorce him; he was supposed to be in love with her still. But Constance, who had loved him devotedly and done everything possible to make a success of their reckless marriage, had come to the end of either her love or her patience and was ready to resume the career of screen stardom she had given up to become Mrs. Phil Plant.

Young Plant's taste had run largely to chorus girls and actresses. Several tragedies had marked his love life, including an accident which had nearly killed and terribly marred a Follies beauty to whom he paid a fortune. He had once been engaged to the social and exclusive Judith Smith, but that had been abruptly broken when Connie Bennett reappeared after a brief sojourn in Hollywood.

Now, with a broken heart displayed on his sleeve, Phil returned to America and began a serious and spectacular attempt to drown his sorrows and to find consolation among the white lights of Broadway.

At that psychological moment in both their lives—for Barbara was a little bored with her well behaved swains—he met Barbara Hutton again. And found her very charming. He had always preferred blondes anyway.

In a way, it was a meeting of Greeks.

Young Plant wasn't interested in the Woolworth fortune. He had plenty of potatoes of his own, as Broadway remarked. Not as many as Barbara would have, but still more than he could spend. As far as his bank rating was concerned, Phil Plant was a matrimonial catch himself and socially his position was quite as good as Barbara's.

Naturally Barbara didn't want his money.

Maybe it was something of a relief to both of them to be sure that there was no financial interest on either side. Phil must have suspected that at least some of the girls who made such a fuss over him had an eye on the twenty million dollars. And it may be that pretty Babs liked the idea of a suitor who could not even be suspected of pursuing her magnified nickels and dimes. A new kick for both of them.

They fell in love.

UP in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Uncle Charles S. Woolworth stayed up nights and carried the terrific burden of the vast organization from which Barbara's fortune came through times that tried men's souls. The girls in the five-and-ten-cent stores worked long hours for small pay and were grateful for their jobs. Uncle Ned Hutton, at the helm of the great brokerage house, passed through fire, saw some of his best friends destroyed, fought to protect himself and his clients from dissolution and disaster and grew gaunt and harassed. Neither he nor Franklyn Hutton would ever forget those days.

But everybody still had time to be interested in the hectic romance of the millionaire playboy and the millionaire playgirl, and the newspapers still had space, between pleas for relief aid, election battles, and business failures, to headline the names of Phil Plant and Barbara Hutton.

Fifth Avenue and Broadway watched with eager eyes. What a team! Barbara came back from Europe and the affair was hotter than ever.

Would they marry?

Would they unite two great fortunes?

What would their future be?

But behind the scenes of this romantic drama went on another one, known only to their intimate friends.

Barbara had determined to reform Philip Plant.

If he wanted to marry her he had to stop drinking. Barbara didn't drink, except an occasional social cocktail or an occasional glass of champagne. And she didn't, and never had approved of drinking. Most of Phil's difficulties, she believed, came from his fondness for the flowing bowl. All right. No more flowing bowl.

His pals developed a watchword. At the nineteenth hole, in his favorite spots along Broadway, at swank parties, they would simply whisper, "Remember Barbara." And Phil, on most occasions, would remember Barbara and put down the glass still full.

He slipped badly in the summer of 1931 and booked passage for Europe, convinced that all was over. But Barbara decided to forgive him—and he stayed, and the Hutton family and the Woolworth aunts began to feel a panic of fear. The betting around the Central Park Casino and at the Racquet Club was six to one against Barbara's big reform number and about two to one against the marriage. But it was close enough to be a good gamble, and Papa Hutton grew a few distinguished gray hairs. Had he been able to see into the future he might have led Barbara to the altar with Phil Plant right then and there—because, as I have said, his complex was against foreigners as husbands for rich American girls. He wasn't even very strong for awfully nice foreigners. Later on he said sadly to his friends, "With lots of nice American boys like Winston Guest around, Barbara had to go and marry Mdivani."

Why Phil and Barbara broke, no one seems to know exactly. Did she see Alexis Mdivani again, Alexis who had married Louise Astor Van Alen? Or did her attempt to

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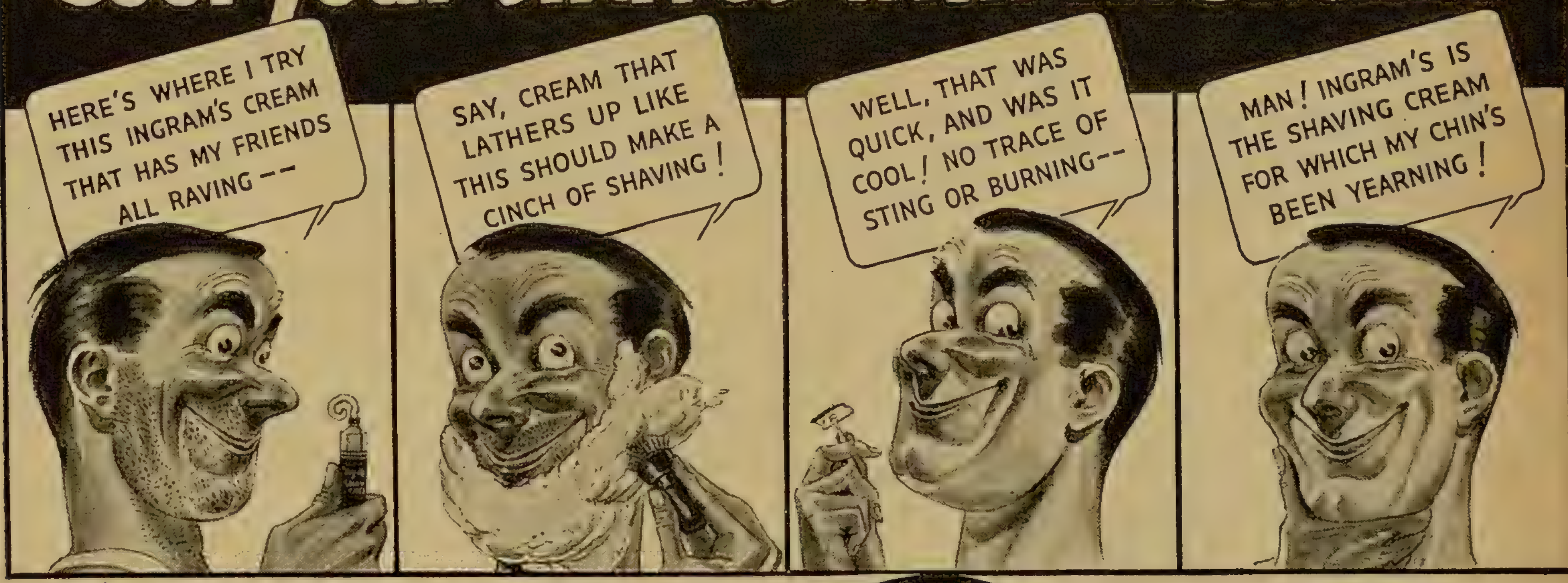
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snatch Phil Plant from his wild ways fail? Or was it just a lovers' quarrel between two spoiled children?

When the break came it was final and definite, that much is certain.

And the next time Barbara Hutton's name was coupled with a man's, the man was Alexis Mdivani.

Who and what was Mdivani?

Somewhere in southern Russia lies the small and now unimportant country of Georgia, since 1917 a republic which is part of Soviet Russia. Once upon a time it was a barbaric kingdom of much brilliance and color. Its history goes back a couple of thousand years to the time when it was conquered by Alexander the Great. Then it was quite a place, but today it just doesn't matter.

In those histories of Georgia available to the average reader there is no mention of the name of Mdivani. But in Georgia it seems to have been the custom to bestow the title of prince upon any citizen who owned a good-sized farm or had performed a public service. One Georgian diplomat of standing snorted violently that "Mdivani" in Georgian meant secretary and that none of the three marrying brothers had any right to a title. But the consensus of opinion is that they are princes all right in Georgia, or rather that they were before the revolution, and you can take it for what it is worth. The family is an old one, that much is sure.

But after the revolution things weren't so good for princes around those parts, and along with a lot of other titled folk the Mdivanis migrated to Paris, where they hoped to find some means of living in the style to which they had been or hoped to be accustomed.

General Zakhary Mdivani had two daughters and three sons, and the daughters seem in some ways to have been the better men. At any rate, Princess Roussadana Mdivani was a sculptress of real ability and she worked at it. Pola Negri spoke of her as a woman of culture and intelligence.

NOW Paris in the postwar years was pretty well overrun with titles, and a lot of them were better than those possessed by the Mdivanis. Grand Dukes drove taxis and Grand Duchesses, including Marie of Russia, worked in dressmaking shops. But the Mdivanis had no intention of driving taxis.

The talented Roussadana had an inspiration. She betook herself to Hollywood, and, having looked the place over, she sent for her two elder brothers, David and Serge. Her judgment proved sound, for David married Mae Murray and Serge married Pola Negri. They were probably the first of the European titles to think of Hollywood and its highly paid motion-picture stars as a happy hunting ground. The thing they didn't realize was that women who earn their money do not part with it easily, and the marriages didn't last, although Mae and big blond gentle David were happy for some time.

I remember very well my first introduction to Prince Serge. It was at a party in Hollywood given by Sam Goldwyn. Pola Negri, magnificent and glamorous as always, arrived with Serge Mdivani. Their engagement had been reported. He seemed a quiet, harmless young man, not at all good-looking. I was instantly in an embarrassing position. The great Valentino had been dead only a short time and Pola had almost died of grief at his passing—they had been engaged at the time of his death. I had spent the afternoon before he was taken fatally ill with Rudy in New York, and we had talked of Pola, and she knew it. She naturally wanted to hear all about it, and left poor Serge, sad-eyed and wistful, while we went into a corner and cried about Valentino.

She also explained to me about Serge and why she had become engaged to him so soon after Rudy's passing. She said he was so tender and gentle, that he understood that she would never love any one as she had loved Rudy, that in fact he consoled her in her heartbreak.

WHILE the two elder brothers were in Hollywood making hay in the light of the sun arcs, the youngest brother had other ideas. He had been to school in England, and he preferred the social side of life.

It was through the Van Alens, the last word in social prestige, that Prince Alexis made his entry into the exclusive circles of America. Alex had been at school with Jimmy and Sammy Van Alen, the sons of Mr. and Mrs. James Laurens Van Alen, and they had invited him to come over to Newport and visit them. Alexis came.

Jimmy and Sammy had a sister. Her name was Louise Astor Van Alen, and as early as 1928, soon after Alexis first landed on American soil, Maury Paul of the New York American printed the rumor that Louise's mother, the brilliant and very high-hat "Daisy" Van Alen, was upset over her daughter's infatuation with the Georgian.

If you searched the Social Register from end to end—which God forbid—you couldn't find two girls more different than Barbara Hutton and Louise Van Alen.

Louise was not only a direct descendant of old John Jacob Astor but a great-granddaughter of that famous Mrs. William Astor, born a Schermerhorn, who for years ruled New York society when it was at its best. She was also a granddaughter of James J. Van Alen, Ambassador to Italy, and a niece of Frederick W. Vanderbilt, and her mother held a really unique position among the matrons of the sacred inner circle, not only because of her family distinction but of her personal popularity.

When Barbara Hutton was sixteen, Prince Mdivani was visiting the Van Alens, getting a somewhat frosty reception from the elder members of the family, but achieving a great success with the youngsters—particularly Louise. When Barbara, after her debut, moved away from the Hutton house on Fifth Avenue and took her own apartments at the Hotel Pierre, he was again in the United States—and Louise and Barbara were friendly enough, they went to the same places, knew the same people.

But Louise was a quiet, dignified girl, highly educated, very conservative. Her name was rarely seen in the newspapers. Her picture almost never appeared upon the society pages. She was a blue blood and something of what our grandparents used to call a bluestocking. Her fortune was not enormous but it was comfortable.

In spite of the opposition of her family and the cleverest devices on the part of her mother, Louise became engaged to Mdivani, although there was a time when it looked as though Mrs. Van Alen's desire to separate the young people might be brought to pass through no efforts of her own.

Alexis had gone back to Paris. While there he met the gorgeous young Spanish beauty, Sylvia de Castillya. She was just eighteen and she had a great fortune, she was the daughter of the Count and Countess de Castillya, who were among the richest nobles in Spain and were intimate friends of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria.

For a few months Alexis was seen everywhere with the stunning Spaniard. Apparently he was madly in love with her, and the wise ones around Paris declare that then and then only did the worldly young Prince, who seemed to know all about women, lose his head.

BUT the Count and Countess had other plans for their beautiful daughter. Young Spanish girls like Sylvia de Castillya were brought up to obey their parents in everything, particularly in marriage. Sylvia was whisked back to Spain and Alexis returned to America, where parents had less control over their daughters. And on May 15, 1931, Louise Astor Van Alen and Prince Alexis Mdivani were quietly—oh, very quietly—married at Wakehurst, the Van Alen home in Newport, in the same house in which the bride had been born.

The bride had no attendant. She wore a dark suit and no jewels and no flowers. Only the immediate family were present. Some people said that the wedding was merely in accordance with the bride's very simple tastes and wishes; others whispered that Daisy Van Alen's objections had continued straight through the wedding day and that she had refused to have a big wedding for her daughter on that account.

Four days later Barbara Hutton was being presented to King George and Queen Mary at the Court of St. James's. The dollar princess was making her bow before real royalty.

Immediately following their wedding, Prince and Princess Alexis Mdivani sailed for Paris. They intended to make their home there. Alexis liked Paris better than any other place. And Louise must have realized that they wouldn't be particularly happy in America, for there was no disguising the fact that her family was by no means reconciled to her marriage. So they set up their residence in Paris. Alexis had his first polo ponies and a magnificent and very fast automobile. Not much was heard or seen of the Princess, but Alexis cut a considerable figure on the boulevards and in the cafés and little was heard of them in America, though at one time Newport whispered over the teacups that Louise's father had gone to Paris to remonstrate with Mdivani because of his extravagance. One thing was well known—Louise Van Alen Mdivani adored her husband, his word and his will were law to her in all things and she would brook neither interference nor criticism.

PARIS. Paris in the summer of 1932. Paris, gay as always, romantic as always. And there the multimillionairess met her Prince once more. The sixteen-year-old girl who had first seen him in Palm Beach and Newport and perhaps formed a romantic attachment for him, was now a young woman of nineteen, much more attractive, spoiled, and headstrong and soon to be in control of her own fortune and her own destiny.

Within a week after their meeting Paris began to buzz with gossip. Prince Mdivani and Barbara Hutton were seen everywhere together and they made little attempt to conceal their interest in each other.

The million-dollar baby left for Biarritz and Mdivani immediately followed her. Every evening saw them dining, dancing in the Casino together. The sight of the pretty, plump heiress, beautifully gowned and richly jeweled, and the short dark Prince became a familiar one to the gay crowd in the gayest resort in Europe. Soon the names were coupled in columns everywhere.

Barbara went to London and he followed her.

On November 15, 1932, London newspapers printed: "It is understood that the betrothal of Barbara Hutton and the Prince Alexis Mdivani is all but ready to be announced. Before the engagement can be anything but tea-table gossip, Prince Alexis must obtain his divorce from Louise Astor Van Alen, whose socially prominent family is said to be arranging the matter."

A great ruby shone on Barbara's engagement finger—a blood-red and violent thing, in marked contrast to the simple diamond Louise Van Alen had worn so proudly.

What drama must have gone on behind the printed words of this rumored and recognized engagement. What scenes between the Prince and his young and high-bred wife, the girl who adored him and had defied her

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family to marry him. She wasn't the kind to cry aloud, or to attempt to hold a man who didn't want her. If he asked her for his freedom, she would give it to him and hold her head high and keep her delicate young face a mask. But if ever a girl's heart broke, Louise Mdivani's did then.

Did Barbara and Louise, the former friends, meet? If they did, what a meeting it must have been!

Suddenly Barbara Hutton sailed for home to spend Christmas.

On November 29, accompanied by her mother, Louise Mdivani procured a divorce from Alexis Mdivani at The Hague on the grounds of incompatibility. In the press it was referred to as "the decree Louise Van Alen got to further Alexis's plans to marry Barbara Hutton."

On the day following the granting of the decree, Alexis sailed for New York. But it wasn't to be plain sailing as it turned out. Not by any means.

Something had happened—oh, decidedly something had happened between the time he said good-by to Barbara in London and the time he arrived in New York. Probably he already knew it, for she had telephoned him across the Atlantic and told him not to come. And when he came in spite of that message, she did not meet him at the dock; she did not see him the first time he called at her home; and she violently denied her engagement to him when she was questioned.

She said petulantly, "I knew all this fuss about an engagement would come up if he came to New York. That's why I telephoned him not to do it. But he came anyway. These men!"

What had happened to change Barbara Hutton? The attachment had been open in Paris, in Biarritz, in London, before Mdivani was divorced. When they parted, they had apparently settled their future, and Barbara was apparently so in love that nothing else in the world mattered.

THREE things have to be taken into account:

First, the terrific opposition of her family and particularly the pressure brought to bear by her father, whom she really loved sincerely. She found not one of her friends nor one member of her family on her side. Besides her father, the devoted counselor and pal of her life, there was her adored Aunt Jessie; there was her stepmother, who loved her and whom she loved. They marshaled arguments of a formidable kind and delivered them with a passion and sincerity that must have impressed even a girl madly in love, even a girl as used to having her own way as the second richest girl in America.

Then, too, she must have encountered some cold winds of social disapproval. The Van Alens were powerful and strongly entrenched and related to half the important families in the Social Register. And as her own family must have pointed out, Alexis's treatment of his first wife did not recommend him as a husband.

Thirdly, there was another man.

Very few people knew about him, and he has never been mentioned among the ranks of Barbara's suitors. But just the same he was vitally important, and I think there can be no doubt that he had something to do with Barbara's hesitation at this time.

The boy had just graduated from Yale. He was twenty-three, remarkably handsome in a clean-cut American fashion; he had been a good athlete, an unusual scholar, an honor man, and the most popular man of his year at New Haven. He came of a good American family and he didn't have a penny. In fact, on coming out of college he had gone to work in one of the great New York stores. He was to learn the business from the ground up.

PERHAPS some strain of the old Woolworth stock, which has seemed so lacking in Barbara, manifested itself. For she found this American boy very attractive; he meant something in her life that no other man had ever meant. But, also, from the very first, things were very complicated. Because the boy from Yale liked Babs Hutton a lot—he thought she was cute and a lot of fun and a swell dancer; but nothing on earth could have induced him to marry a girl with fifty million dollars.

So of course it was an impasse.

Nothing came of it, but it probably strengthened Barbara's sudden change of heart where Alexis was concerned. For she knew that actually she was in love with Mdivani and beyond doubt she was a little afraid of the future with him.

Suddenly she sailed for the Orient.

The Prince followed her. Three months later the cables bore the news that he had joined her in Bangkok and that they would announce their engagement at once.

Papa Hutton indignantly pooh-poohed the very idea.

"The wish is father to the thought with the Mdivani family," he said. "They'd like very much to see Alexis married to my daughter, but I assure you there is not a word of truth in it and I don't think there ever will be."

But Barbara Hutton and Prince Alexis were in the spring moonlight of Siam together, surrounded by the romantic beauty of strange lands—and love in the heart of the millionaire playgirl was stronger than reason, than family ties, than fear.

Papa Hutton was wrong.

From Singapore the engagement was announced.

The different rumors to the effect that an amazing financial settlement preceded the Mdivani-Hutton wedding will be accounted for by Miss St. Johns in concluding this series next week. She will explain the complications that beset the couple's honeymoon, interpret their later temporary parting, and illuminate the outlook for their marital future.

Death's Long Hand

by MARY FREDERICKS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

MY father, William Fredericks, died on February 15, 1934. He was a robust, fine-looking man of sixty-three, a retired builder. For eight years he had lived alone in a small comfortable apartment. He was an early riser and went to church every morning.

On that particular morning he apparently awoke at his customary time—about six o'clock. It was bitterly cold. He brought a small gas heater from his living room into the bedroom, lit it, and returned to bed to read his prayer book.

At nine o'clock he was found dead, the open prayer book in his hand, the gas heater turned off. But he had turned it off at the flame instead of at the base connection, which was in the living room. In moving the heater the connecting hose had come loose, and in the final jerk of switching it off the hose slipped away from the gas plug in the wall.

He left two daughters: myself, Mary, unmarried and living in New York; and my sister, Betty, married and also living out of town.

One month after his death, Dr. Vincent Lewis, medical examiner for a large insurance company and a relation of Betty's by marriage, was seated in his office when Jimmy Vazetti was announced.

Dr. Lewis, a navy man, had known Vazetti years before when he served under the doctor as orderly on a hospital ship. The doctor knew him for a small-time racketeer, gambler, and bootlegger.

"I come to ask you a favor, doc," Jimmy said, sitting at the doctor's desk. "My father-in-law, William Fredericks, died last month. A year ago I lent him some money and he gave me an insurance policy to secure it."

"You were Fredericks's son-in-law?" the doctor asked.

"Sure," Jimmy declared, with no idea that the name would mean anything to Dr. Lewis. "I married Mary Fredericks, his eldest daughter. He has a younger one, Betty. She's married, too."

The doctor and I had been good friends for years, so that he stared incredulously at the man.

"You see, this wedding was on the quiet," Vazetti continued. "Only her father knew about it. We're not living together now. She's in New York. But she wouldn't make any fuss about me collecting this money."

"And what do you want me to do?" the doctor asked him.

"As I started to say, the old man was a retired builder and very religious. In that awful cold spell last month, he was sitting up in bed, early in the morning, reading his Bible. He'd lit a gas heater alongside the bed—he lived alone in a little apartment. In pulling the heater in from the living room, he'd jerked the hose from the connection, enough to start it slipping, so that when he shut the cock on the heater, the hose came off. He fell off to sleep again, the gas leaked, and he was killed.

"Now the coroner is holding out for suicide. He wouldn't have done that, doc. He was a good-living guy, with a small income and a cozy place—good health and pretty hearty for sixty-three. It was an accident; and if I can prove that, I get double indemnity on this policy I got. What can you do for me?"

"Perhaps," Dr. Lewis said, "I can do a lot. Leave it all with me."

THE doctor turned the papers over to the special investigation department of the insurance company. It looked fraudulent from start to finish. He couldn't believe that I had married this man, and knowing Vazetti's reputation he was prepared to uncover anything—including murder.

Two days later the papers were returned to Dr. Lewis's desk.

On the 15th of February, William Fredericks, sixty-three years old, a retired builder, had been overcome by gas in his apartment while reading his Bible. He left two daughters; Mary, unmarried and living in New York, and Betty, married.

Two men of the same name and age died on the same day, in the same city, at the same hour, under exactly similar circumstances, leaving identical families! One man held in his hand a Lutheran German Bible, the other a Roman Catholic prayer book; and their apartments were at the opposite ends of a big city.

THE END

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If the narrative herewith were submitted as a short short story, Liberty would not print it: it sounds too incredible.

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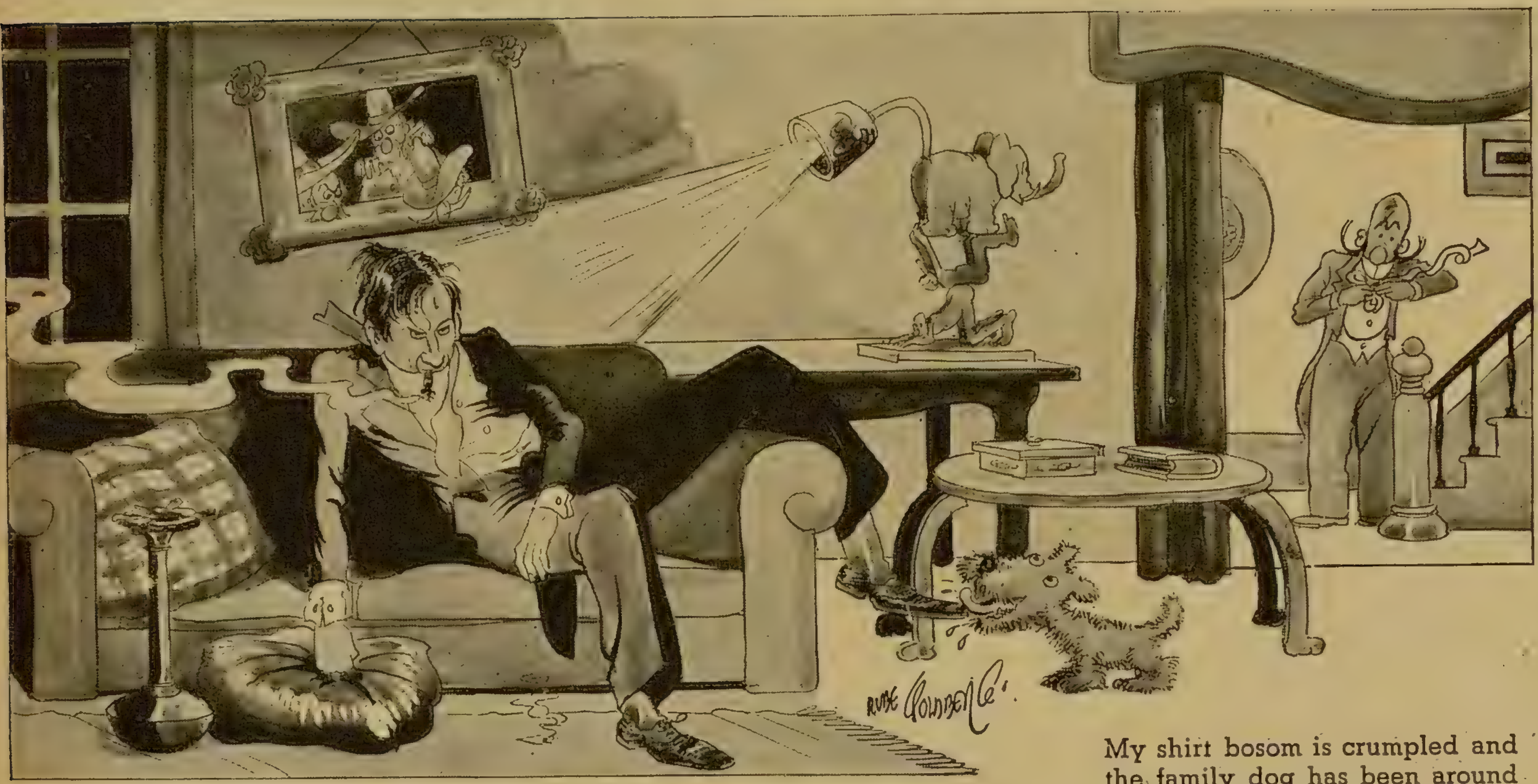


My shirt bosom is crumpled and the family dog has been around to lick the shine off my shoes.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THERE is a little instrument that governs my every move, my every thought, my every emotion, my every purpose. The watch that is strapped to my wrist never relaxes its leathery grip as it hurries me from place to place only to find that the other fellow is not there.

I know that millions of wrist watches, jeweled, platinum, gold, silver, onyx, rubber, are worn by people all over the world; but no one seems to know the time but me. When I am invited out to dinner at seven thirty, I enter my host's apartment exactly at seven thirty, much to the chagrin and bewilderment of the butler who has to open the door adjusting his own collar and tie. He leaves me alone in a cold dark living room, where I wait for an hour like a condemned criminal in solitary confinement. By the time the host and hostess make their appearance I am completely crushed in body and spirit. My beard has grown to a dirty stubble, my shirt bosom has become crumpled from slouching in every chair in the room, and the family dog has been around to lick the shine off my shoes. My host and hostess leave me to my fate while they flitter about welcoming the other guests fresh and radiant in their contemptible tardiness.

The disease of promptitis manifests itself very strongly on opening nights at the theater. I have been attending openings for over twenty years and hundreds of times have read the legend, "Starts promptly at 8.40." Still I have not learned my lesson. Only the other night I received two tickets for an opening that promised to be the hit of the year. I tried to take things calmly. But once I started to dress, the hands of the little watch wrapped themselves around my neck and choked me until I screamed to my wife, "Come on, come on, come on!" My pulse, my temperature, my blood pressure—they all registered 8.40.

I allowed for a puncture; I allowed for congested traffic; I allowed for forgetting the tickets; I allowed for rain; I allowed for earthquake, tidal wave, fire, theft, holdup, and indigestion. When we arrived at the theater the vast auditorium was as empty as an alderman's hat. A young lady ushered us down the aisle and left us alone in a boundless wilderness of empty seats.

I memorized the names of the author, the actors, and the business staff. I read and reread those little biographies in the back of the program. "Lucille Van Opp, who plays the part of Arline Crabflake, is now twenty-eight years old." (I knew she had a son who was twenty-one.) "She comes of a very distinguished line of theatrical folk, her father having been doorman at the old Academy of Music, and her mother helping her father by bringing him a midnight supper in a tin pail. Last season Miss Van Opp appeared as the feature player in Is Sex Something to Think About?"

I counted the cracks in the asbestos curtain and wondered if it was older than Lucille Van Opp.

At four minutes after nine, as the actors spoke their first lines, hordes of people in evening clothes swarmed down the aisles. I missed every word that was spoken during the first fifteen minutes of the show. As I was settling down to salvage the remnant of a ruined evening, a gay party of young blades and debutantes took seats right in back of me. The young men stuck their elbows in my neck. The young ladies threw off their wraps to the velvety notes of musical laughter and tossed them nonchalantly over my head, suffocating me with the native odor of mink. They completed the devastation with: "What's the name of the play?" "Hilary's in no shape to play polo tomorrow," "Haw-haw, quite!" "A pretty setting, what?" "Babs, did you tell Wilson to meet us?" "Haw-haw, lovely!" and "Haw-haw!"

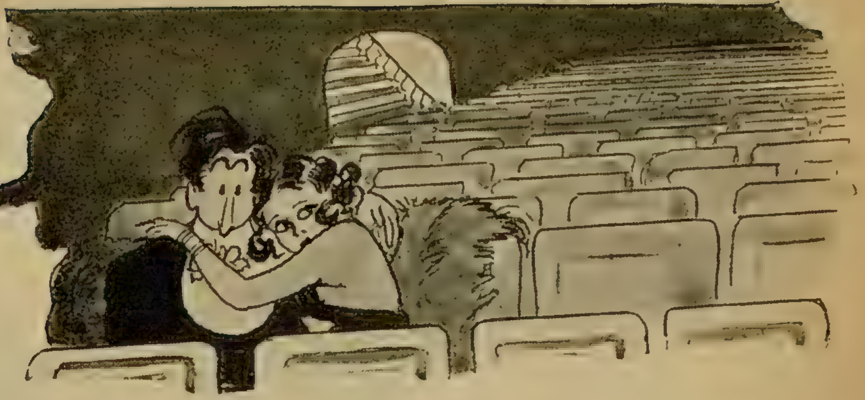
I need a haircut and call up Paul. "Will it be convenient for you to take me at four thirty?" I ask respectfully.

"Sure, Meester Gumbug," he answers. "E's all right. I be waiting."

I arrive at four thirty and find Paul just starting to lather a face that is completely surrounded by rough. Paul bows pleasantly and says, "How do, Meester Gumbug? Take seat. I be finished wit' Meester McLufflin in few mineets." Then he turns to the two eyes that

On Time

And No One Else Ever Is!—A Victim of Unrequited Punctuality Registers a Heartfelt Complaint



A young lady ushered us down the aisle and left us alone in a wilderness of empty seats.

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

RUBE GOLDBERG

are peering up at him from a field of clover and I am forced to listen for twenty-eight minutes to this:

"Poddon me, Meester McLufflin. Wadda you teenk of Pres'dent Roosevelt?"

"He's a good guy."

"But dees NRA, don't you teenk she's a lotta baloney?"

"It all depends."

"Poddon me, Meester McLufflin. Could you find sumtin' f' my boy t' do?"

"Paul, I got a boy of my own who's been out of work two years."

"Poddon me. Did dat hurt?"

"O. K."

"My girl she's twenny-eight. I don't know why in hell she no gets married."

"I can't tell glugg till I look at her. Glugg don't worry."

"Dat close 'nough, Meester McLufflin?"

"Pluff psft ouch woff."

"Hot towel?"

"Wugg."

By the time Paul says, "All right, Meester Gumbug," the half hour I had allotted to my haircut has dissolved into eternity and I flee from the shop with my hair streaming in the wind like the mane of an Arabian horse.

IT would break my heart to dwell on the numberless hours I've spent sitting in overstuffed chairs, staring at gold clocks, and waiting for young ladies to put on clothes that were so scanty they wouldn't cover a peanut.

While there is no one in my immediate field of acquaintance who has any regard for time, I feel there must be others, in foreign climes at least, who are afflicted by my mysterious malady. I call to you, fellow slaves in the galley of time. I admit I have given some thought to the idea of adopting the majority doctrine of procrastination. But this would never do. In a short time the subtle poison of promptness would again work its way back into our weak veins.

Some people steal. Others kiss cows. Still others fly kites. We, heaven help us, look at clocks. We are incurable. We are doomed to be on time for the rest of our lives.

But here is a way out. Let every restaurant table, waiting-room chair, theater seat, street corner, cigar store, library entrance, department-store lobby, barber shop, and other spot where people are prone to keep appointments, be equipped with the following accessories:

Ten of the latest books.

A complete shaving outfit.

A violin, a flute, a saxophone, an accordion, and a set of drums.

Two decks of cards.

A backgammon board.

A machine for pressing clothes and shining shoes.

A large tank of assorted fish, with tackle and worms.

A radio with four dance hostesses.

A saddle horse (for large waiting rooms).

Two wrestlers to put on exhibitions at short notice.

A kitchenette.

A merry-go-round.

Two football teams that need a few substitutes.

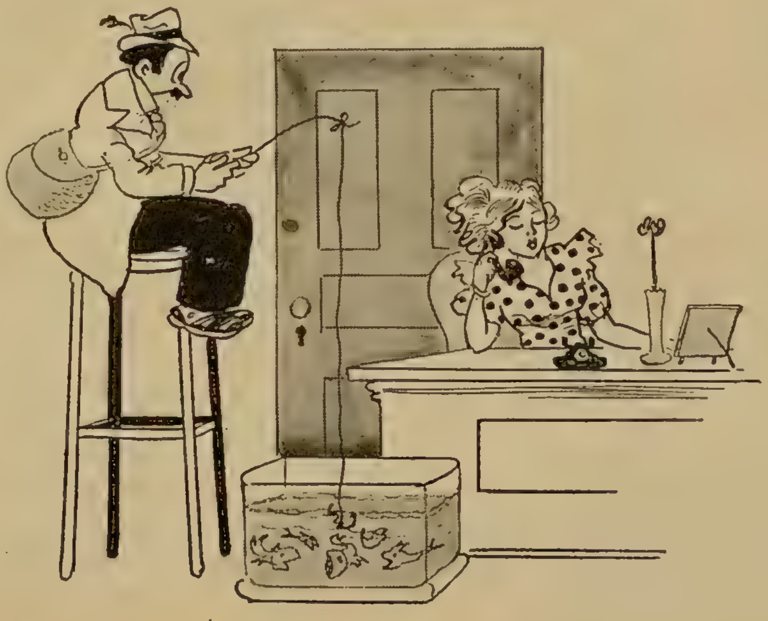
There is still another remedy which is so beautifully idealistic I hesitate to suggest it. The government has subsidized the farmer. The unemployed have received federal aid. The small Wall Street investor has received protection from Washington. Why can't the government establish a penal colony where we can go into voluntary exile and enjoy our lives to the fullest extent of our promptness? Just give us a cozy little island somewhere and in no time at all we will establish a colony that will shame the rest of the world.

Waiters will not be hanging around waiting for two people to get together for a luncheon date. Convicted criminals will not be eating their little hearts out waiting for tardy judges to reach their courtrooms and pronounce the death sentence. Big business will not have to wait while directors loll around at their clubs.

Husbands will be home to dinner on time. The dentist will be ready when you arrive, the plumber will be there at nine o'clock when he says nine o'clock. So there will be plenty of time left to find out how to run governments without dictators and incidentally extend a little kindness to your fellow man.

But in the meantime we prompt shower-uppers will just have to sit around and wait and wait and wait.

THE END

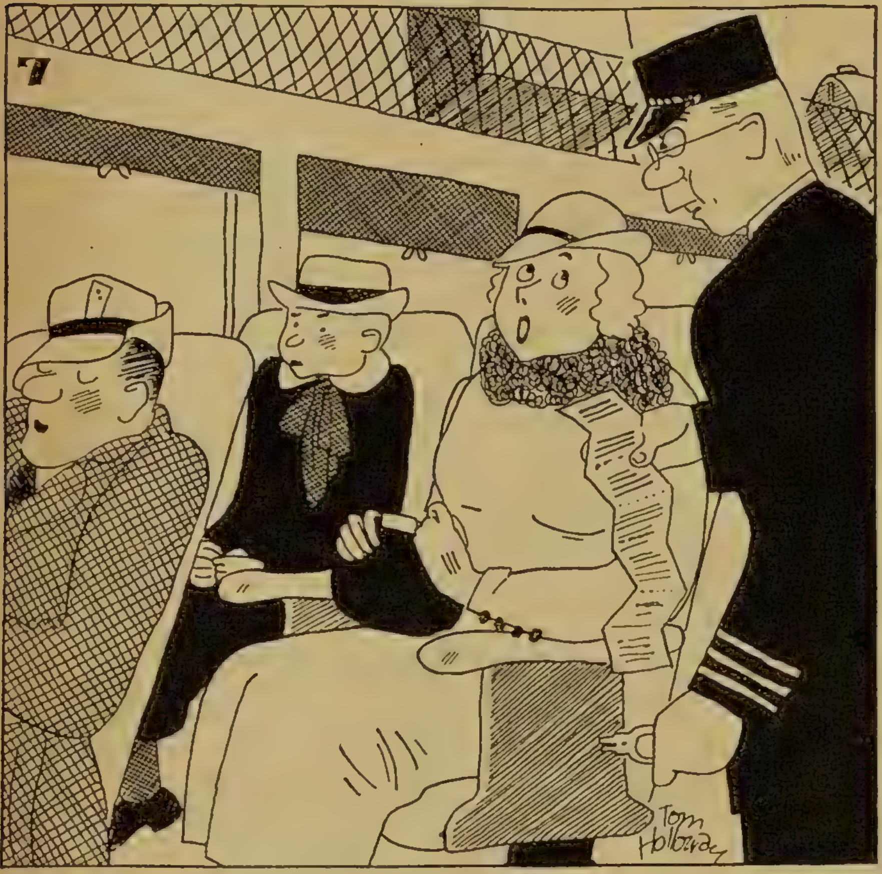


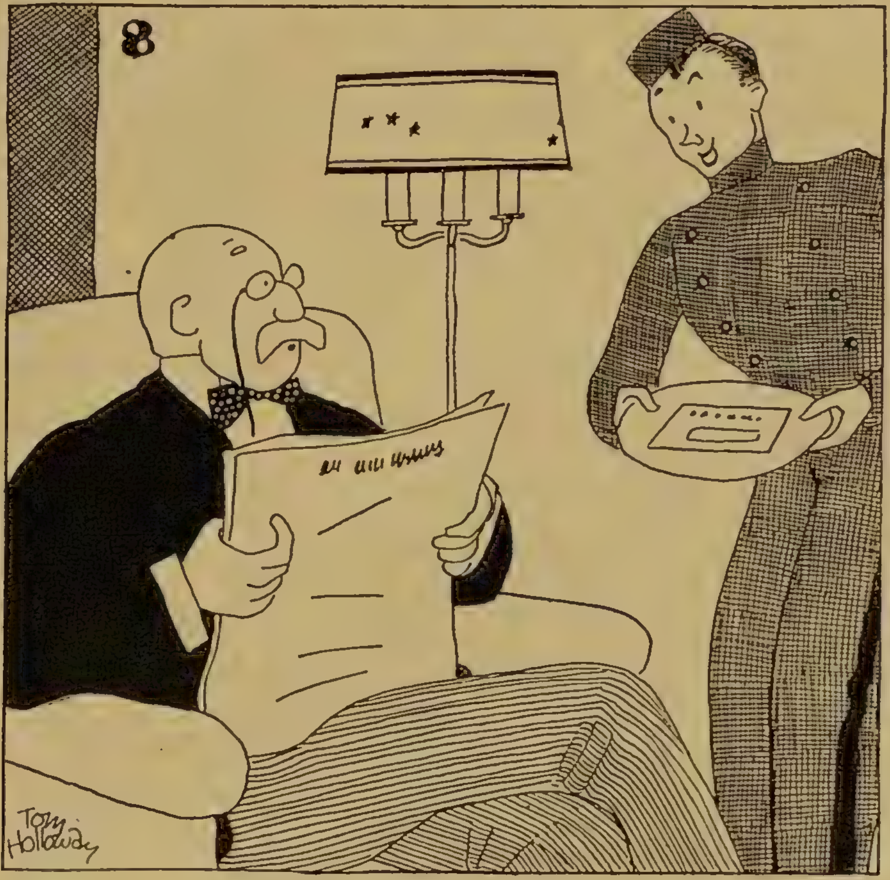
. . . A large tank of assorted fish, with tackle and worms.

WHAT'S BEING SAID THIS WEEK?

$2,000

IN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR 223 LIBERTY READERS!





ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. He's always been big for his age.
2. Valentine for you, sir.
3. Just ask them to be here Thursday.
4. Does this train stop at Reno?
5. Please forgive me, it's a matter of duty.
6. Do you remember that night in the bakeshop?
7. Fancy meeting you here!
8. Is there no escape from these trivialities?

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

YOU still have time to enter this game and carry off one of the many substantial cash awards. Your chance to capture the first prize of $500 is excellent. It's a fair field and no favors. Every contestant has an equal opportunity. If you are not already a competitor, enter now! Read the rules carefully. Study the drawings. Decide upon a conversational sentence for each one. Perhaps the sentences you seek are among those suggested on this page. You are at liberty to use these or to devise your own. By all means think each situation over carefully before you make a final choice of a sentence. Then file these drawings in a convenient place.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If this is your first entry in the game and the three preceding issues of Liberty are not available, reprints of the first six drawings may be obtained without charge. Simply mail a request to the contest address in Rule 4. The desired material will be sent without delay.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT!

TEN DOLLARS

A Short Short Story

by

RICHARD WORMSER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

ALL around the town the grass had been trodden away clear to the prairie dirt by the milling hordes of cattle that had arrived daily from the south all summer. This barren ground reflected the moonglow sharply; the color of the man's horse and the lines of the man's figure were apparent.

The horse was strawberry roan, gray under a fine fluff of reddish winter hair. The man was thin and hard despite his fifty years. His name was Ron Caykull, and he was known from there to the border: a killer, bad enough to have his own way in any one of a thousand cattle towns; wary enough to have lived to this age.

Outside the town he pulled in the strawberry. The horse dropped his head and stood blowing. He had been ridden hard since his owner was killed a week before.

Caykull listened a moment. The town was quiet. He rode on into the center of town. Under a cottonwood tree he stopped and dropped his mount's reins.

The killer went ahead on foot. He left the board-lined street in front of a one-story shack of milled lumber; crept to a window and listened. There was nothing to hear but the easy sound of a sleeping man's breathing. The window was open a crack. Caykull worked it up the rest of the way without noise, and vaulted through.

His right hand held a gun trained on the back of the room while his left hand struck a match against the wall-paper. The flicker of the little light showed a man asleep on a wooden bedstead, a man whose hair was gray, whose face in sleep was placid and gentle.

Ron Caykull crossed the room on the tips of his toes and shoved his gun into the bedclothes. The other man awoke with a start.

“Quiet,” Caykull drawled. “That's a gun in yo' ribs. You Adkins?”

“Yes,” the other man said. He did not sound afraid.

“You the eyeglass man?”

“Yes.”

“All right. Get up, get dressed, come with me. In case you mought have ideas, I'm Ron Caykull.”

“The—”

“The killer. That's right. Up, now!”

The optometrist slid out of bed and fumbled for clothes.

When Adkins was dressed the killer stepped in close; his gun muzzle prodded Adkins's ribs. “We're goin' to your store,” Ron Caykull said. “Yo're gonna fix me out in a pair of glasses— Did you laugh, mister?”

Adkins said steadily, “Why should I laugh? Making eyeglasses is my business—there's nothing funny in it. Most men have to wear them when they get your age.”

Caykull growled but he said nothing. Silently the two of them left the house and followed the boardwalk downtown. Adkins led the way to the rear of the store, waved the killer to a chair, and sat down himself, a foot or so away. Between them he wheeled a huge instrument with lenses and an acetylene light inside. He struck a match and the light flared up.

Caykull reached around the ophthalmoscope and pushed his six-shooter back into Adkins's ribs. “I can't see with that thing in my eyes. But I don't need to see with you this close.”

Adkins didn't answer. Instead he started making his examination. Once he said, “This is funny. You're nearsighted—you must not be able to see more than twenty feet clearly. Most men your age can see better far off than they can close up.”

An hour later the two were on the boardwalk again. Silently Caykull walked Adkins past his own house to where his horse stood. Perhaps a hundred yards away a cottonwood moved gently in the night air. Caykull raised the six-shooter slowly; the moon gleamed on his new spectacles. He fired.

A branch fell dully from the tree.

“You see they're good glasses,” Adkins said. “I charge ten dollars for that kind. But—”

“The glasses'll do,” Caykull said. “I was afraid you mought have been silly enough to try something fancy.”

“Ten dollars,” Adkins said again.

The six-shooter described an arc in the moonlit air. Adkins went down without a sound. A little trickle of blood came through his gray hair.

Ron Caykull swung aboard the strawberry roan and rode south.

IT was still winter, but down here, nearer the border, it was not cold. The little town of Querido was unnaturally quiet. For Ron Caykull had shown up.

A little man with gray hair rode into town and tied his sorry-looking nag at the rail. He got off stiffly and removed his hat to wipe sweat from his brow. Querido could see a small bandage on the side of the newcomer's head.

He stopped a cowboy and said, “Where's Ron Caykull?”

The puncher gave a startled jerk of his hand toward the Golden Spur's swinging doors and then ducked.

The gray-haired man replaced his hat and went into the saloon. The killer lounged at a table in the rear. Six feet from Ron Caykull the man said, “Caykull, you owe me ten dollars.”

The killer looked up. His gun rested on the table top, its muzzle pointing straight at Adkins.

Adkins said, “Those glasses cost me—”

Ron Caykull fired. Smoke filled the room, smoke and the scurry of men darting for cover. But Adkins still stood there. He had laboriously got his gun from its holster; he was pointing it; he had squeezed the trigger jerkily. Ron Caykull's face was no more.

Adkins sighed and went forward. Without a quiver of his gray face he searched the dead man's pockets, found some money. He took a ten-dollar gold piece and left the rest.

Then he started back for the street. A man wearing a star got in his way. “You killed Ron Caykull. You shot him!”

“Yes. Yes, sheriff. He owed me ten dollars—for those glasses. He made me make them for him. I was trying to tell him—with his eyes, you can't make glasses that will work in a smaller radius than ten feet. It was night when he rode away; he wouldn't find that out till morning. But he wouldn't let me tell him. He should have taken the glasses off for close work.”

“So he couldn't see you that close?”

“Not clearly. He'd see—well, twice as much of me as there really is. I knew I was in no danger.”

The sheriff slowly reached out and took the optometrist's hand. “You killed him for ten dollars?”

“Just the ten dollars,” he said, “unless—well, I'd like to return that horse he rode—a strawberry roan, you call it?—to my nephew's widow.”

THE END

Playful, Provoca

A Charming Exhibition by Miss Temple of How

Role for Mr. Laughton, and Some

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

Lionel Barrymore and Shirley Temple in The Little Colonel, the screen starlet's most recent success.

★ ★ ★ THE LITTLE COLONEL

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Lionel Barrymore, Bill Robinson, Evelyn Venable, John Lodge, Sidney Blackmer, Alden Chase, and others. Directed by David Butler. Story by Annie Fellows Johnston.

UNLIKE most child players, the pixy Shirley Temple improves with each film. Not only has she gained in ability but she has retained an appealing childish wonder and freshness that somehow, even through the complicated mechanics of microphones, scripts, and cameras, arrives on the screen warm and unsullied.

In her latest picture, The Little Colonel, Shirley is seen in her best form. Given a melodramatic story chock-full of such sturdy elements as stolen land deeds, dastardly villains, and a disinherited mother, she uses it as a framework for many delightful cutups.

The film is a spotty one, being slowed to a walking pace at times by the uninspired sincerity of John Lodge and Evelyn Venable in conventional love scenes. Fortunately, however, Miss Temple and dusky Bill Robinson—proclaimed the world's best tap dancer, and there's little reason for doubting this—give The Little Colonel some of the most pleasant moments the cinema has afforded this year. The best one comes when Robinson teaches Shirley a new way to go upstairs. Robinson's grand tap routine is the rhythmic treat of the season.

For all its wholesome air, The Little Colonel is no picture for children. Miss Temple throws mud on old gentlemen, rebukes her elders, boasts of her uncontrollable temper, and argues volubly with Colonel Lionel Barrymore on military manners. And while she does these things with quaint and lively charm, unless you want your peace and calm upset forevermore, send little Gertrude out to see Jimmy Cagney or Clark Gable and sneak away by yourself to The Little Colonel.

VITAL STATISTICS: More than 10,000 fans wrote in begging Winfield Sheehan, Fox head, to make this one. . . . Annie Fellows Johnston created The Little Colonel out of the Kentucky scene back in 1895. Its action was based on Kentucky's peculiar neutrality in Civil War days; the state actually doing no fighting but splitting into fairly violent North and South sympathizers. . . . The Temple is in fine fettle. She has her own bungalow on the Fox lot now, entirely remodeled for her childish whims into a glorified playhouse. She remains darlingly unspoiled—the despair of mothers whose own daughters can't seem to get into the $1,500-a-week class. The studio is making every attempt to keep her naïve and unsophisticated. They do not want her to become conscious of her tremendous place in the world. But nothing seems to touch her except childhood. She plays with her stand-in, Marilyn Granas, aged six; goes avidly for her ice cream with gravy; and works about four hours a day during shooting. Lionel Barrymore, borrowed from M G M for the film for about $75,000, enjoyed working with Shirley. She kissed him good-by at picture's end. . . . This is Bill (Bojangles) Robinson's first feature-lengther. He got about $1,500 a week for his puffo-mance, not to mention other Hollywood jobs. He is fifty-eight, looks forty. Learned to dance from his grammammy back in Richmond, Virginia. She was an ex-slave. Bill grew up dancing. Has been through several fortunes, being a notorious spender and a notorious easy mark for a generous touch. Was dubbed Bojangles by deceased Reggie Vanderbilt, for reasons unknown. Vanderbilt just called him that at a Newport house-party performance. . . . Evelyn Venable has just married herself to Hal Mohr, expert cameraman of the $1,500-a-week class. They have opposite temperaments: she is serious, intellectual, charming; he is a good fellow, not particularly intellectual in his tastes but diamond-in-the-roughish. . . . Picture cost within $500,000, a little more pretentious than the usual Shirley Templer. Took forty days in the shooting. . . . Alden Chase is a direct descendant of John Alden and John Quincy Adams. . . . Lionel Barrymore pessimistically believes that speed is killing the theater, now nearly dead anyway.

★ ★ ★ RUGGLES OF RED GAP

THE PLAYERS: Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Roland Young, Leila Hyams, Maude Eburne, Lucien Littlefield. Directed by Leo McCarey. Story by Harry Leon Wilson.

MOST feature pictures have a plot; a few—such as All Quiet on the Western Front, Cavalcade, Cimarron, Our Daily Bread, and The Public Enemy—have a theme. Ruggles of Red Gap is one of these pictures. Carefully, even studiously, produced, the film is something more than a photographed plot, for it cuts deeply into the very being of a man. And though this man is a distinct individual as played by the rotund Charles Laughton, he is also a symbol, a sort of idealized immigrant.

Blending humor and pathos, Harry Leon Wilson's story tells, with a few lapses into burlesque, of an English valet whose master loses him to an American in a poker game. Arriving in the West with his new boss, a tobacco-chewing cattleman broadly and enthusiastically played by Charlie Ruggles, the valet, after being mistaken for a nobleman and then exposed as a servant, comes gradually to the estate of a free man. The story of his thrilled acceptance of the proposition that all men are created equal is lively and pathetic, and in the barroom scene where this servant, bred of generations of servants, recites the Gettysburg Address for the spellbound cowboys, it attains a deeply moving emotion.

Mary Boland and Charles Laughton in Ruggles of Red Gap, a strong story with a vivid Western background.

Enriched by such diversified personalities as Mary Boland, ZaSu Pitts, Lucien Littlefield, Roland Young, and Maude Eburne, and given a colorfully reproduced Western background, Ruggles of Red Gap emerges as one of the most provocative films of the season.

VITAL STATISTICS: Harry Leon Wilson was born in Oregon, Illinois, back in 1867. Thinks New York is the ugliest city in the world. Lives in

tive, Palpitating

ttle Girls Should Not Act; an Arresting New
reathless Police Excitements

by **BEVERLY HILLS**

Frisco now, writing new Ruggles episodes. Started as a printer's devil back in Illinois, became editor of Puck in 1896, ended that in 1902. Has been around the world except from Tripoli to Singapore, and never visited England because he refused to wait a six-months quarantine period for his bull pup. . . . Picture produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., son to Arthur Hornblow, Sr., well known theater critic and editor of the Theatre Magazine from 1901 to 1926. Hornblow, Jr., is a Dartmouth 1915 grad. He is theater-raised, so it is no effort for him to put on a show simply, with skillful Broadway economy and wisdom. He has turned Charles Laughton, usually a fiendish villain, into a "lovable character." It was quite a struggle, but now Laughton doesn't want to play anything but comedy. . . . Picture cost upward of $500,000, Laughton receiving a flat (or not so flat, according to how you look at it) $75,000 of it. . . . Laughton wore a wig throughout Ruggles. He had shaved his head for the part of Micawber in Copperfield—a part which he didn't get, shaved pate or no, M G M paying merely for the haircut. Hollywood has nearly ruined him with bad pictures. It's wrong to type him either as comedian or tragedy feller, as he can handle both.

★ ★ ½ CAR 99

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Ann Sheridan, Sir Guy Standing, Frank Craven, William Frawley, Marina Schubert, Dean Jagger, John Cox. Directed by Charles Barton. Story by Karl Detzer.

CAR 99 is a ripsnorting bang-bang action film in which Paramount's latest discovery, Fred MacMurray, is seen as a Michigan State cop who loses his job by letting a thief escape and then regains it by capturing a whole gang. The picture is full of suspense and excitement and has several enlightening glimpses into the latest technical developments in crime and detection. But burdened as it is with flagrant overplaying by practically all the cast, and diluted with many touches of unneeded "comedy relief," Car 99 is not nearly the thriller it might easily have been.

Fred MacMurray gives a pleasantly casual performance as the radio-patrol-car pilot. The sympathy in this picture is all with the police. Boys will love it and it certainly won't do them any harm.

Let's Live Tonight, a semi-musical romance, presents Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carminati in leading roles.

Though there are many faulty spots in Car 99 that cannot be cut out, wise picturegoers will wait until this film appears in neighborhood theaters. For by that time it may be rid of much of its unnecessary padding.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture based on some of the actual red-blooded doings of the Michigan State Troopers, who used to lead the hectic life back in the days when the Purple Gang rushed the 1,000-mile Michigan water border with contraband liquor which you used to call bootleg—'member? . . . Supervisor-producer Bayard Veiller authored Within the Law and The Trial of Mary Dugan. He started as a Seattle newshawk, to be seduced by the theater, out of which he has gleaned a fortune. Had he stuck to newshawkery, today he'd be earning his fifty-five dollars a week as a rewrite man. . . . Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee. He loitered there three weeks and has never been back. Kankakee authorities, greedy for publicity, besiege Paramount for MacMurray's address when he lived in Kankakee, what he did when he worked there, on what street he was born. . . . Sir Guy Standing, divorced and father of twenty-one-year-old college-student son, is seen places from time to time with Ann Sheridan of Dallas. She is the last girl to remain in Hollywood under contract after Paramount's exhaustive Search for Beauty Contest, which spanned the world and broke a lot of hearts.

Fred MacMurray, Sir Guy Standing, and Marina Schubert in Car 99, a thriller about the Michigan State cops.

★ LET'S LIVE TONIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Tullio Carminati, Lilian Harvey, Hugh Williams, Tala Birell, Luis Alberni, Arthur Treacher. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Story by Bradley King.

DIRECTED by Victor Schertzinger, who gave film audiences the thrill of a lifetime with the lilting One Night of Love, this latest offering is but a heavy pseudo-romantic bromide dressed up in postal-card prettiness. Slowly moving and told in stilted dialogue, the film presents Tullio Carminati and Hugh Williams as rich young Italians who spend their time racing motorboats and falling in love with the same girl.

Lilian Harvey, as the object of their affections, is still a photographer's delight, but has yet to get a picture up to the standard of the foreign-made Congress Dances. In this she joins Mr. Carminati in a few insipid duets; but Let's Live Tonight is no more musical than it is romantic, believable, or entertaining.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture was shot in a month (Columbia Pictures usually takes thirteen to eighteen days), thanks to retakes, under working title of Once a Gentleman. Final title probably influenced by Columbia smash successes It Happened One Night and One Night of Love. . . . Picture cost around half a million, and story was personally selected by Miss Harvey after reading about 600 possibilities. . . . Miss Harvey, still under contract to Columbia Pictures, has gone to England to make three films there, and presumably to see Willy Fritsch, with whom she made the Gaynor-Farrell combination of Europe and to whom she has been perennially engaged for some years. She's really Lilian Helen Muriel Harvey, dotter to an English broker. . . . Tullio Carminati is amused that America considers him an opera singer, which he isn't. Got to be thought one because of continued casting as one in plays and movies. Can sing.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies.

★★★—Murder on a Honeymoon, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out.

There's Fight in Big

Professionals? Certainly. We're Out There Earning a Living. But That "Old College Try" Isn't All in the Colleges . . . That's What My First Year Piloting a Team of Champions Has Taught Me

Says

GORDON "MICKEY" COCHRANE

Manager of the Detroit Tigers, American League Pennant Winners and Runners-Up for the World Championship, 1934

as told to Robert Harron

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MONTHS ago, as soon as it looked as if the Tigers were likely to win the pennant, I promised myself that winning that American League flag would be only half the battle; that the job wouldn't be done until the Giants—as I thought then—were beaten and the world-championship flag fluttered at Navin Field.

Well, it turned out to be the Cardinals instead of the Giants who were in the way—and that flag won't flutter in these Detroit breezes this spring. And never, even in the days when I was playing college football at Boston University, did defeat come harder.

It's no fun to lose in any game, despite what some of the "sports for fun" boys preach. To lose a World Series in the final contest, when a fighting, courageous outfit which has battled along through the season finally comes to the end and fails to get the breaks in the sixth game of the World Series, and then loses in the seventh as we lost—well, that's tough.

The Cardinals? A fine fighting ball club, and my congratulations went to Frankie Frisch, the Deans, Medwick, and the others a few minutes after that final battle was over. But as for me, last season was not a success, despite the congratulations and kind words that came in as a result of our winning the American League flag when most people had expected us to finish down in the second division. In my book, you're either out or you're safe. You win or you lose. You aim for the top, and if you miss the top—well, then you're not as good as you ought to be.

People have been asking me what I learned about baseball and baseball players from a new viewpoint in that first season of managing a major-league ball club.

The answer is, "Plenty." I thought I had learned a lot of baseball in nine seasons behind the bat for Connie Mack and the Philadelphia Athletics. I still think so. But Connie, with all the diamond wisdom of his years, couldn't have taught me what I learned in the campaign that brought Detroit its first American League pennant in twenty-five years. I came to the job with some preconceived ideas, but I soon discovered that preconceived ideas had to be changed too often. It boiled down to a matter of meeting situations as they came; winning one ball game at a time; reducing so-called strategy and master-minding to their simplest forms.

For the Tigers as a ball club we had only one idea.

That was, "Fight and hustle."

For myself, as manager, I had one primary idea in the back of my mind. That was to "manage the players of this ball club as I'd want to be managed."

That's all. There was nothing mysterious about it. Yet it has been the most fascinating, worrying, grinding, exhilarating, fighting job I ever experienced.

I used to play college football. Not many baseball fans know it, because I played on Boston University football teams that, outweighed and outmanned, went up and down New England playing Harvard, Dartmouth, Brown, Holy Cross, and other big teams and taking our lickings and getting little publicity. But, if I do say it, I was a pretty fair halfback. Around Boston you'll still find sports writers who'll tell you I was as good a halfback as I ever have been a catcher. I'm a little proud of that.

And I found last summer that there is more of that football fight—that "old college try"—in major-league baseball than the old campaigners who smile at the "rah-rah" boys are willing to admit. Back there behind the bat and in the dugout I fanned that fighting spark. You can't laugh that sort of thing off in baseball. Professionals? Certainly we're professionals, out there earning a living. But no college football team on which I

League Baseball

ever played had more fight, more courage, more loyalty than the Tigers had last season.

When I was playing football the late Bill Roper was coaching at Princeton. I was in there kicking, passing, and running for Boston University the season that Roper developed his "Team of Destiny." You remember that team and its slogan? "The Team that Won't Be Licked Can't Be Licked." Incidentally, they were also the Tigers —Tigers from Old Nassau.

Well, one thing that seems to have astonished the baseball writers last season was the ability of our own Tigers to break loose at any time with a four- or five- or six-run inning to blow the ball game wide open. At one time, over a stretch of eighty-two games, we had forty-three different innings in which we flailed out four or more runs in a bunch.

How did that happen? Well, there was that game with the Yankees, the first game of a double-header and the first of a five-game so-called "crucial series" in New York in the middle of August. We were just starting our last Eastern trip. We had won twelve straight games. There were 77,000 roaring citizens in the park and 20,000 more on the outside who couldn't get in.

"Lefty" Gomez was going against us and he looked unbeatable. I had started Al "General" Crowder, who had come to us from Washington on waivers not long before. That had surprised some of the folks who had looked for a Gomez-versus-Rowe duel. But I had confidence in Crowder. And, furthermore, why lead an ace against an ace? Gomez on one of his great days might well prove unbeatable even for Rowe, who then had also won twelve straight. Besides, it wasn't Rowe's turn. It was Crowder's.

WELL, we went along for five innings scoreless. Gomez looked great. But in the fifth inning, I believe it was, the first man up hit safely. That touched it off. On the bench it was, "Come on—here we go!" The next man hit the first ball pitched safely. Down the line—White, Gehringer, Goslin, Rogell, Greenberg, Owen—I don't remember now exactly who made those hits, but before the inning was over, four runs had been belted across the plate. The next inning we got five. Gomez was driven to cover. If you want to point to one game which did more to win this pennant for the Tigers than any other, that's the one.

Then Rowe came along in the second game and we won that one, too. But it was the surprise punch in the first contest, behind Crowder, that had done the damage to the Yanks. I don't think they ever quite got over that one. And it was the old college try that did it.

Another thing. Managing a ball club, I had expected alibis. I've run into my share of Alibi Ikes in baseball, but not last year on the Tigers. We took our lickings and smarted under them until the next day, when we tried to come back—and usually did. There was one early-season exception to that. The name doesn't matter now because the man in question was in there swinging with us from that time on.

On this particular occasion he had lost a game for us on what I thought then—and still think—was inexcusable lack of thinking. It hurts me to lose a ball game like that, but I locked myself in my room that night and by breakfast time the next morning was under pretty good control.

I was under good control, that is, until I walked into the dining room that morning to see the player in question sitting at a table with a couple of friends and carrying on a laughing conversation. I don't know yet what the conversation was about, but I did know then, and still do, that this player had no right to be doing any laughing after losing a ball game for us as he had done the day before.

Keystone View photos

"Schoolboy" Rowe, who made good with Manager Cochrane as a great pitcher, and (at right) young Marvin Owen, whom Cochrane "wouldn't trade for any third baseman."

The ballplayer who loses a game on dumb lack of thinking and then is able to laugh before he has won at least a couple for us to wipe out those mistakes can't play ball for me.

Well, we had an extremely animated conversation for a moment, with me doing most of the talking. I discussed his shortcomings so frankly as to startle a couple of old ladies a few tables away, and I hereby apologize to them. But not to him. The incident, however, was closed, and left us a one-hundred-per-cent hard-losing ball club. Maybe that's the reason why we were able to come down the stretch winning a great majority of the games in which we were pushed into extra innings.

What I'm trying to tell you is that ability in baseball, as well as football, goes with proper mental condition. And the ballplayer who doesn't whip himself mentally after losing a game isn't in the proper mental condition. Mechanical ability is only part of the story. Mental condition has been a tremendous factor in making great ballplayers of Owen and Fox and Greenberg and White and the others of the Tigers. They weren't calling them great ballplayers when we left training camp down in Florida last year. They were saying that Gehringer, one of the greatest second basemen of all time, and Goslin, in the outfield, were our only standouts. Maybe so. But these others developed a state of mind in which they couldn't lose.

You heard last season of a pitcher named Lynwood "Schoolboy" Rowe. Oh, I'm sure you did.

Well, Mr. Rowe, I believe, had won seven games the year before. However, only twenty-one years old, he looked like a fine prospect. He was one of the very definite items in my mind when I moved along from Philadelphia to Detroit at the beck of Mr. Navin to see what I could do about managing the Tigers.

Mr. Rowe, rangy and rugged, was a pleasing sight the day he dropped into camp in Lakeland, Florida, from his home in El Dorado, Arkansas. But days passed and he didn't seem to be rounding into form. At length we talked things over. It seemed he was worried about his arm. He was afraid to cut loose. He thought there was a muscle there which wasn't quite right.

We started North and the Schoolboy was still favoring that pitching arm. Now, to look at the pitching arm which Mr. Rowe owns and operates is to be convinced that nothing short of throwing fast ones with a sixteen-pound shot should bother it. At that, I believe he used to put the shot and throw the javelin and discus in high school. But you never can tell about these pitching arms and I tried not to be impatient.

True, during the stretch of exhibition games before the pennant race began, I mentioned once or twice the possibility that the good dry heat of a Texas summer might bake out the trouble and suggested that perhaps another season down in Beaumont, Texas, might be the solution. That didn't seem, however, to be a very happy solution.

But the mysterious malady continued to bother the Rowe arm. He was favoring it, and you can't do that against major-league hitters. At least, a twenty-two-year-old pitcher, lacking the experience of years and depending chiefly on great natural ability, can't do it.

I happened to be talking one evening with a couple of the writers covering the Tigers. They were looking for a lead for the next day's story.

"It begins to look as if the Schoolboy's arm needs another summer of that Texas heat," I remarked. "Too bad, too, because he's a great prospect. We could use him."

Perhaps I remarked also that if they happened to meet Rowe in the lobby they might ask him when he was leaving for Beaumont.

That was early in the evening. An hour or so later the room telephone rang.

"Mike, this is the Schoolboy," came the Arkansas drawl. "I want you to do a favor for me. Let me pitch tomorrow, will you?"

We were playing the Cincinnati Reds in an exhibition game.

"Why, I don't know," I told him. "That's a lot to ask. In another year or two you ought to make a good pitcher, and I don't want you to take chances of ruining your arm. I've been thinking of Beaumont for you."

Now, so far as I know, Beaumont, Texas, is a most estimable town, but Mr. Rowe at this moment made several very disparaging remarks bearing on its lack of attractiveness for him as a summer residence. In short and quite definitely, he didn't want to go back to Beaumont nohow.

"All right," I told him. "You pitch tomorrow."

He pitched, and during the five innings he was on the mound he shut them out.

THAT afternoon, I believe, marked the turning point for El Dorado's most famous citizen. Before the season was half over he had become in my mind the greatest young pitching prospect to come up to the American League since Grove and Gomez. I have caught a lot of ball games since the first day I went behind the bat for Connie Mack and the Athletics in 1925, but in all that time only two contests stand out in my mind as perfectly pitched games. One was the game in which Howard Ehmke opened the World Series of 1929 for the Athletics in a remarkable surprise performance against the Chicago Cubs. The other was the game Rowe pitched against the Yankees last August 17 to give the Tigers the edge in a series that probably was as important as any the club played all season. He threw not a single ball that was not where it should have been. All afternoon he was ahead of the hitter, always on top in his count on balls and strikes. And he pitched most of that game with a bad ankle that had been twisted in an early inning.

Psychology on my part? No. Just a little common sense and the ability on the part of a great young pitcher to "put out" when he had to do so.

Take the case of Marvin Owen.

He and I had a talk when he arrived in training camp. He had been reading the newspapers.

"They tell me you're worried about your third-base situation," he said. "Well, let me tell you that you've got a third baseman. I wasn't right last year. Part of the time I was sick. This year I'll do better. But will you let me do one thing? Will you let me outline my own work and train as I want to for two weeks?"

I told him to go ahead. "But," I added, "at the end of two weeks will you come to me and tell me honestly what you think? Will you tell me then whether you really think you're going to be fit and ready to play third base as it should be played on a pennant-winning ball club?"

He agreed. For two weeks he ran his own training show. Most days he worked very lightly. He had been sick and he had not yet regained his full strength.

At the end of two weeks he came to me.

"I'm ready to play third base for you," he said, "and play it right."

"All right," I told him. "You're in there. But not with any ironclad deed to the job. There are a couple of good kids here in camp whom you'll have to beat out. I believe you mean what you say, and I believe also that you've got the pair of hands, the build, the natural qualifications to be a great third baseman. But you'll have to show me all those things out there on the field, along with a lot of hustle and aggressiveness. The third baseman on this ball club will have to be tough."

I'm not telling any trade secret now when I say I wouldn't trade Owen for any third baseman in baseball. He has been one of the most aggressive young ballplayers with whom I've ever been associated. He went through the season with that chin of his not only up but out, almost daring anybody to make trouble over there in that hot corner of the diamond guarded by him. He was a fine fighting influence on the club. More than once in

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the clubhouse after a game when things hadn't looked too good he sidled up to me and said, "Now, listen. Go home and stop worrying, will you? We're going to get these guys twice tomorrow. They can't lick this ball club, because we're the best ball club in the league."

Both of these were young players —Rowe and Owen. What of the veterans?

Well, Goose Goslin was and is a veteran. He came to the club on a trade after I became manager, in the deal which sent Stone to Washington. He batted in a flock of runs last season and played some of the best ball he has shown in years. Baseball writers asked me, "How about Goslin? How have you handled him?"

That's easily answered. Goose Goslin has been an outstanding outfielder for a long time. He was in the league before I came up. I've never played in the outfield. Why should I try to tell him how to play it? The understanding between myself and Goose has been merely that he play the baseball he knows how to play and play it as well as he possibly can.

As I see it, that's common sense too.

Training rules? Yes, we've had them. Two of them, in fact.

One has been, "Bed by midnight." The other, "Be in condition to hustle for nine innings every afternoon except when there's a double-header. Then make it eighteen innings."

We had no trouble on that basis. We had no detectives and no watchdogs sitting in hotel lobbies waiting to see what players, if any, were ten or fifteen minutes late getting back in the evening. They understood they were playing ball with me, as well as for me, and that I was playing ball with them. In three cases that I recall, players came to me in the morning and told me that they had been a half or three quarters of an hour late getting in the night before, and explained the circumstances. They wouldn't have done that if they had been dodging detectives.

As I figure it, a ballplayer is a grown man out there earning a livelihood and with responsibilities like those of any other man earning a living. Let him govern himself and judge him on the results, and he'll have a good deal more respect for himself and everybody connected with his organization. Maybe some of the veterans will tell me I'm wrong there, but it's just another little idea of mine which seems to have worked pretty well.

What about master-minding from the bench or the coaching line? Don't make me smile. That master-minding stuff is largely the bunk. The master mind there on the bench can't get up and take a cut at the plate for his players. He can't get out there on the mound and strike out a couple of hitters with three on the bases, either. He can study his own pitchers and he can study the opposing pitchers and hitters. He can talk things over with his own club and he can use his own good judgment sometimes when it comes to changing pitchers, inserting pinch hitters, and that sort of thing. I mean he can use what he calls his own good judgment. The other fellow may call it guessing.

But, so far as I'm concerned, he plays the percentage, calls for what he believes is wise baseball, and then does the best he can. The master-minding business is very much overrated. I've believed that in other years. I'm more convinced of that than ever after a season of managing.

So that's the dope as I see it. I've tried to tell you in a sketchy way of some of the things that helped the Tigers to win an American League pennant last season.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **UNROLLING THE MAP** by Leonard Outhwaite. A John Day Book. Reynal & Hitchcock.

A comprehensive word picture of the growth of the world in terms of the great explorations of history, illuminated with informative maps illustrating the expanding frontiers of civilization.

★ ★ **THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC GAME** by Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A snappy series of close-ups of American diplomacy from Coolidge to Roosevelt. One of the authors is famous for helping write The Washington Merry-Go-Round; the other is an expert on European skulduggery. The result makes easy reading.

★ ★ **THE BREATHLESS MOMENT** by Philip Van Doren Stern and Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf.

A collection of startling news photographs which are sensational in themselves, but which will make you wonder how the boys with the cameras happened to be "on the spot."

★ ★ **THE POPULAR PRACTICE OF FRAUD** by T. Swann Harding. Longmans, Green & Co.

The author in another of his debunking moods. His "frauds," in this instance, cover a wide field, ranging from foods, drugs, and cosmetics to society, psychology, and economics.

WHY DO NEW CARS NEED "LIGHT" OIL ?

You've heard friends talking about the new cars of this year needing "light" oil. Or your dealer has advised it, if you have one of the new motors. What's the reason for this insistence on "lightness"?

Just this: the car makers, in their constant efforts to step up the *efficiency* of your motor, have been fitting the wearing surfaces *closer and closer together.*

This helps to seal the motor against power loss. But it presents a serious problem in lubrication. Your oil now has only a fraction as much space in which to flow between the wearing surfaces, a space too narrow for any but a "light" oil.

Obviously, the "lighter" the oil, the *better it has to be.* Not only because there is a *thinner film* of it on the working parts (though that is reason enough!) but because with the new high-speed motors, your oil is subjected to *greater heat and tension* than ever before. Therefore, if you would avoid motor damage, buy only the best!

You will probably find that your motor consumes a little more oil with the "light" grades. But the slight extra cost here is easily offset by the extra mileage from your gasoline... an economy made possible by the new closer-fitted motors.

There is no reason to worry about whether your motor will be "broken-in" safely with "light" oils... *if you buy the best.* That's why you'll find more new car owners using Quaker State this year than ever before. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

GERTRUDE L. MAYER teaches attractive young ladies how to be professional mannequins. Last year she trained 750 girls to do the *retail glide*, the *wholesale walk*, the *negligee swing*. The art of showing off new clothes is highly technical—full of right smart tricks!

Miss Mayer has been telling me about it.

"Not every beauty," she said, "can make good at the job. A successful model must be a quick thinker, and she must have that mysterious form of intuition known as *style sense*."

For retail customers the mannequins glide slowly and gracefully, with a pivot turn. For busy wholesale buyers they walk about six times faster, announcing the number of the garment and its price. They have a special swing for displaying negligees—more hip action. No movement of the shoulders except when showing sport clothes.

To imitate the mannequin walk, step always on the ball of your foot, cross each foot in front of the other, keep your knees unbent, thighs tight together, tummy pulled in, head up, hands lightly poised on hips. And limber up! No stiffness, mind you! No jerky motions.

Models earn from twenty-five to forty dollars a week —but plenty of them have married rich husbands. Their ages run all the way from the teens to the forties; one of the best in the business today is forty-five. Fake blondes are out now—only natural blondes, brunettes, and redheads. Red-headed mannequins are popular this year.

GERTRUDE L. MAYER

WHAT could be more tragic than the fate of a fat millionaire who goes broke? I have just heard about this case, and it strikes me as being a truly pitiful situation.

He weighs 320 pounds. For years his every service has been performed by valets, butlers, footmen. Now he is broke. He cannot afford to keep a single servitor. He has lost his entire fortune, down to the last dime. But he hasn't lost a pound of his fat. Not an ounce! And he is absolutely helpless! He can't even bend over far enough to tie his own shoes.

This is real tragedy. I cannot imagine any poverty worse than that of an obese millionaire who suddenly finds himself a roly-poly pauper.

TWENTY dollars for silk stockings, warm slippers, and a pair of rubber anklets. . . . Twenty-five dollars to buy a purple dress. . . . A hundred dollars for surgical books and instruments. . . .

A woman with an understanding heart left the above bequests provided for in her will. The items may seem unimportant to us; but she knew three people—two elderly ladies and a country doctor—who had long been yearning for just those things and never had quite been able to afford them.

The will was that of the late Corra Harris, writer of splendid books about plain hard-working people. To me it is a remarkable will. I recommend it especially to wealthy folk. Corra Harris had a deep and lovely sympathy for the small needs, the little human vanities that mean so much in our lives.

It is a sympathy rarely found, I fear, among those who are possessed of great wealth.

All the world over there are millions of men and women who lack eternally the few dollars needed to gratify some heartfelt desire—some trivial want or some caprice of the soul which would nevertheless bring them new courage and new spiritual dignity. Corra Harris understood this. *Vale!*

LONDON has launched a new occupation for unemployed chauffeurs. They take care of your car at night. Say you are going to a theater party, then on to a night club. The unemployed chauffeurs put a uniformed man in charge of your car—pick you up at the theater, stay with you until you go home.

I call that service. It should save back-seat drivers a lot of wear and tear.

SPANKED babies fight their way through life —I mean babies who are spanked at birth to start their vital machinery working and make them live. It is an old wives' theory that such children grow up to become pugnacious adults. I have been told that I am one of them—a scrapper because I was spanked into life by our family physician. They say I'll never get over it. How about you? Were you a spanked or an unspanked baby?

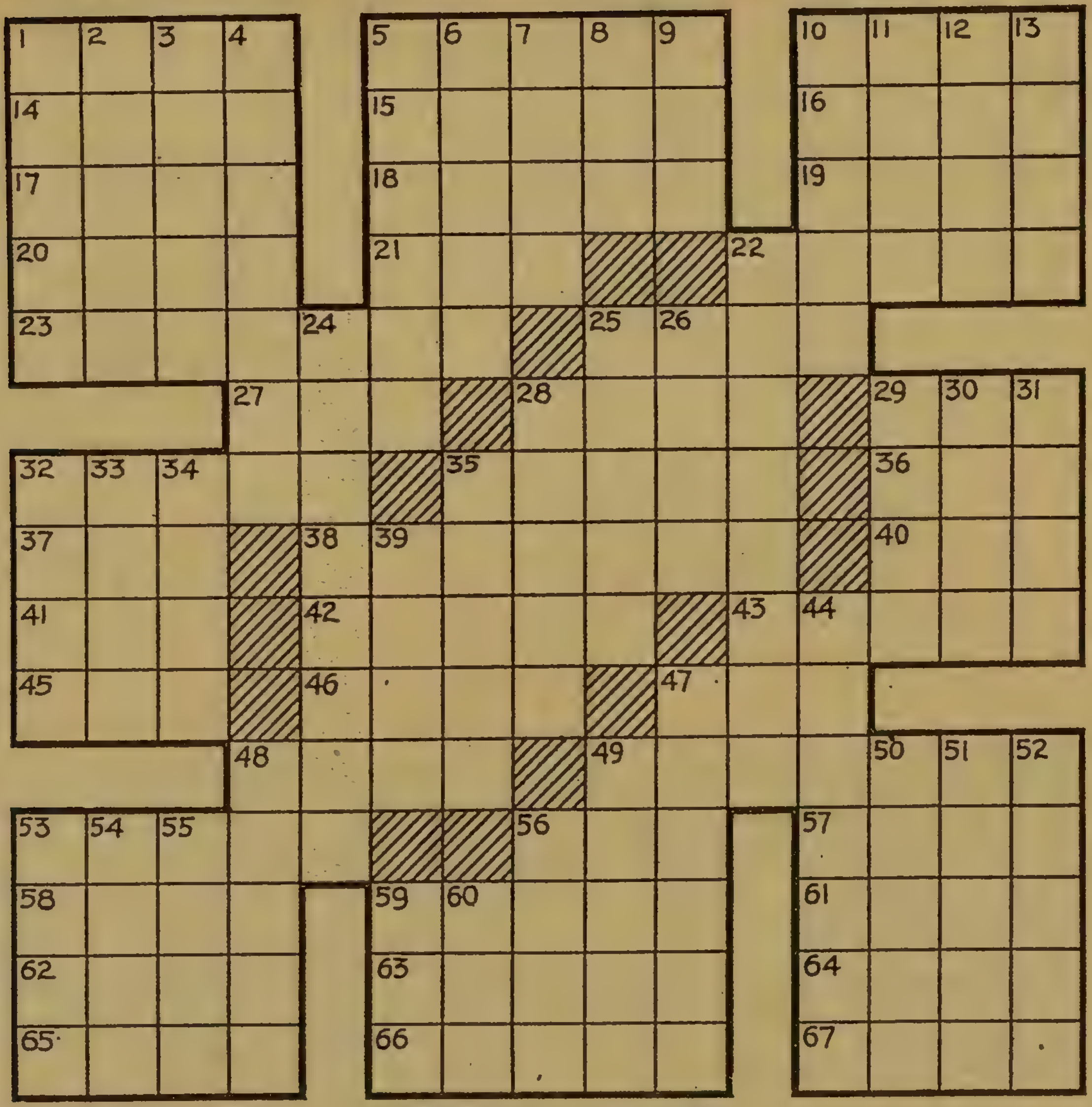
ETHEL COOK ELIOT'S novel, Her Soul to Keep, is the best American story I have read this month. (Published by the Macmillan Company.)

THIS week I offer you a recipe of my own invention. Pears baked in honey and spice *(that's what little girls are made of)!*

Peel 6 large pears, cut in half lengthwise; take out the cores. Stick 2 cloves in each half. Over the pears pour 3 tablespoons honey and ½ cup water. Bake 1 hour in *very* slow oven, basting frequently. Transfer carefully to another dish. Remove cloves, let cool for 15 minutes. Now mix the sirup from the baked pears with 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons good Madeira wine.

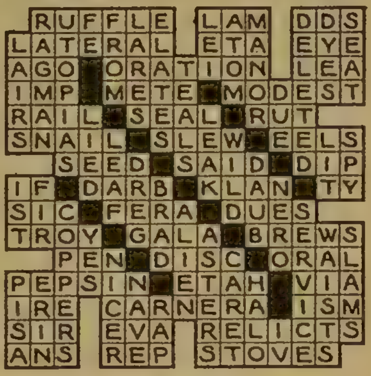
Pour this over the pears, sprinkle with ground nuts (almond and pecan), and serve cold with rich cream.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To put forth
5 Pertaining to a mass
10 Deity in Hindu mythology
14 To load
15 Ascend
16 Part of a Japanese costume (plural)
17 A Roman road or highway
18 To endeavor to persuade
19 Character of an old Teutonic alphabet
20 Rip
21 Let out or cause to flow by piercing
22 Matched
23 Made an effort to perform
25 A city in Lincoln County, Missouri
27 Vulgar fellow
28 Labor that oppresses the body or mind
29 Feminine personal name
32 Tardier
35 Declaim
36 Piece forming the upper part of an apron
37 Eggs
38 Formulates by thought
40 Cardinal number
41 Something prized for great beauty
42 Alter so as to fit a new use
43 Doctrine
45 Sooner than
46 Wind between a stiff breeze and hurricane
47 By



Answer to last week's puzzle

48 Borders
49 Brings to an inferior state in rank
53 Loses freshness, color, or brightness
56 Billow
57 Breathe quickly or laboriously
58 To own or acknowledge frankly
59 Fusible substance
61 Rise and fall of the waters of the sea
62 Rouse the passion of resentment in
63 Decree of a former Turkish sultan
64 Enough
65 River in Germany
66 Met defiantly; challenged
67 Moisture condensed upon the surfaces of cool bodies (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 The choice or select part
2 Companions
3 Notions
4 Platform of earth
5 Snarled
6 Mountain nymph
7 Lacking firmness or strength
8 Snake
9 Immerse, as flax, hemp, or timber
10 Fish of the eel kind
11 To reach or touch with an end
12 Baseball team
13 Employed
22 Meddled with unwarrantably
24 Amounts measured in yards
25 To brown
26 Prescribed form of religious service
28 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
29 Black
30 Trailing or creeping plant
31 Instigate
32 Box, as in a theater
33 Declare
34 Domesticate
35 Ellipses
39 Kind of cheese
44 Became active, as a geyser
47 Rang
48 Chopper
49 Author of Peg Woffington
50 British novelist
51 Invest
52 Boils
53 A game at cards
54 Greedy
55 Charity gift
56 Asterisk
59 Surrounded by
60 Period

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

If you feel low—

✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ pale

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upraod today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

SSS TONIC

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

She Made Her Bed

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

LOVELY Frieda Leslie is in Honolulu concluding a world trip with her mother and a cruise romance with wealthy Kirk Bailey when she meets Ned Pierson. He is a renowned San Francisco architect, father of saucy twenty-year-old divorcee Doris, who is accompanying him, and a son Artie, a freshman at Stanford. His wife is dead.

Love, on Frieda's part, grows out of sympathy and admiration for Ned when he tells her his heartbreaks and hopes; his troubles with flighty Doris; his hopes in Artie; and his supreme ambition to design the majestic Sylvia Center, a lofty building—memorial to his wife—to be built in San Francisco by his father-in-law. But it takes jealousy caused by Kirk's attention to shock Ned into canceling his Honolulu plans and accompanying her back to the States.

Artie meets them at the dock and coolly announces his suspension from the university. The shock of this blasted hope is almost too much for Ned and in his suffering he turns to Frieda. They are married in Ned's pretentious home, Kirk meekly attending and acting as ring bearer. While honeymooning at their Lake Tahoe cabin Ned, inspired by his love for Frieda, plans his greatest work—Sylvia Center.

On returning to San Francisco Frieda determines to straighten out Ned's family worries and shoulder as much responsibility as possible. She discovers that selfish Doris is involved in an affair with a gigolo named Hippy, and is causing considerable heartbreak to Joe Wirth, a sensible lad madly in love with her.

Then, from Doris, Frieda learns that Artie owes a heavy gambling debt to poolroom sharks who threaten to tell Ned if he doesn't pay. Doris suggests blackmail on a mild scale as a means of teaching her brother a lesson and forcing him to re-enter college. Frieda, forgetting her faithful promise never to conceal anything from Ned, advances Artie the necessary funds but makes him promise, in writing, on threat of exposure to Ned, that he will mend his ways.

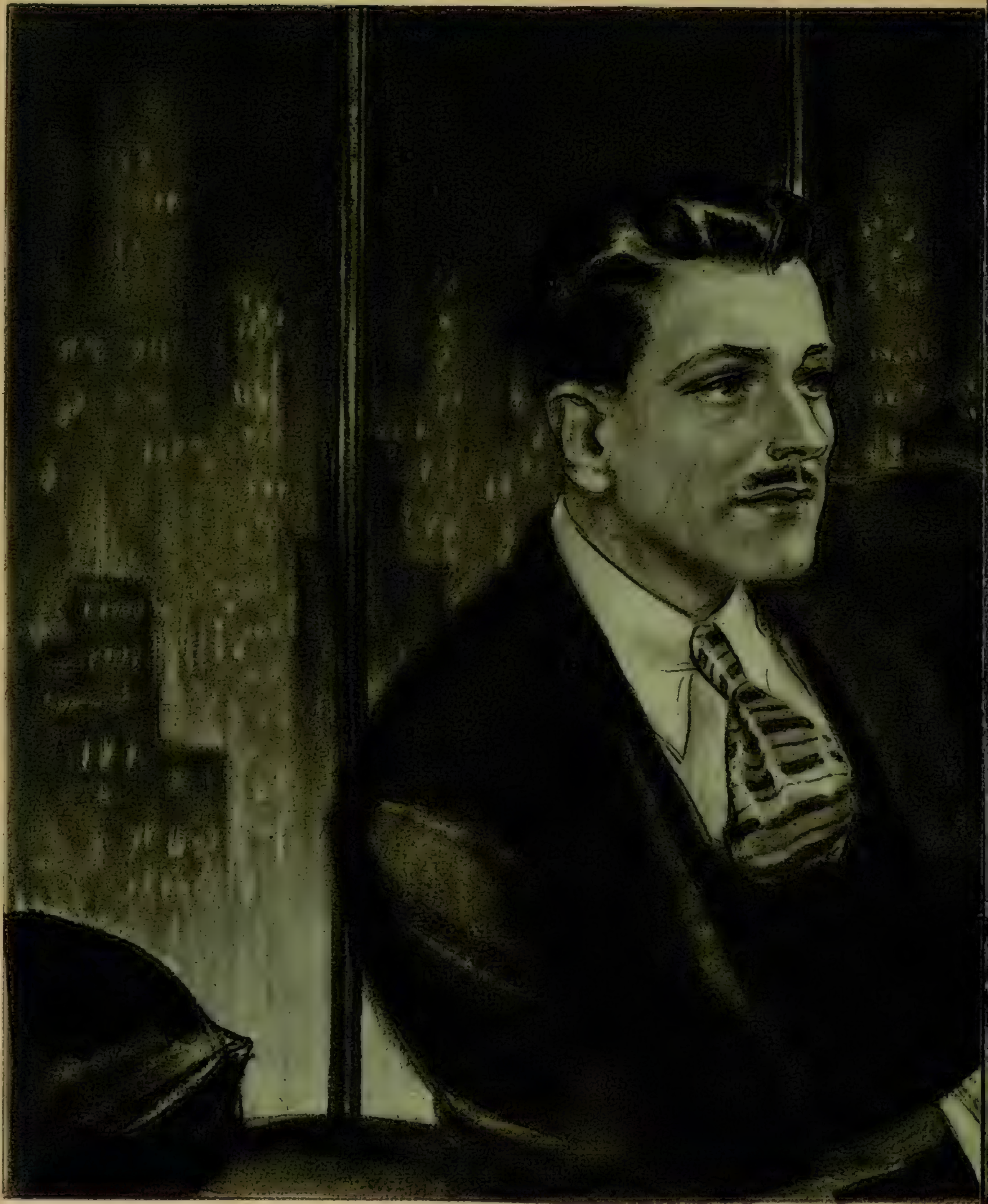
PART THREE—GATHERING CLOUDS

IT was too exciting, when Ned got home that night, for Frieda to remember much of the mean little drama that had pulled her nerves tight as fiddle strings. He came in, a slightly different Ned; he seemed to be brushing away the work, still before his eyes, like cobwebs. He shoved aside another self and was all hers again.

"The first time home, dear," he said, and his kiss wasn't like any he had given her before.

"It's wonderful, darling." Then, seeing the dream in his eyes, "How's Sylvia?"

"All in a sort of enthusiastic huddle." He laughed



Her hand still in his, Frieda felt suddenl largely. "Business men in a huddle—not sure whether they'll go round the end or kick a field goal. The insurance people, it seems, are only putting up half the money. They've hauled in a dozen philanthropists—isn't it wonderful that there are some left? And they're borrowing a couple of million from the PWA. Does that inspire you?"

"Yes," she said softly. "Because you're going to build Sylvia."

"Little Detroit, you bet I am!" He put his hand under her chin and drank the love from her eyes. Then she looped her arm through his and led him into the living room.

"Matsu," she called gayly to the Japanese butler, "bring the cocktails."

"Who's running this ship?" cried Ned jubilantly.

"I'll run it better pretty soon. Ned, I've been bossing the dinner."

"Honest?"

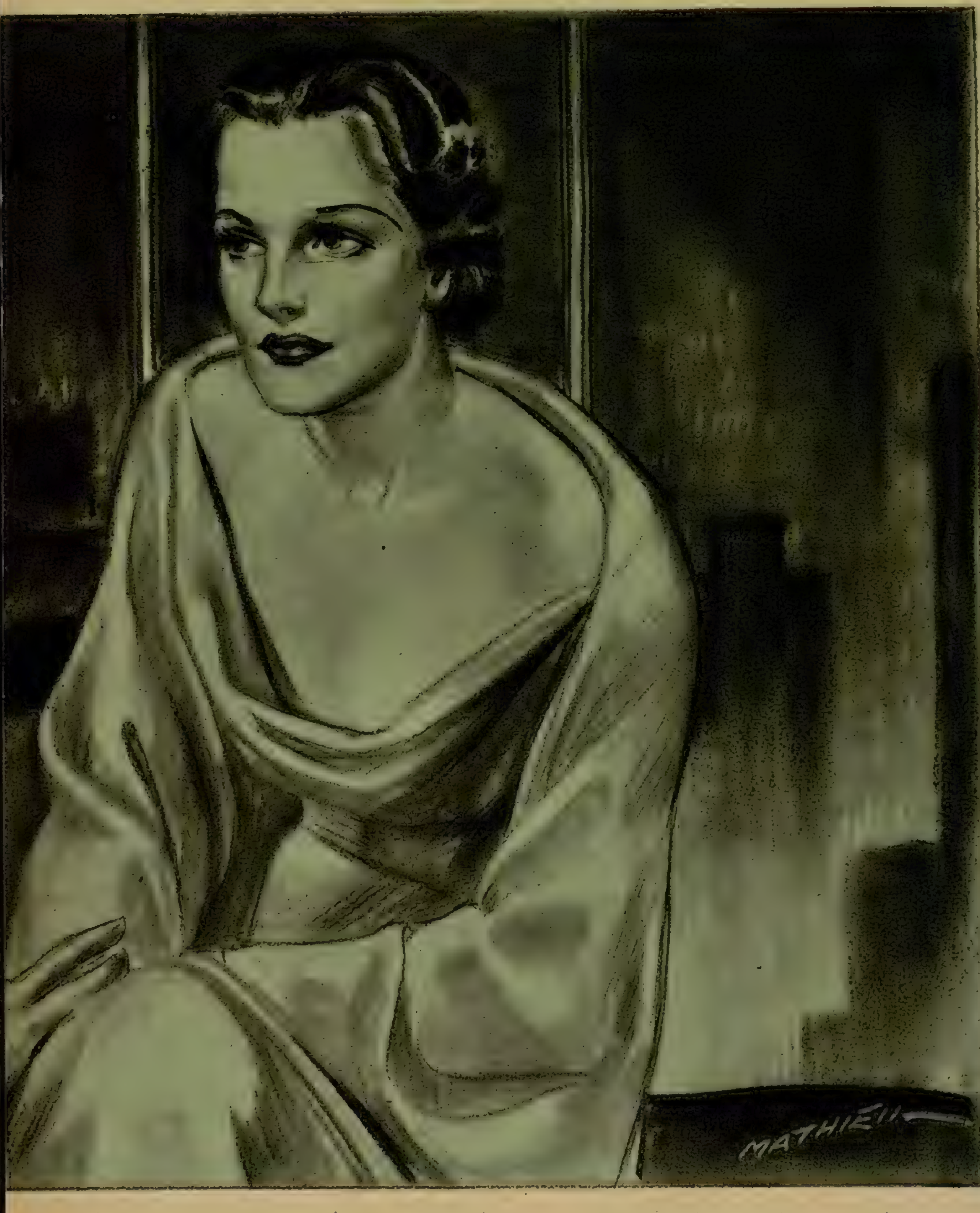
"Don't look scared. And guess what! Doris is bringing Joe in for a drink."

"Freed, stand there, will you, till I get my magnifying glass?" He made a circle of his thumb and forefinger, pretended to examine her neck. "Yes, there's one!"

Love Charts the Course on a Troubled Sea in the Searching Story of a 1935 Marriage

by WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU



alone with the secret she must hold from him.

"One what, you fool?"

"A mole. There's another one, as I remember it, near the small of your back."

"Brides don't blush any more," she laughed. "But what does that mean?"

"They say, you know, that witches are covered with moles. And what sort of spell have you been putting on my angel daughter?"

"She only phoned and said she was bringing Joe," said Frieda, wide-eyed, innocent.

"I hope she isn't going to have measles," said Ned, and bounded upstairs to tidy himself for the welcome-home cocktail.

He was scarcely down again when Doris came breezing in with Joe. He was carrying a baby-blue flower box, but this time he handed it to Frieda. "They're a little late for the wedding, I guess," he said deprecatingly.

"Pop, register jealous rage," commanded Doris, fondling Ned. "You rob the cradle, then along comes my lover to poison her mind with gardenias."

"Keep your mind on your own work, brat," said Ned, pinching her nose. They tussled.

It was gorgeous watching the Pierson family in action. Especially when Artie came in, following the cocktails.

"That's right, boy," urged Ned; "keep trailing 'em. You know, Freed, he can smell a drink by radio. Stick to the air, kid. It's better for you."

"Me?" asked Artie, injured. "I'm on the wagon.

From now on. And that's all the thanks I get from my darned family."

"You on the wagon?" Ned's mouth was open.

"Yes, I said I was, old-timer."

"Well, fresh egg, if I believed it I'd fall dead." Just the same, there was a hope in Ned's eyes.

"I'm off that stuff. Off for life."

"What's the matter, son? Sick?" Doris snickered at the crack. Joe echoed the snicker. Frieda alone was uneasy.

"Oh," boasted Artie, "I feel great. I want to keep that way. Got a lot of work ahead if I'm going to make the grade."

"The third grade," giggled Doris, "if he can pass the intelligence test."

"Lay off your brother, hornet," warned Ned.

"Says you!" trilled Doris. "Who started it?"

"That's all right, Artie!" The look of happiness in Ned's face was worth all the money and the conscience prick it had cost his wife. "When you're in for a struggle, the thing to do is train for it. I think I've dug up a grand tutor for you. Old Gus Fultz. Used to be in our office. He's a terrible draftsman but a shark on math."

"That's fine." Artie nibbled a cracker dryly. "I've been thinking about a tutor."

"Give me his drink quick, before he changes his mind," demanded Doris, reaching.

In the brief time when they had had the world to themselves, up there in the Tahoe cabin, they had been as close together as a man and woman can ever be. They had seemed to breathe with the same breath, lying there in the dark. And he had told her that they wouldn't hide things from each other. "No," she had said; "I'll always talk it out with you, Ned; and there'll never be anything to hide."

Yet here she was, her first night as mistress of his house, and already hiding a foolish thing which she couldn't tell him if there was to be peace in his troubled family. He must be allowed to go on with his work, not nagged and worried. That was her job. Doris must be married off again, Artie sent back to college.

Up in Tahoe she had dreamed of her first dinner with Ned at their own table. She would be alone with him, getting used to the house, learning about it through his wisdom and his laughter.

But tonight they weren't alone. Artie, a newly remodeled boy, decided to stay home. He'd been barging around too much, he said, and he thought he'd look over his math, so that he wouldn't be too wet when the tutor came. That was as it should be, she thought as the three of them sat down at the long teakwood table in the handsome yellow dining room. She watched Ned carefully while he listened to his son's smooth outline of a studious future. His look was keen, pleasant, and a little disturbing.

BUT she was soft and purry again when he complimented her on the dishes she had planned and helped old Shimba cook. There were fresh tomatoes in the soup, and with the squabs a good salad in a wooden bowl, the way her mother had taught her to make it. Just a glass of cold sauterne, and for dessert crepes Suzette.

"The first time I met her," said Ned to Artie, "she told me she didn't know anything. Frieda, you've been hiding your talent under a saucepan."

"Oh, I haven't begun to fight yet." She laughed, and the look he gave her was all the reward she wanted.

"I'm off the restaurants from now on," said Artie through a mouthful of crepe Suzette.

She sensed a renewed companionship between Ned and his son. She was beginning to pull them together, as she promised herself that day under the customs shed. But her husband's sudden look turned on Artie jarred the illusion.

"You're really going to study?" Ned's tone was crisp.

"Sure I am, dad." Eyes wide and honest.

"Well, what's changed your mind, son?"

"I got to thinking it over"—Artie floundered a little—"got to thinking it over." An appealing look at Frieda out of eyes like Ned's, only rounder and bluer. "Frieda got after me with a hot prong." He went on eating, fevered, embarrassed.

"Oh, that's it!" Ned laughed, laid down his fork. His laugh was constrained, seemed to jumble everything into a mass of bad angles. "Well, I hope she keeps after you, boy. But mathematics is one of the things you can't get anybody to do for you—"

"He's going to work; aren't you, Artie?" Frieda felt the air was tightening again.

"Yes, madam." Artie saluted, giving his father an embarrassed sidelong look.

Peace was restored, but a guarded peace. After coffee Artie stirred, bobbed his college fuzz clumsily, and said he'd better get upstairs and start plugging.

"That's the idea," said his father, rather coolly, as they shook hands.

Impulsively Frieda rose and kissed the boy good night. Poor kid, he'd made enough trouble for himself and for her and everybody.

SHE and Ned went up to the tower room and sat a while, silently smoking. The lamps were dim, and through the windows they could see searchlights sweeping a gauzy fog stream. Out of the whiteness below steamer whistles sounded, the voice of sea monsters, enormous and pathetically alone; in here was security, Ned's love gathered around her, so warm and sensitive that it seemed to read her heart. But there was a new quiet in him—the quiet of creation, striking form and color into stone. Sylvia was coming to life—and those business men in a huddle, holding Ned back with their talk of pools and loans and mortgages.

Her hand still in his, Frieda felt suddenly alone with the secret she must hold from him. She could feel the gaze of the sepia woman looking down from the wall, smiling on their love. Did she have things she couldn't tell Ned? In her frail short life had she buried conscience, like dry bones that rattle even when they're underground?

Frieda lay with her head on her husband's breast and heard him say, "It's a miracle, what you've done today, my darling."

"I don't like you to be worried," she said, snuggling closer and hoping he wouldn't mention Artie. "Doris just needs talking to. She's only buzzing with that funny Spaniard—what's his name? Hippy. She laughs at him. She'll marry Joe, I think."

"Leave that to you." His arm around her waist squeezed her a little tighter. "But what I don't get is Artie. What did you do to change his character in half an hour?"

Her heart turned over, lay against her ribs, chill and hard. Now was her chance to tell him. No, that would be insane.

"You must have put a voodoo on him."

"Just talked to him," she answered slowly. What could she say? "I don't think he's such a bad boy."

"Maybe not." Ned's voice had grown low, almost harsh. "But he's got to have a hard knock before he realizes what it's all about." A silence. "Frieda, there aren't any secrets between us. We said that, didn't we, dear?"

"Yes, dear"—faintly.

"This isn't so easy to say. It isn't only Artie's being bounced from college. That happens to a lot of kids. But when I got back I found that he's been gambling in the poolrooms. He's in debt for quite a lot of money. They're trying to collect from me."

"Oh!"

"I'm not going to pay it, and I'm not going to let Artie borrow the money if I can help it."

"Why?" This burst from her crazily.

"Something like this has happened twice before. I've paid, or I've let him borrow, then paid afterward. This time I want that debt to float."

She felt her body stiffen in his arms. "Ned, you wouldn't do a thing like that! It would ruin him. Why, if they sent him to jail—"

"They won't send him to jail." Even in the half darkness she could feel his head shaking. "I can keep it out of the courts and out of the papers. I won't let him go to jail, but I'll make him think he will."

"That won't work."

"Yes, it will. Don't be too soft-hearted with him, Frieda. Next you know, he'll be trying to borrow it from you."

"I—"

"You what?" Tenderly out of the dark.

"I don't think so."

"And it would be the worst service anybody could do him, right now, to help him out."

They were silent for a long time. The searchlight of Fort Mason, a ghostly sword, cut the mist.

Finally they arose, as by mutual consent, and went down to their bedrooms.

Yes, this was different from the first night she had expected in Ned's home.

At a long mirror in her dressing room, adjoining the Spanish bath, she sat half undressed, combing her hair. In the reflection she could see Ned swinging into the coat of his blue-silk pajamas. The sight of him stirred her pride of possession. Their house, their rooms, he and she locked away together—just themselves.

Yet there were other selves seeping through the walls—selves he had created in another life. Now they seemed to be weaving a thin barrier between them, frail as a spider's web. His children, an integral part of their love, had begun their work upon her. Already she had done, behind Ned's back, the very thing he would have wished her not to do.

"Ned!" she called softly.

"What is it, honey?" He came into her dressing room.

"Nothing," she said, and put her arms around his neck.

NED'S young wife was pragmatist enough to believe that a bad idea is a good one if it works for good. As San Francisco's breezy spring wore into windy July, she began to take pride in what she had accomplished. She was making some order out of the jumble she had found in Ned's house. But secrets breed. She felt that Ned, the turbulent Irish half of him always frothing under the level English half, was withholding much that he might have told her.

She had only visited his office twice—quiet, high, rather old-fashioned rooms, elegant with faded golden walls and the mahogany and brass of Empire pieces. It was like entering a private house, but another house than hers. He hadn't seemed quite at ease with her there, although on her second visit he had taken her through his little modest office and into the large bright workroom beyond. There was the bushy-haired Blake, his assistant, and busy young men looking up from their drawing boards with admiring envy.

"Harry, show Mrs. Pierson those preliminary drawings, will you?" Ned's sober office voice. Blake unwrapped a three-foot square and held up the water color. Sylvia's tower was white and violet under the sky; her marble skirts flowed down around a garden; she seemed to be carrying

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"He's no worm. Joe has plenty of backbone. And it's going to be a long time before you have another chance at him—"

flowers in her apron. Sylvia was a little goddess in the picture—little and delicate. Frieda had opened her mouth to say so, when Ned's commanding finger went like a pencil down the building's flank.

"It's all wrong," he said tersely. "Have Nordi come around and see me."

Something, she knew, had gone amiss. The business men who were backing the building had disagreed. Ned hadn't signed any contract yet, and he was experimenting, losing patience. That much she had pried out of his reticence. She wouldn't question him any more; she hated nosy wives. He'd tell her, she knew, when the time came. And still it was beautiful to see him every night, to feel that his arms still needed her and that nothing could be very wrong when they had so much.

SHE was justified, she felt, in what she had done for Artie. He wasn't bothering Ned any more. He had buckled down. Like the wild Pierson that he was, he had to make a night of it now and then. Frieda, a light sleeper, always heard him when he came in, and laughed at his efforts to get upstairs without making a noise; but he never missed breakfast, and his fresh-shaven smiles were brighter than the foggy morning, even if his eyes were not. His sly glances at Frieda were those of a wicked puppy wondering if he had been caught in the act. His bluffs at being interested in mathematics and mechanical drawing always started one of the good-humored shindies peculiar to the Piersons at peace.

Ned would bawl out, after two or three attempts to tell him, "What do you and that withered German do all day? Smoke opium?"

"You might take a couple of lessons from him yourself—it wouldn't hurt you." Artie would stand up to him.

"Is *that* so? You'd better drop math, kid, and take up the Book of Etiquette."

"Stalling, pop?" Artie would jeer.

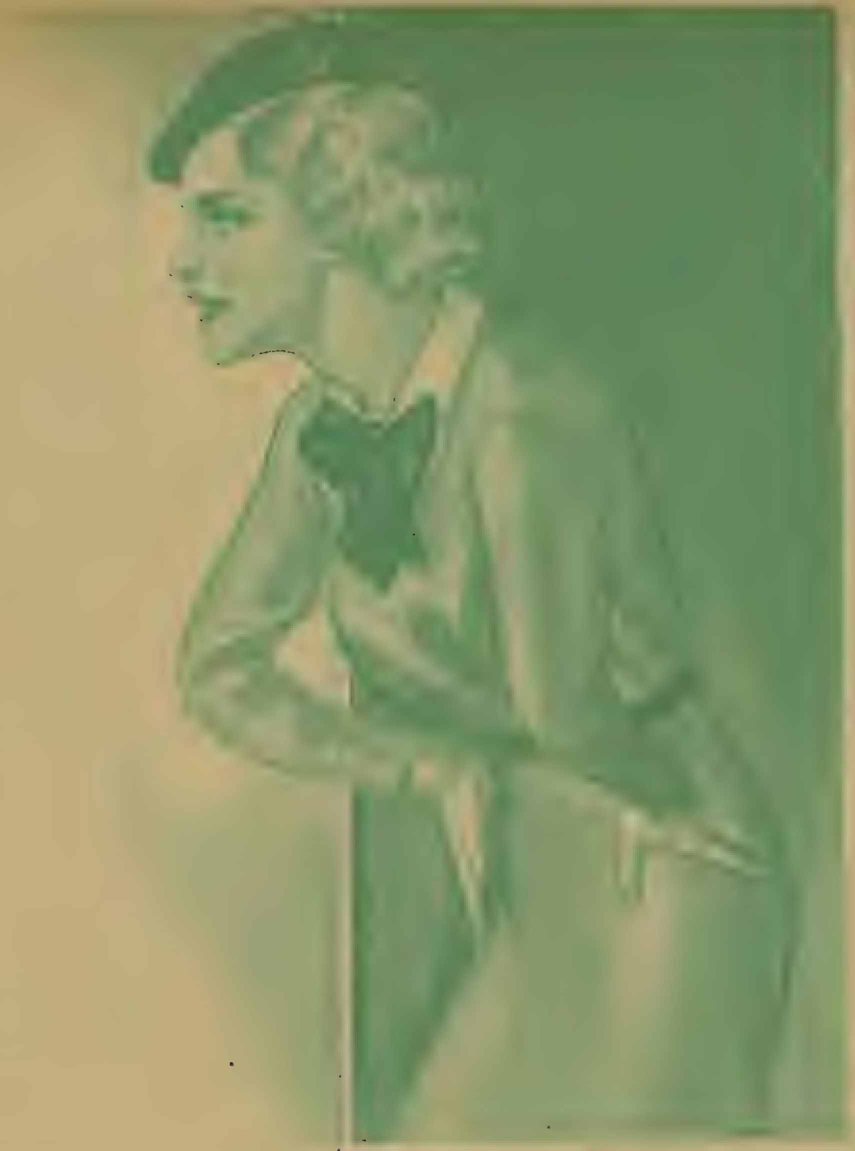
"Who said I was stalling?"—belligerently but with a spark in the corner of his eye.

"The old Heinie can put it all over you, I bet. That's the kind of opium he smokes!"

"Oh, wipe the egg off your sweater and go study Confucius. That's what made your daddy what he is today—Confucius."

Morning after morning they'd go on like that, up to the point when Frieda was afraid they'd really bite in earnest. Always ending with mutual slaps on the back. When Ned passed her, going for his hat, he'd pinch her and whisper, "It's good for the brat. And he's really learning something."

These little dangerous comedies brightened her mornings, even if they stirred Frieda's conscience. Sometimes she had a feeling of being one of three, all against Ned. She was going to tell him about Artie and the money, but not till Artie was safely back in college. Her way of reminding Artie



"So you've fixed that for me! But he'll be back. You and dad'll fix that too. Anything to auction me out of the house."

of his contract was brief and soft.

"Slipping, big boy?" she would ask pleasantly.

"Aw, Frieda!" A loose-jointed arm would flop over her shoulder, little-brother fashion. "Don't be a jailer, woman. I'm pluggin', ain't I? Dad knows it all right. And if you don't believe me, ask Papa Fultz. That old crab thinks I'm Einstein."

She didn't consider Artie's slipping very serious. Usually he was around the house in iron-gray slacks and a dirty dilapidated sweater. He broke in new pipes, studied, slept, read detective fiction, played solitary pool. Old Mr. Fultz, with the domy brow and punctilious ego of the German pundit, reported favorably if cautiously. "We from one side of the family do not inherit," he would say in his queer reverse English. "From the father we brilliance inherit; but perhaps from the mother no power of concentration we get. That is from the scientific Mendel a theory. Yet the boy is trying earnestly, and that half of the battle should be."

Doris, on the other hand, was far less secretive about her relapses. Frieda had no string on Doris as on Artie; nothing but the power of moral suasion stood between the girl and the many kinds of trouble she could make for Ned. Doris didn't take to moral suasion. Nor did Frieda. It's dull business being anybody's influence for good.

Doris, true daughter of a Pierson, was never dull. She was always fun to have around. Many of the long days, waiting for Ned to bring life again to the big house, would have been tedious but for Doris. Vain, self-indulgent, animated little thing, she was always popping in with wonderful ideas that never amounted to much. "There's a sale at Echermann's," she'd call out, like one announcing the capture of a sea serpent, "and they're simply crucifying prices. Come on!"

IT was a lark, shopping with Doris; or something like an expensive practical joke. Somehow she never found what she wanted at the bargain counter. But she knew all the salespeople, and told them why in a way that created titters on both sides of the counter. Inevitably she would end her tour in some upstairs department devoted to imported models. "Edmund Pierson's account," she would throw out with a royal gesture, having done very well by herself in the way of a hat she didn't need or a gown she might not like after she'd worn it once.

"Don't you buy anything but buttons?" she asked Frieda once, after a reckless plunge in black velvet. "Why the sackcloth and ashes? Didn't you marry a Pierson? Remember the Four Bs, angel: Buy before the bank busts."

Poignantly now Frieda knew that Ned was worrying about money. Last night she had pulled that information out of him, a dark thread raveled from his guarded brightness. Borrowing from the PWA had tangled Sylvia

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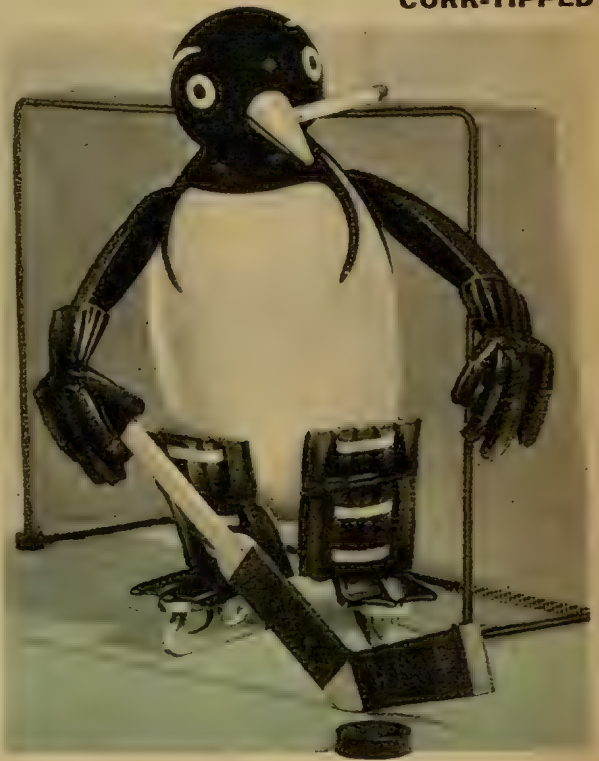

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Center in local politics. Local politicians didn't like Ned Pierson, and for purposes of their own had their favorite architects. So they had decided at the eleventh hour that there should be an open competition.

"You know what that means!" blazed Ned, telling her about it. "One of their hired coop builders will get it and give 'em what they want—something like a fancy wedding cake. Have I got to compete with a mess of night-school graduates?" Then, with a new fevered confidence, "That's what I'm going to do. They may be blind and drunk when they give out that award. But they can't take Sylvia Center away from me. Because it's mine!"

Ned's mood, his disappointment, the competitive spirit aroused in him disturbed Frieda with a sense of her own uselessness. She felt her youth and her ignorance. He was sweet and comforting when they were together, but the ghost of failure always stood behind him. In these days, when so many architects starved, what would happen to Ned publicly beaten by a second-rater? Doris, fingering black velvet in a dress shop, took the news with a wrinkling of her funny nose. Pop was always a wiz at competitions, she said. Then, clicking her bracelets toward the saleswoman who held the black velvet tenderly like a royal infant, "I'll take it. Edmund Pierson's account, please."

What would Ned do about Doris, irritated and worried as he was? With all his tact and gentleness to Frieda, he didn't handle Doris with silk gloves. And silk was what she needed, although she often strained it to the ripping point. She had to be managed, if she and Frieda were to remain friends, and that was important. The young wife sometimes wondered what would happen if she stood up to Doris and fought it to a finish. The girl's tempers were black and sudden. Frieda had seen them once or twice.

This turbulent stepdaughter—so ridiculously near Frieda's own age—was fun, and she was a worry. Ned was a worry, too, even when she seemed so close to him during their long evenings up in the tower room. He was comic with imaginative descriptions of the sort of buildings the politicians wanted; there was bravery in his merriment, and an ache. The pale delicate features of the woman in sepia looked down from the wall. Frieda couldn't ask Ned to take the picture away. Sometimes, with a sharp pang, she wondered if his first wife had really helped him when he needed to be helped. . . .

During her first two months of probation Doris was with Joe Wirth a great deal; their engagement seemed to be forever hanging fire. Joe had got himself transferred temporarily to the San Francisco office, just to be near Doris, Frieda knew. If Frieda's wishes could have done anything, Doris would have married him and taken the major burden off Ned's shoulders. Joe's emotional blush-ridden face was a record of Doris's behavior. Now he would be beaming, bringing flowers, planning theater parties. Again he would sit dumbly—Joe hadn't much small talk at best—while Doris's wit played around him like a juggler's knife. She was careless about her dates; she'd come home from somewhere an hour or so late, and be extremely wide-eyed and astonished to find him there.

FRIEDA tried putting in a word for Joe: "Maybe you'll kick him around once too often and stub your toe."

"So what?" asked Doris, snooping up her small nose. "Are you telling me? After the bee you put on poor Kirk? Lay off my love life, angel."

Then she whisked away to change her dress for something more important, apparently, than Joe Wirth. Frieda wondered about Hippy. He never came to the house any more.

One day at lunchtime—this was toward the last of Doris's quieter period—Joe sat in the drawing room so long that Frieda finally asked him to lunch with her.

"I'm sorry, Joe," she said at last, slipping her hand over his.

"Frieda," he blurted, and tears were in his round blue eyes, "you're on my side, aren't you?"

"Yes, Joe." She patted his knuckles.

"Do you think I ought to go on this way?"

She loved him for the very transparency of his heart, but it was hard to answer.

"She's wild as a hawk now," admitted Frieda; "but I think she'll settle down."

"She tried it before. She didn't settle down."

"That doesn't mean anything, really. She was such a kid—and he was terrible."

"Some girls like 'em terrible," said Joe, looking down at his plate. Then, in a rage quite out of character, he banged down his fist. "I won't stand any more of it! I won't hold the bag for her petting parties with him."

This was shocking but it brought light.

"You mean—you mean Hippy?"

"Sure I mean Hippy." Joe was looking straight at her with hurt straightforward eyes. "Wherever we start, she always ends up at that place—what you call it?—Abalone Palace. Hoofing it around with Hippy. Me holding the bag!"

HIS pink cheeks were purplish with shame and anger.

"How long has she been doing this?" asked Frieda.

"Couple of weeks—I don't know. I'm through."

"You ought to be," she said quietly, and wished for an older woman's judgment. "Yes, Joe; you'd better go back. Love's a funny thing. You can't make it in another person if it's not there—"

"I'll never get over her."

Frieda looked at him for a long time before she said: "Maybe you won't have to, Joe. She doesn't know what she wants, she's so spoiled. And you've helped spoil her. Get out now—that's a good idea. Show her you have some guts. I'm not sure you'll be happy, even if you marry her."

"Yes, I will."

"You're a grand boy, Joe, and you've got a mind of your own. Only you've gone haywire about Doris. I think she likes you better, right now, than anybody else. She ought to, Joe. You're head and shoulders above the others she's been playing round with. Remember that. Get over that inferiority complex. Go home, and I'll do everything I can for you."

He jumped up, overturning his chair.

"God bless you, Frieda! And I'll come back—if it isn't too awful—I'll come back."

He was gone, slamming his way out of the house.

It was nearly dinnertime when Doris came in, vivid in a suit of lettuce green and a pancake hat over one eye. She had chosen a casual manner to cover her excitement.

"I guess Joe'll simply flay me," she drawled. "I forgot to tell him I had to have my hair washed. Did he show up?"

"Yes, he showed up," said Frieda calmly, "to say good-by. He's gone back to Los Angeles."

"Los Angeles?" Doris brought down the corners of her mouth—a bad sign. "What struck him?"

"I told him to."

"You?" The corners came farther down, the long eyes narrowed. "What in hell's the big idea?"

"I'll tell you, Doris." Frieda's own temper was stirring. She hoped she wouldn't say too much; but she did. "What are you holding on to that boy for? Just to burn him alive? He came to me today and told me he wouldn't stand any more."

"So the little worm turned," said Doris with a fighting smile.

"He's no worm. Joe has plenty of backbone. And it's going to be a long time before you have another chance at him—"

"Thanks a lot. So you've fixed that for me! But he'll be back, don't worry. You and dad'll fix that too. Anything to auction me out of the house."

Doris's fury was passing; she was beginning to cry. Frieda too was regretting her own lack of control; but Doris shook her off when she tried to put an arm over her shoulder.

"It's going to be dreadful for your father," Frieda said, "if you start that thing with Hippy again."

"Would you be so extremely obliging as to mind your own damn business?" asked Doris, whirling out of the room.

Bang went an upstairs door, like the report of a shotgun. And this began the real break between them. . . .

That night Frieda and Ned dined alone. For the first time she had a bleak feeling of wanting company—a big dinner, lots of chatter, a mess of people dancing, saying nothing delightfully. Ned was cheerful, oddly unconscious of the drama passing under his nose.

Artie, an hour ago, had appeared in his evening clothes, mumbled something about his fraternity, and disappeared. Another one of his nights.

Gayly Ned talked about Leonard Holt, one of his competitors for the new building. "Just draw on your imagination," he laughed, "and see an early California mission twelve stories high. Something quaint and primitive, with Roxy ushers at the doors and a landing mast for dirigibles."

Ned smiled when he said it, and ate ravenously. But the deepening groove between his fine brows revealed him. Len Holt's drawings might have been comical, but they were dangerous.

"Did Doris go out with Joe?" he asked suddenly.

"She had a headache," said Frieda. "I sent Matsu up with her dinner."

"What's happened now?"—keenly.

"Nothing—Ned, I really don't know. I don't see how they can ever be happy, the way she treats him. If she can't get along with him, I don't think you ought to insist—"

"Insist?"

"Of course you don't insist, Ned. Not exactly that. You know and I know that she'd be better off married to Joe. He's so decent. But people don't get married for that, I suppose."

"No, dear. There has to be a lot more to it than just that." His slender square-fingered hand touched hers. "That's no plan for marriage. It wasn't our plan—we just did."

"Because we had to," she whispered. "Ned, don't scold Doris, or do anything about it."

"But why?"

"She's been tormenting Joe; she's driven him crazy. She's playing round with Hippy again."

"My God! With that comic strip?"

"She'll get it out of her system. Really she despises Hippy. But it's something she's got to get over. Give her a little time, Ned. You know about marriages that parents arrange."

"I can't understand it," he said thickly.

Her heart went out to him. He was too patient with his children, in spite of his blustering method.

"Joe cried," she said, "when he told me about it. He asked me what to do, and I told him to go back to Los Angeles."

"You did?" Ned's eyes were on her, searching, incredulous.

"What else was there to do?" she asked, making too much perhaps of his misunderstanding look. "He wasn't getting anywhere, being her doormat. If he leaves her alone for a while she'll have a lot more respect for him—that's what I think—"

"Well, Little Detroit, you're full of ideas today, aren't you?" It was the sort of gayety which with Ned often prefaced trouble.

"I've spilled the beans, you think?"

"How do I know?" He took up his fork, went on with his dinner.

She felt that her chair was moving under her a mile away from him.

It certainly looks like the beginning of the end for all of Frieda's plans. And if Ned loses faith in her now—But there's Kirk. He bobs up again in next week's installment and furnishes a surprise almost equally as interesting as those supplied by Artie and Doris.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

1—The science of dialing, or of constructing dials.

2—An agreement between two or more persons to defraud a person of his rights by the forms of law or to obtain an object forbidden by law.

3—The Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, 13:10.

4—2,979,562 tons.

5—Liberty is the state or fact of being a free person; freedom. License is excess of liberty; freedom abused.

6—It is generally conceded that he died from what is now known as typhoid fever.

7—18,213 officers and men.

8—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1758.

9—Conococheague.

10—French, German, and Italian, and dialects derived from them.

11—Iceland. The Althing first met in the ninth century.

12—Mrs. Francis Jane Van Alstyne, blind American hymn writer, 1820-1915.

13—Charles C. Pinckney, Federalist candidate in 1800, 1804, and 1808.

14—In the Bering Sea, near Nome, Alaska.

15—The daughter of a lighthouse keeper on one of the Farne Islands. On September 7, 1838, she rescued several people from the wreck of the S. S. Forfarshire.

16—During the winter of 1865-66 in Illinois. The first post was organized at Decatur, Illinois, April 6, 1866.

17—Delaware.

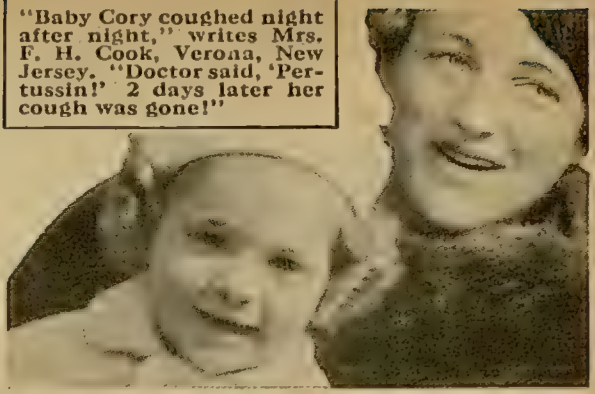
18—Margaret Anglin, born April 3, 1876.

19—Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

20—Of or pertaining to an uncia: hence a twelfth part.

ANSWER TO WHAT DO YOU SAY? PUZZLE ON PAGE 18

Patron: Ouch! You clumsy ox! You'll pay for this.
Barber: I'm very sorry, sir! My razor slipped.
Patron: Slipped nothing! It was plain carelessness.
Barber: No, sir. It was really absent-mindedness. You see, I used to be a butcher.



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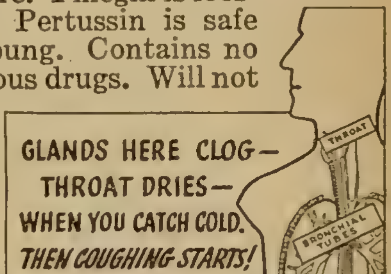

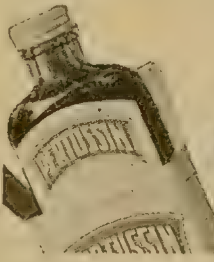

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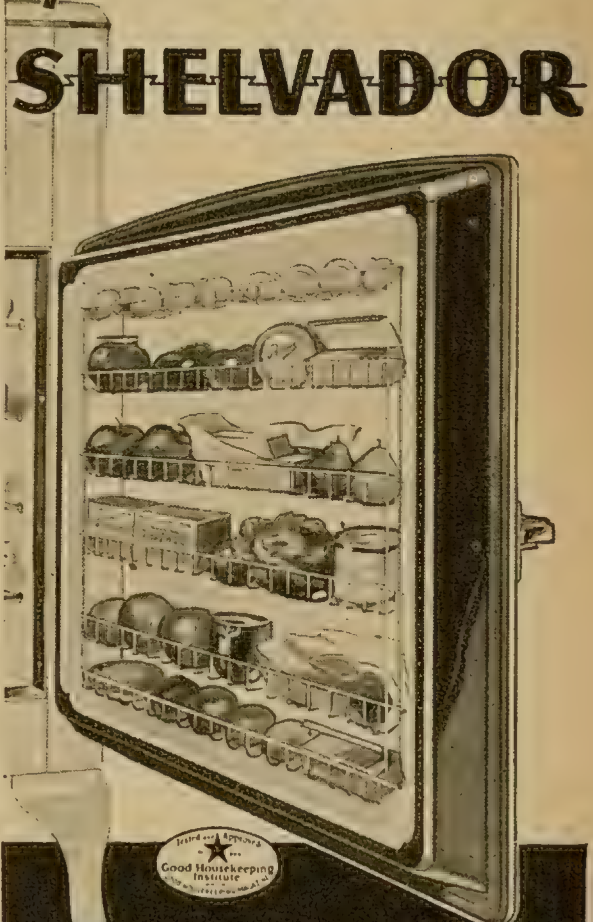

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FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

U. S. S. MERCY LIVES UP TO ITS NAME

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is a curious coincidence that the United States Steamship Mercy, which was transferred from the Ward Line to the navy during the war and served as a hospital ship, should again be given a chance to live up to its name.

Although long since banished to the pitiful ranks of the government's out-of-commission ships, this proud carrier again has proved its value in dispensing relief and comfort to the weary, the needy, and the wounded. However, in this instance the Mercy, instead of enacting a minor role, is playing a major part in a war far greater than that in which it first saw service.

Today the former hospital ship is waging, single-handed, along one sector of the nation's battle front against economic troubles, a successful fight for rehabilitation, and its major victories after one short year have succeeded in opening a new channel toward imminent victory.

Straining gently at its moorings at a deserted Philadelphia dock, the Mercy since March, 1934, has served as a permanent relief station, home, and hospital for hundreds of indigent American men. This unique experiment, successful in every degree, opens a new field for relief measures for other coastal cities and furnishes invaluable use for many of the government's idle ships.

In return for four hours of work each day aboard the Mercy, the unemployed men receive food, clothing, and a place to sleep. Some are given pay—from one to three dollars a week, according to the responsibility they carry.

With the exception of the compulsory four-hour work shift, there are no other living restrictions on board the Mercy. In this manner thousands of discouraged men have re-established themselves, found employment, and moved out to furnish room for their less fortunate fellow friends.

This humane economic project was launched through tireless efforts of the Mercy's captain, Commander Thomas Rudderow, who served in the navy for many years, and the able assistance of Paymaster Ernest Maisel, another navy man, and ex-Merchantman Skipper Smukler. It has decisively shown the Washington relief officials the vast possibilities and enormous savings to be realized in employing other idle government ships as relief stations at Boston, New York, Seattle, San Francisco, Norfolk, and other points.—*Frank H. Flagg.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. While $25 will be paid for letters of special value, it must be understood that all letters are submitted as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

MERMEN AND BUMPKIN BELLES

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—This Faye Morgan, whose Vox Pop letter in February 2 issue classes all sailors as peewees, forgets that the navy never was meant to please her or any other bumpkin belles. The navy is mainly for the defense of our country and the so-called peewees can handle that very efficiently.—*Windy Bilka, U. S. S. Mississippi.*

QUANTICO, VA.—Being a marine, I can't take off my hat to Uncle Sam's mermen, but I will take their side in answering Faye Morgan. Evidently she still thinks that brawn is more necessary than brains in any branch of the service. Of course the marines have both.—*K. F. F., U. S. M. C.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF. — I'm afraid Miss Morgan has seen too many motion-picture navies to appreciate the real one.—*A Six-Foot U. S. S. Saratoga Sailor.*

DIVORCE CURES

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in the February 9 issue, Reform Needed in Our Ancient Divorce Laws, was indeed a shocking surprise to me, as it must have been to numberless thousands of other Christians. Why Liberty would publish an article that tears at the very foundation of Christianity is beyond me.

Instead of advocating ways and means of breaking God's laws, why not try to instruct those parties contemplating matrimony on the seriousness and sacredness of the contract? A series of editorials along this line would soon lower the unhappy marriage rate considerably.—*Mrs. L. J. Du Planti.*

LIMA, OHIO—Reform Needed in Our Ancient Divorce Laws was a fine piece of work, but it lacked completeness in that it failed to mention the basic cause of most of our divorces—the absence of birth control. A thorough article on that subject would be very appropriate now.—*D. W. Livenspire.*

"ALL ANGELS ARE MEN"

PETERSBURG, VA.—S. E. Schofield in February 9 Vox Pop wrote: "An angel, symbolic of all that is good and pure, is shown as a woman."

In the history of art, angels are men—messengers of God. When a sublime cathedral in New York City was in its early stage of construction, figures of angels were placed around the cornice. Then along came an art iconoclast and said, "Down with the figures! They represent women, which is false to art." So down they came, and figures representing men were put in their places.—*Jane Davis.*

PRINCESS VS. DICTATOR

MOORHEAD, MINN. — Princess Radziwill's series, Hitler's Coming Doom, was particularly illuminating in the fact that she was able to peep accurately behind the scenes and give us authentic knowledge of the association of the individuals who have played and are playing leading roles in the great tragedy which is being enacted in Germany. —*James M. Witherow, Attorney at Law.*

TAOS, N. M.—In Part Two of Hitler's Coming Doom Princess Radziwill describes a meeting of Hitler, the former Chancellor von Papen, Thyssen, and Baron von Rothschild, and tells of von Rothschild advancing money to Hitler.

There has been no banker von Rothschild existing in Germany for several decades and the last owner of this banking house, Baron von Goldschmidt-Rothschild, a son-in-law of the last German Rothschild, retired from business more than thirty years ago.

So far as I can remember, the meeting between Hitler and von Papen was arranged by a banker in Cologne who has good connections with the industrialists of the Ruhr Valley.—*German Citizen.*

GARBO FILLS A CHASM

LANCASTER, PA.—What has Greta Garbo ever done to Beverly Hills to deserve such sarcasm? Is Beverly jealous of the salary she can demand?

Without the one and only Garbo on the screen, we movie patrons would be looking out over a great chasm which never could be filled.—*J. M. Burdell.*

PUZZLE ERROR

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—In your February 2 issue we came across F. Gregory Hartswick's Mixed Doubles Puzzle, and after spending the better part of an hour we thought we had arrived at a suitable solution.

But in comparing your answer with ours we discovered that you had not fulfilled the requirements set down in the problem. The rules stated that the matches were to be *mixed* doubles. Yet in your answer, on the third day, in the first court, you have two women (a and b) playing together. Wasn't there some error?—*Horace J. Hayden, Alden S. Blodget, Jr., John S. Mechem.*

[Right you are, fans. There was an error—a typographical one. The pairings for the third day should have read A and b versus E and d. And we sincerely hope this correction answers the similar queries of H. O. Edwards; San Jose, Calif.; S. S. Stevens, Miami, Fla.; William A. Sadowski, Baltimore, Md.; W. Russell Smith, Vancouver, B. C.; Norman P. Dichter, Alfred, N. Y.; H. P., Durant, Okla.; C. O. Curtig, Macon, Ga.; Helen Brown, Toronto, Ont.; J. P. H. and C. S. P., Palo Alto, Calif., and numerous others who called our attention to this mistake.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

DUCKING STOOLS FOR KNOCKERS

MCKEESPORT, PA.—What this world needs is more boosters and less knockers. I favor the return of the ducking stool to quiet the hypocrites and reformers.—*A. P. M. M.*

Pop

LESS INTELLIGENT GRADS

MEADVILLE, PA.—While it is true that seventy-three per cent of the persons whose names appear in Who's Who in America are college graduates, recent tests given to 27,000 college students indicate an astonishing lack of accumulation of knowledge by students while in college.

A college should be capable of educating its students—that is, equipping them with knowledge; yet no school or college presumes to have the ability to supply its students with intelligence.

Statistics seem to show that many college graduates do belong to the less intelligent class. And thousands of parents have the mistaken idea that a college education for their children will assure them fame and fortune.—*Frank M. Walling.*

GIVE HIM ANYTHING—BUT LOVE!

JOPLIN, MO.—Why, oh, why must a story contain sex and love and the preliminary skirmishes to love and engagement and marriage? Are there not other more important, more interesting phases of human life than the business of seeking and being sought as a mate?

Sex, love, engagement and marriage and their preliminaries, have little—in fact nothing—to do with progress, with science, with war, with real adventure, or with the business of earning a living. Yet authors seem to think it is *all* of life.

Must your heroes and heroines fall in and out of love with machine regularity? Must we continue to wade through the same basic girl-and-boy, man-and-woman routine in all fiction?

Are there no authors original enough, iconoclastic enough, daring or advanced enough to give us stories without sex?—*Edward F. Lambert.*

MONEY QUACKS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The wild programs of the Father Coughlins, Elmer Thomases, and other inflationists have a wonderful appeal to many millions of our people; but when closely analyzed they are nothing but sheer political buncombe.

The issuing of paper money by the billions as free money is nothing but rank confiscation of private property without the consent of the owners of such private property, and is unconstitutional.

The only way any government that believes in upholding the rights of private property can rightfully raise money is to borrow it from those who have either the money or the property on which such credits necessary to create the money can be borrowed.

The immense debt structure of this nation, both private and national, can never be corrected by the various panaceas proposed by our present-day money quacks, most of whom don't know the difference between real money, sound credit, and unsound credit.—*A. F. Gruber.*

SPANKED DRUMMER BOY NOT A DESERTER

DULUTH, MINN.—In Edward Doherty's Abraham Lincoln and a Frightened Girl (February 16 issue) a statement is made of a drummer boy who deserted and was merely spanked.

It is highly possible that there were several drummer boys ordered spanked for being A. W. O. L. during the Civil War, but it is more than likely that Mr. Doherty, in this instance, refers to my father, the late D. H. Winget, who proudly treasured the original order for his spanking, signed by Lincoln, for many years.

He was present in Lincoln's office at the time the mother mentioned in the story was pleading for the life of her young son, a sentry who had fallen asleep at his post, and heard the President tell her he would be spared.

My father was not a deserter. He was an overanxious adventurous boy trying to get into front-line action as soon as possible. President Lincoln did not call him a deserter, nor treat him as such, but provided him with the furlough he had been too thoughtless or hurried to ask for.—*Louise Cody Winget-McBride.*

WILL ROGERS'S HOME TOWN

BOSTON, MASS.—Up until your February 9 issue I've always swallowed your movie Vital Statistics practically whole and without condiments; but when I see you change the name of Will Rogers's justly proud home town from Claremore, Oklahoma, to Claremont—from now on I shall keep a salt shaker near at hand.—*Margaret Joplin.*

HIGHEST PRICES FOR OLD GOLD
RAY McGILL

SCIENTISTS IN THEOLOGY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Nikola Tesla's A Machine to End War, in February 9 Liberty, is just one of the many examples of the uncontrollable tendency of learned men to enter a field in which they are not considered authorities.

From the moment in which the genius of Edison became obvious to the people, he was deluged with requests that he answer questions of a religious and political nature. The public foolishly gave to his opinions more weight than to those of eminent authorities in theology and politics.

I truly expected to find in Mr. Tesla's offering a simplified discussion of the principles of his invention. Instead I found a three-page philosophical treatise covering group hygiene, eugenics, politics, religion, and sociology in general, and only a two-paragraph allusion to his invention which, along with other blessings of the futuristic electrical age, is destined to reverse the tendencies of man as observed for thousands of years in the past.—*John S. Lyons, Electrical Engineer.*

WHILE THE WARDEN SNOOZED

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Safe with Alexander, in February 9 Liberty, certainly broke into print while the warden slept.

There are crude and ignorant doctors in this land of the spree and home of the crave, but not one among them who would, drunk or sober, deliberately endanger a patient in extreme shock by playfully indulging in plastic surgery. Then there's medical jurisprudence to consider.—*D. P. P.*

DEMOCRATS, GENTLEMEN, AND ARISTOCRATS

DENVER, COLO.—In renouncing the New Deal, in his February 9 Vox Pop letter, Robert R. Wilson boasts that he is a Southern Democrat, an aristocrat, and a gentleman.

Webster defines *democrat* as "An adherent or advocate of democracy"; *aristocrat* as "One who is overbearing in his temper or habits"; and *gentleman* as "A man of refined manners."

The New Deal is sponsored by Democrats and gentlemen, so where does that put Robert?—*A. A. Hacker.*

DALLAS, TEX.—I heartily agree with Robert R. Wilson that the New Deal is simply the rule of the "poor white trash."

The supporters of the New Deal and Huey Long in the South are merely those, white and black, who because of shiftlessness or laziness have nothing and envy those who have.

It is high time that those of us who possess training, wealth, and position assert our right to manage the government that our taxes support. The right to rule belongs to the wealthy.—*George Lewis.*

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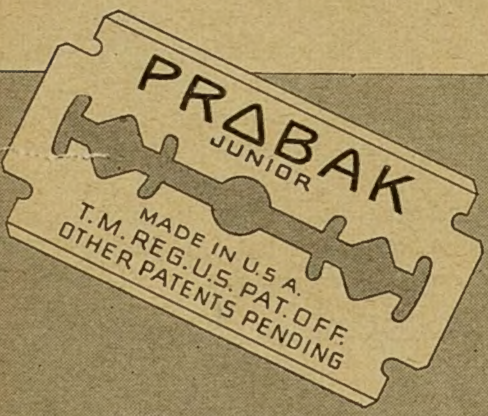

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CONTENTS

Editorial 4

Beginning—
Hell in Boots . . . . Tyler Mason 7
A stirring fact story of the Texas Rangers—The saga of Bill McDonald, the greatest man-hunter of them all

Flowers for Sale—*A story* . . . . . . Lucy Stone Terrill 12

If America Should Go Communist . . . . . Leon Trotsky 20
A famous world revolutionist, looking into the future, paints for Liberty a graphic word picture of a "Soviet Yankee" paradise

Resting Easily—*A story* . . . . Frank Leon Smith 24

Twenty Questions 31

The Private Life of the Five and Ten Princess—*Part II* . . . . Adela Rogers St. Johns 32

Death's Long Hand . . . . Mary Fredericks 39

I Am Always on Time . . . . Rube Goldberg 40
And no one else ever is!—A victim of unrequited punctuality registers a heartfelt complaint

$2,000 Conversation Contest 42

Ten Dollars—*A short short story* . . . Richard Wormser 43

Playful, Provocative, Palpitating—*Movie reviews* Beverly Hills 44

There's Fight in Big League Baseball Gordon "Mickey" Cochrane 46
Professionals? Certainly. We're out there earning a living. But that "old college try" isn't all in the colleges . . . That's what his first year piloting a team of champions has taught him, declares the author

Good Books . . . . Oliver Swift 49

To the Ladies! . . . . Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 50

Cross Word Puzzle 51

She Made Her Bed—*Part III* . . . . Wallace Irwin 52

Vox Pop 60

Cover by Carl Pfeufer

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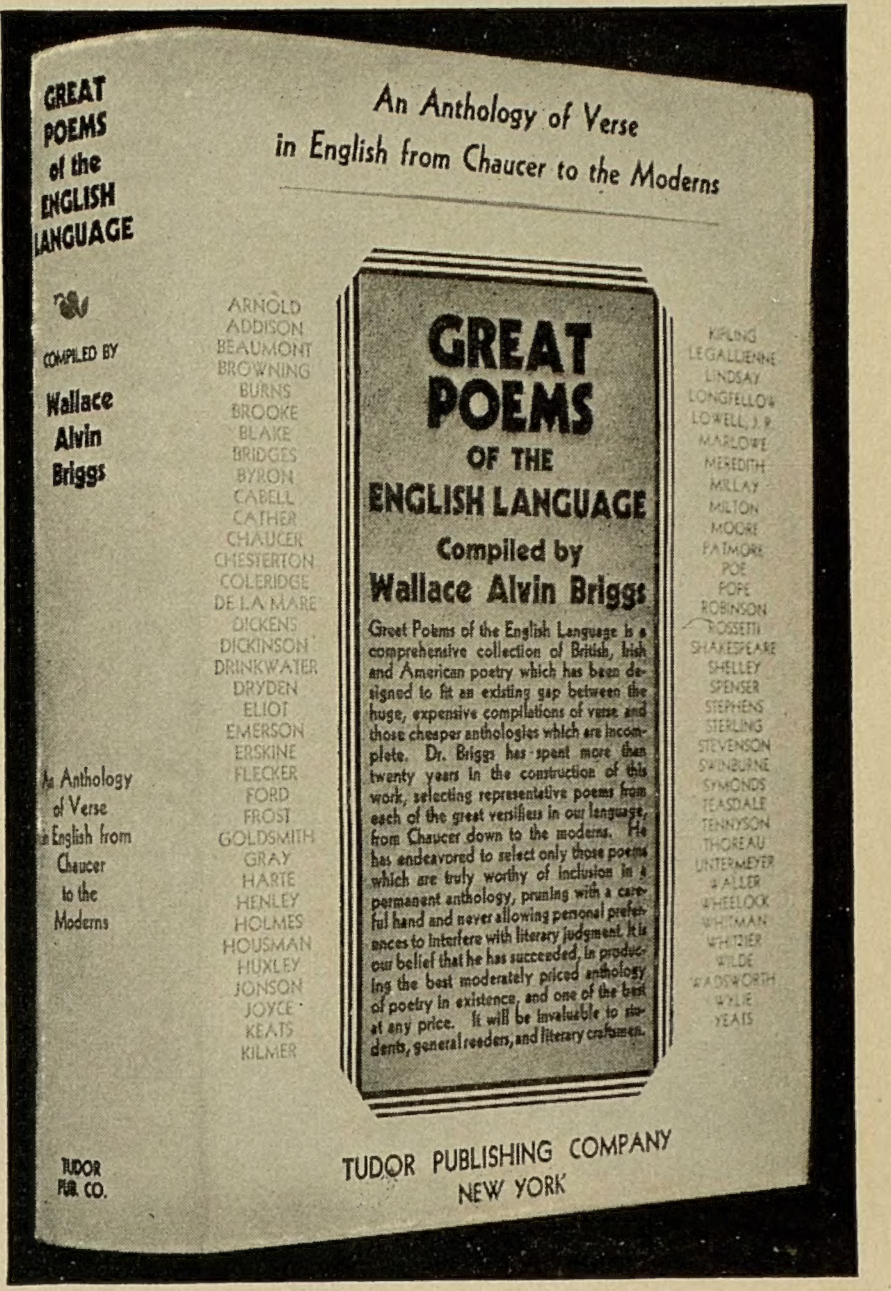
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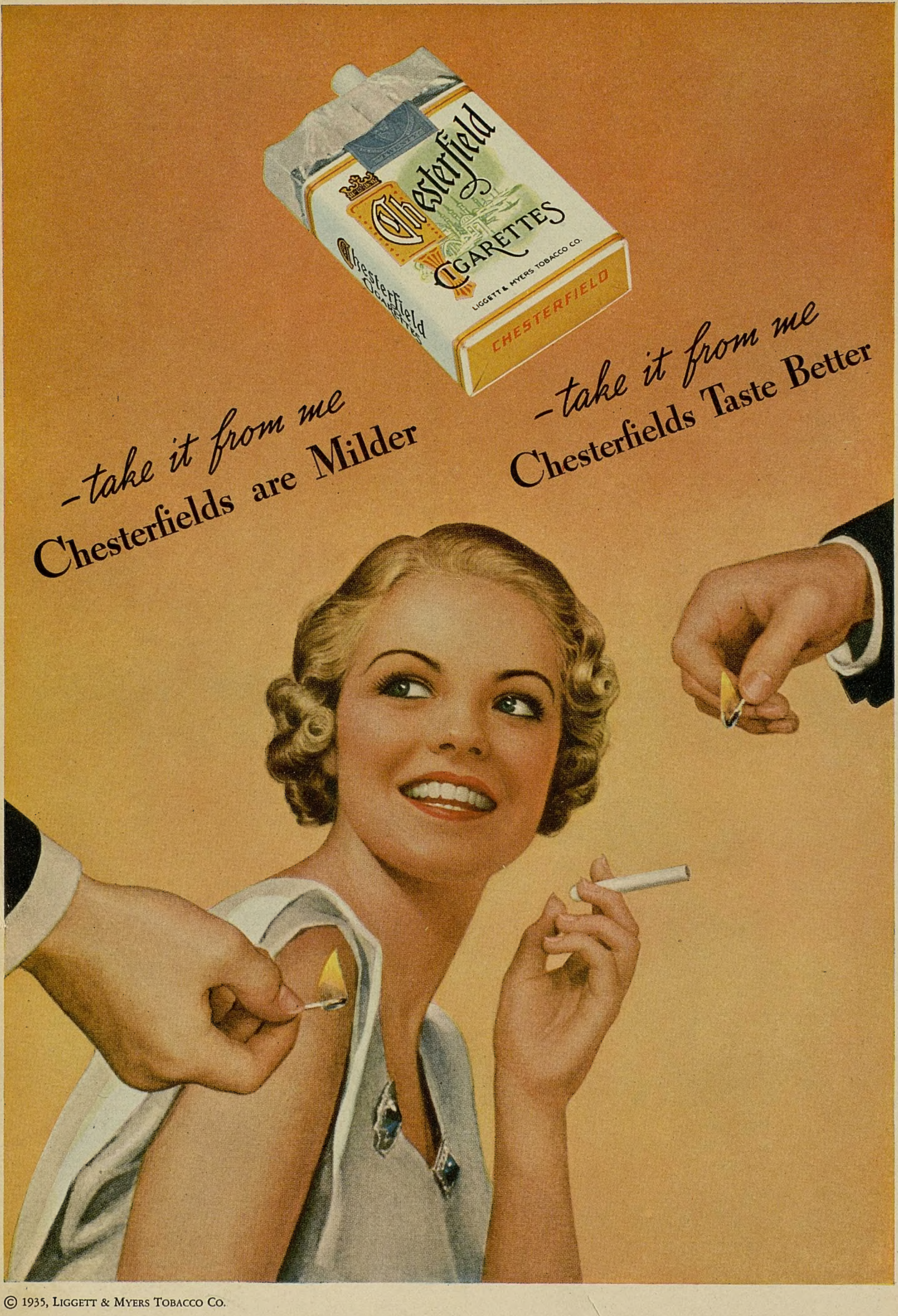
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